

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1912

MR. ROOSEVELT

CONTEMPORARY appraisals of men in public life are more apt to amuse than to enlighten posterity, and of all public men of our time, with the debatable exception of Mr. Lloyd George, no one has been the subject of such diverse estimates as Mr. Roosevelt. Yet it is fifteen years since he first engaged national attention, and short as is such a span in history, it is long enough in a man's life to afford a reasonably accurate perspective of his character. If this estimate of an interesting personality is wholly wrong, the error is due, not to discrepancies in the available testimony, but to the obscured vision of the critic.

To the future historian it will be obvious that Mr. Roosevelt was fortunate in the times in which he lived. The troubled period through which we are still passing will be ranked as one of the four critical epochs of American history. First came the struggle for self-government; next, the uneasy reconciliation of the Republic with political democracy; third, the death-grapple with slavery; and fourth, the battle for a completer social and economic freedom, the outcome of which no man can now foretell.

In the opulent days when Mr. McKinley was first elected to the presidency, only the prescient saw the approach of this struggle. Two classes of

heroes there were then to whom all citizens deferred — the men who had won the Civil War, and the men who had made the trusts. The phrase, 'captains of industry,' was set so high that we thought little of the significance of its French equivalent. In those days there was no periodical so poor that it could not print the portrait of the country boy who had grown up to revolutionize an American industry. Steel kings and electric princes were looked upon as great men to be emulated by generous youth. Then came the change which in the retrospect seems marvelously rapid. Strange terms like 'social conscience' and 'money power' crept into familiar speech. Rebates acquired a new and evil significance. Private envy took the place of national conceit, and loftier emotions joined in the general revolt against conditions which suddenly seemed intolerable. How far the rising cost of living, and the quixotic restlessness of the foreign hordes who failed to find in this country the paradise of their dreams, influenced the will and courage of the American people, posterity must judge. The fact which concerns us here is the indubitable one, that within the last decade and a half a new social ideal has enlarged the heritage of the Republic.

This quickened atmosphere of public life was the living breath in Mr. Roosevelt's nostrils. It was not a rarefied

atmosphere. No close, hard thinking was demanded of an executive; no midnight oil and columned figures. The nation was rich and could afford to waste its money. It did not want retrenchment or economy. With a longing as pathetic as that of the French for their mythical equality of a hundred years before, Americans felt a vague passion for a new righteousness. What the public wanted, with its democratic demand for personality, was to see its new ideal take human shape, and Mr. Roosevelt was not unwilling to sit for its photograph.

The stars in their courses have often seemed to fight for Mr. Roosevelt, but never did they do him such valiant service as when they conspired to make the political issues of his epoch moral rather than economic. In a tariff debate this hero of nine at least of the ten commandments would have hesitated and been lost. On the battle-field of rates and percentages, impulse does not count; in the clash of moral issues, knowledge and reason yield to the gift of instinct. The more intellectual of Mr. Roosevelt's mental processes are rather reviews of impulse than any definitely reasoned thought, just as his more elaborate arguments are habitually in defense of positions which he has already assumed and which, as his superserviceable instinct tells him, are not proof against rational assault.

If the painstaking historian reviews the five-column executive messages which certain typesetters have examined *in extenso*, and other citizens in part, he will not often discover an elaboration of argument on topics which the ordinary man would find either too dull or too complex for an offhand opinion. The tariff and currency legislation are still awaiting adequate treatment from Mr. Roosevelt's pen. The dull subject of economical government was intrusted to a commission, while

the expenses of his administration increased by leaps and bounds. The duty of mothers to bear large families, the necessity for 'big business' to be honest, the vindication of the theory that murder is murder, the importance of not being an extremist, the advantages of incorrect spelling, the desirability of making life simple, strenuous, and successful — these and a hundred more generalizations are the favorite topics of his pen. In no epoch of modern history, if we except the First Empire of France, has the interest of a national executive ranged over so infinite a series of topics, and in no other instance has it lingered so benignly on matters usually relegated to discussion in the home, the school-room, and the church.

It is easy to scoff at Mr. Roosevelt's method of substituting sermons for economics. Economists may well say that the cost of this method to the people of the United States during the seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency approximated a billion of dollars; but no man can justly value in terms of money the change of attitude of the American people during those seven years. Of that change, as has been implied, Mr. Roosevelt was not the creator, but who shall say that he was not its gigantic advertiser? For seven years he preached as no revivalist ever preached on this continent. And how well he talked! His speech was racy with compact and vivid expression. The 'hound's clean tooth,' the 'mollycoddle,' the 'square deal,' the 'muckrake,' the 'spear that knows no brother' — they stuck like burrs in the every-day speech of his hearers. America was his parish. From Wall Street to the ranges of the West, his sermons were heard not one but seven days a week. Men listened and believed. It is not too much to say that his speeches marked a revolution.

While President McKinley lived, sober-minded men generally believed that if the government should take violent issue with the power of combined capital, the government would be taught its place. To-day, when a dollar trembles on its way to an investment, it is hard to believe that it ever went forth with proud intolerance.

History will not repeat the charge of Mr. Roosevelt's enemies that his preaching was insincere. No missionary ever believed his dogma more absolutely. But the non-partisan cannot maintain that his service was without thought of self. A modern psychologist tells us that genius is but the channel through which huge natural forces run. He who lets the winds of Heaven blow through him is doing Heaven's work in the world. Not so with Mr. Roosevelt. He is no simple mouthpiece of some world's desire. In his ample ambition, cause and personal advantage are blended into something one and indivisible. To him truth is not truth more naturally than he is truth's exponent. Those who know Mr. Roosevelt can scarcely doubt that his perfect identification of his own triumph with the triumph of his cause is the great secret of his self-confidence and his success. Into the world of practical affairs he has introduced a force not unlike the wonderful power of men who have felt themselves partners of God; but into the spirit-world itself Mr. Roosevelt has never penetrated. For him the moral world and the world of successful men sum up the universe.

Here it is that we come upon one of the most serious of Mr. Roosevelt's limitations. In terms of the depths of human experience, his education has been but a shallow one. He has touched life at innumerable points of its surface, but he has never climbed its heights, and its depths he has never fathomed. He has never tasted the

bitterness of defeat. To profound and lasting sorrow he has been a stranger. It is true that as a young man he underwent bereavement, but life was too alluring to let him pause, and it was not reverence and understanding, but the exhilaration of excitement, which saved him from despair. He has never brooded in quiet, nor has his support of a cause ever been to his own hindrance. For him every success has been the gateway of a new victory. In discouragement and suffering, in anguish of spirit and hope deferred, the nobler training for the soul resides. Fortune would have been more just to Mr. Roosevelt had she been less generous.

But the qualities of his defects Mr. Roosevelt possesses abundantly, and abundant has been their harvest. He has been a mighty teacher of morals, and this high achievement cannot be controverted by those who maintain that he has not practiced what he preached. It is one of the painful mysteries of life that a man may be as helpful to his fellows by seeming to be virtuous as by being so. The ideal becomes the real, and to many millions of his fellow countrymen Mr. Roosevelt, if not the Sir Galahad of politics, has at least sought the Grail. Indeed, so close is Mr. Roosevelt's identification with the interests, the prejudices, the loves and the hates of his countrymen, that as they see him, he sees himself, and the white shield with which he fronts his enemies seems to him unspotted by the world.

Yet stains there are which history will not wash away. As the bitterness engendered by his ceaseless warfare has increased, every act, almost every thought of his has been ascribed to the basest motives and the lowest passions, but in his printed record there are harsh facts which even his unrivaled gift of explanation cannot eradicate. The appropriation of the Panama Zone,

which in material consequences may well outweigh any other act of his administration, is fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when, in his opinion, the end has justified them. To make a catalogue of instances would be invidious, and it might be wearisome. How many, one asks, of the leaders of history have lived a blameless life? Because a man by great and signal service to his fellows has raised himself to eminence, shall we judge his defects more harshly than we judge the errors of those who have done nothing to throw their sins into the shade? Is it not fairer that our gratitude should lead us to a larger charity?

Time will do much for Mr. Roosevelt in obliterating the turbulent record of his familiar life. The constant hurly-burly, the stinging epithet, the lie given to-day and returned to-morrow, have with all their offensive detail blurred the outline of his large accomplishments. To the sensitive man they have vulgarized Mr. Roosevelt, and to the idealist they have debased him. The historian will see his burly figure large and clear. His lack of self-control, his blazing indiscretion, his consistent inconsistency, his continued denial of statements attributed to him by reputable witnesses, have all made good men his enemies. And yet such faults as these have not their roots in the baser depths of human nature. They spring rather from very intensity of life. As no other man in our history, save, perhaps, Andrew Jackson, Mr. Roosevelt lives completely in the present. Details of the past are as vague to him as promises for the future. The attraction of his presence lies largely in the fact that while he shakes your hand, it is obvious that you are the man of men he wishes to talk with. If ever a man nailed 'whim' over his door that man is Mr. Roosevelt. The present is his, and

he makes the most of it. In his practical philosophy there is neither past nor future.

'You and I are practical men,' wrote Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Harriman in words which we should like to forget. Whether the money which he sought to obtain from a man who was the natural foe of the cause he stood for was to serve his own or his party's purposes, they strike a note recurring too insistently in the roll of Mr. Roosevelt's drum. It is not pleasant to see the machinery whereby a hero of the foot-lights stands glorified, or the business arrangements which precede a revival of religion; and far beyond the limits of these things goes Mr. Roosevelt's reliance on the practical. In his distrust of the visionary he too often smirches himself in the mire of things as they are. 'Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard,' he said in his inspiring talk to boys; but too steadily and too consistently he himself plays the game to win.

Jack of all trades, they call him. Master of none but preaching and the politician's art he probably is, but there are two other professions whose adepts might well sit silent at his feet. I refer to daily journalism and to acting. The 'news sense,' by whose subtle virtue a man becomes a journalist, is but an instinctive appreciation of public desire. The actor's genius is the power to enter the imagination of his audience. These sister arts, like preaching and politics, have as their common factor a ready understanding of the minds of men; and this quick perception of the social ether, the almost imperceptible bond of union which makes a society out of the myriad atoms of mankind, is the great gift of the gods to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no journalist but recognizes his kinship to the man who sees a headline in every task he undertakes, and no actor-man-

By birth Mr. Roosevelt is an aristocrat. An unfeigned interest in the lives of his fellow millions has made a democrat of him, and through both channels he draws that social understanding of which I have spoken. But partly from the consciousness of a lack of sympathy for his 'class,' and partly from the inevitable sense that his lot is cast with the multitude, it is the democrat in him which has gained the permanent ascendancy. He no longer feels the hurt of the rough give-and-take of politics which keeps so many of the gently bred out of permanent public life. He is utterly without that respect for property which is the Chinese wall of aristocratic tradition. He enjoys the rougher sports, the more boisterous humor, the freer play between man and man. He loves things not because they are rare, but because they are common. No prejudice of taste or mind cuts him off from the mass of his fellows. He does not seek to conserve the present, but, like the true democrat, he will hazard it against the future on the turn of a die;

The ancient sense of the aristocrat that every path has been trodden, every task assayed, has no hold on him, and he follows the Great Adventure with a mind as free from care, and an enjoyment as irresponsible, as ever marked a man whose shoulders have been weighted with the burdens of a nation.

As I write there comes into my mind the figure of a workingman. Some years ago I saw him, seated in front of me in a trolley-car. The creases in his red neck and wrinkled face were soiled with sweat and dirt, and in his hand he held a newspaper close to his eyes as though the look of print puzzled them, while, as his lips murmured the unaccustomed syllables, I saw him trace, line by line, with a grimy forefinger, the words of one of Mr. Roosevelt's exhortations to be decent, to live clean, to play the game hard.

E. S.

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY AND POLICY

BY BERNARD MOSES

I

AMERICAN society, whether of English, Portuguese, or Spanish stock, is, in many of its features, unlike that of the European nation from which it is derived. The basis of this difference is found in the peculiar conditions of colonial life. One of the notable effects of colonization like that which laid the foundation of civilization in America, is a state of temporary social stagnation. A branch is cut from the parent tree, but the tree itself continues its growth unimpeded. The branch is planted in new soil, but it requires time to take root. The progress of the parent stock, and the arrested development of the branch during this period, make the beginning of a difference between the mother nation and the colony. The branch will at length begin its independent life, and subsequently the new society may have even a more rapid growth than the society of its origin. But the growth of the colony under the forces of its new environment will tend to increase its distinctive peculiarities. These peculiarities will be emphasized, moreover, by the new mental character acquired by the colonists.

The colonists of the New World became mentally unlike their kindred who remained in Europe, partly because their minds were dominated by expectations peculiar to the emigrant, and partly because in their new environment their minds embraced hopes and expectations which had no influence on

the members of the communities they had left. The new physical scenes upon which the immigrant entered were not more striking than the new visions of life presented by his stirred imagination. This psychological difference has become more marked through the retention of forms of thought and speech that have been dropped by the parent nation in the course of its progress; and also by the acquisition of new phrases, of new names for new things, and of new conceptions imposed by the objects and circumstances of the new environment.

The linguistic and thought survivals, and the new linguistic and thought acquisitions, distinguish Americans from their European kindred. Psychological differences are promoted by the use of different languages. The Chinaman, who acquires a thorough knowledge of English, and uses it for many years, presents an extreme case. He becomes possessed of ideas, conceptions, and a point of view greatly unlike those of his kinsmen, through whose minds have passed only the ideas and conceptions conveyed by his oriental speech. In a less degree the European colonists in America, and their descendants, have become mentally transformed by the circumstances of their migration and the conditions of their residence in the New World.

By referring to facts like these, the enlightened critic may discover that the features of American life which show a certain unlikeness to the characteristic features of European nations are

not signs of degeneracy, but the result of influences inherent in the conditions of colonization and the subsequent social growth. Within the limits of the United States a branch of the English stock has taken root, and acquired an independent life. Rapid national growth promoted by increase in the number of the inhabitants, and by freedom from external domination, has succeeded the period of colonial stagnation; and while the society of the United States has retained certain characteristics derived from the colonial period, there have been added new features incident to the development of an independent nation.

But not all colonial establishments in America have been equally fortunate. The French in Canada, prevented from attaining a free national life by their lack of numbers and by their relation to the English, have remained in a state of more or less completely arrested development. Some of the communities of Latin America have more features characteristic of colonial conditions than of an independent national existence. The communities that have not emerged from their colonial stagnation have been prevented from doing so by their long continuance under Spain's rigid and uncompromising domination, by the isolation and lack of interests common to themselves and other settlements, and by the presence of a large element composed of members of an alien and uncivilized race.

The refusal of the inhabitants of the territory of the United States to incorporate the Indians in their social body, permitted them to begin their independent course of progress at the point which had been reached when the colonies were founded. The Spanish communities, however, which undertook to assimilate the alien race, making the Indians a part of the new nations, cre-

ated a lower class of a semi-barbarous character. There was, however, in each nation a numerically limited aristocracy of uncorrupted European blood, and the presence of these two classes determined the nature of the society; and the kind of government that has been maintained wherever in Latin America this form of society has continued to exist, has necessarily had the qualities of an aristocratic or an oligarchic rule. In so far as the Spaniards in America mingled their blood with the blood of the aliens, they threw away the advantages of the progress that had been achieved in Europe, and fixed within their colonies or commonwealths a class from which it was difficult to rise to the superior class, presenting, in this respect, a contrast to the society of the United States, where practically the whole population is of European origin.

The most democratic product of colonial conditions in America is the democracy of the United States. It was not born of a general desire for equality; for no such desire resides in the human mind. What men desire is not equality, but superiority. The desire for superiority is the motive of all social manœuvring and expenditure, of the ambitions and struggles of political life, of the pursuit of wealth and the daring and sacrifice of battle. American democracy has proceeded from the essential equality in material possessions enjoyed by the early inhabitants of New England.

The ambition of the Spanish settlers in America was to be feudal lords, with the Indians as their vassals. The exclusion of the Indians from the new society of the United States made this relation impossible. It was not involved in the designs of the English colonists of the North. They looked forward to occupying and owning land, and, by virtue of the cultivation of this

land, to the maintenance of a status of personal independence.

In view of the desire and the opportunity to become independent, it was difficult, if not impossible, to continue for long the European relation of superior and inferior. Although persons arrived in America who held this relation to one another, the dependent persons in the course of time became independent. The most important of the forces that made for equality proceeded from the common occupation of the inhabitants and the essential equality of their material possessions. Among persons owning and cultivating farms that did not vary greatly in value, there existed inevitably a large measure of social equality. This social equality was necessarily attended by political equality, under which the only possible government was a democratic government.

But equality like that which produced the democracy of the United States, is not a permanent condition of progressive society. Progress is attended by increasing inequality, by the multiplication of occupations, by a widening breach between the rich and the poor, and by a growing social difference between the cultivated and the uncultivated. The society of the United States presents all of these phases of social progress; and in its growth it has encountered a minimum of interference by governmental influence. On the other hand, the inequality that has existed in certain European nations has not been produced by the normal operation of forces naturally inherent in a developing society, but by the intervention of authority, conferring titles of distinction and material rewards, and providing for the descent of these advantages by inheritance from generation to generation.

If these artificial distinctions imposed by authority appear to be losing some

of their former importance, this does not mean that the nations where such a phenomenon is observed are moving toward a state of democratic equality like that of the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, or that of New England in the early decades. It means that this ancient artificial inequality is becoming overshadowed by new distinctions, which have their origin in the economic and other forces manifest in the normal growth of society. New industrial occupations have appeared, through which some men have become rich; new professions have arisen, in which some men have attained an eminence not reached by their fellows; and, in the corporate organization of industry, new positions have been created, which confer great influence and power upon the persons who hold them. It thus appears that European nations, in so far as they have adopted modern industrialism and the other features of recent progress, are under the influence of a movement like that observable in the United States, which is leading American society along a way of increasing inequality.

This increasing inequality is manifest in the United States chiefly at such centres of population as represent the more advanced phases of civilization. The agricultural frontiers, the districts between the cities, where practically all of the inhabitants are engaged in a common occupation, still preserve the equality of the earlier days. Here is maintained the present basis of American democracy. The vast region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains retains generally this democratic character; for the population of the small cities is recruited from the rural inhabitants, and, by reason of the intimate relation which these towns hold to the country, they retain much of the spirit of the country.

If the population of the country and

the small towns were increasing so as to maintain for the future the former or the present ratio of the dwellers in the large cities to the country dwellers, the permanence of democracy in the United States would seem to be assured. But, unfortunately, the larger cities, the centres of social inequality, are increasing in population more rapidly than the country; and the country population, owing to the difficulty of giving it an effective organization, exercises, even in proportion to its numbers, less influence in the political management of the nation than does the population of the cities. Moreover, the remarkable increase in cheap and rapid communication between the large cities and the country is destroying the distinctive character of the rural population, and subjecting it more and more to the influences that prevail in the cities.

II

Inasmuch, therefore, as the character of a government is determined by the character of the society where it is established, the movement of American society away from the equality of the colonial days compels the nation to look forward to a government adjusted to a society characterized by great inequality. In other words, the coexistence of a large democratic element and an increasing part of the population that is assuming an aristocratic character, makes inevitable the recognition of both of these elements in the government, or else the introduction of aristocratic forms to balance the democratic assemblies. But it may be expected that the division of political influence between the democratic and the aristocratic, or oligarchic, forces will not be brought about without more or less of social commotion; in point of fact, the present internal unrest in the

United States is a phase of this process of adjustment.

It is a half-conscious anticipation of the rivalry of these two forces in pursuit of power, that has given an impulse to certain movements designed by the champions of democracy to preserve the democratic character of American society, and of the American government. One of these movements is that which aims to establish the referendum. It is supported by the desire to bring the work of legislation into the hands of the voters, and to realize in a great nation, in spite of opposing tendencies, the essential features of primitive democracy.

There is, however, no reasonable ground for supposing that the referendum will be applied to legislation in the United States, except at considerable intervals, and with reference to projects to adopt constitutional provisions, or certain general laws in simple form. The general mass of legislation, all of that involving technical knowledge, will not be dealt with by the whole body of voters. To legislate wisely on the multitude of subjects demanding attention would require more time than the voters in a great and active nation would be willing or able, in the long run, to devote to this part of the public business. In the beginning, moved by the enthusiasm attending the carrying out of a popular reform, the voters would surmount the difficulties involved in this process of legislation. But, ultimately, a line of less resistance would commend itself to them. The expenses, public and private, direct and indirect, and the incidental personal losses incurred through the many separate occasions of voting that would be required, would prohibit the general application of the system. In a word, the social friction of the machine would prevent it from being often used with profit.

Political engineers, as well as makers of physical machines, sometimes neglect to take account of the friction involved in their proposed constructions. To this class belong not only the advocates of the referendum, but also those persons who would insure the permanence of democratic government by drawing more and more persons into the business of voting. To extend political rights in the United States so as to double the number of voters, would magnify the friction involved in governing. By thus increasing the number of participants in governmental action, without raising the hitherto prevailing standard of political insight or character, the maintenance and operation of democratic government would become not less but more difficult.

In the past, when a government became so complex as to render it unwieldy, either by reason of the multitude of its elements, or through the multiplicity and variety of its offices, a remedy was surely not sought by adding new elements or by increasing its complexity. On the contrary, in cases of this kind, a simpler form of government was sometimes substituted for the form that had become too unwieldy to perform its proper functions. When a government which has undergone this change has substituted a more or less centralized and absolute rule for a broad and complex popular administration, the new government has often been found to be satisfactory at first, on account of the simplicity of its organization, its direct and prompt action, and the absence of the interminable delays that have marked the preceding régime.

It is evident that the people of the United States are dissatisfied with the needless difficulty of obtaining proper legislation, with the frequent failures of justice in the courts, and with the inefficiency of the local administration.

Until recently they appear to have been under the impression that relief might be had by the introduction of the referendum, by extending the suffrage, and by other measures that would bring the actual government more completely into the hands of the whole body of the voters; and this view is still entertained by those who fancy that doubling the number of voters will bring political salvation. A little reflection on the processes of government ought to make it evident that these measures carried to the proposed extreme will fail to reach the end desired, by reason of the social friction which they involve.

III

But whatever changes the changing form of society may cause in the institutions and governmental procedure of the United States, the bulk of the citizens of the republic hold a common opinion with respect to the general form of the government. No considerable number of persons would reconstruct its fundamental framework, in spite of the fact that unsatisfactory results of its action appear from time to time.

Some other nations are not quite so fortunate in this regard. France has her royalists, Spain her republicans, Germany her socialists, and Russia her various groups opposed to the existing rule of the Czar. It is probable that in some of these instances the political principles of the opposition are superior to those of the dominant government. But whether the opposition is wise or unwise, the division of the national opinion respecting the form of the government is a serious obstacle in the way of the nation's progress. It causes much of the political thought of the nation to be absorbed in discussing the question of form; whereas, with the form of the

government universally accepted, the undivided attention of the citizens might be directed to the needed action of the government, to legislative and administrative measures designed to ameliorate the condition of the people.

The change in the form of American society, the growth and differentiation of the population, are facts which suggest a problem of governmental modification. But the people are not likely to undertake consciously the solution of this problem. In their action they will be conscious of immediate ends, but from all of their actions combined there will proceed a general result which no one has consciously contemplated or foreseen. By a process of unconscious modification, the national government will gradually adapt itself to the state of society, and if there are present both democratic and aristocratic elements, these will express themselves in the institutions. The tendency in the United States will evidently be to satisfy both the democratic and the aristocratic forces, and in time to provide a governmental procedure in accordance with which the political work of the nation may be performed without undue friction.

The practice of the House of Representatives offers a suggestion. There is a large assembly with many things to do. Acting as a single body, it would be impossible for it to do all of them well. A way of less resistance has been found. Subordinate bodies have been formed, and the complex task distributed among them. The large assembly preserves its supreme authority, and sends forth with its sanction the conclusions of the subordinate bodies.

The organization of this legislative assembly suggests a general plan of governmental action, toward the execution of which the republic may possibly be drifting. This plan may be

found consistent with extreme democratic participation in the government, and at the same time provide organizations, which, in their limited and exclusive character, have somewhat of an aristocratic or oligarchic quality. Under this order, stress would be laid on broad popular assemblies, which would furnish the necessary democratic vent, and give the whole body of citizens the consciousness of having an active part, and the final authority, in the government.

Stress would also be laid on committees, or commissions, destined to be the effective working institutions, and the conclusions formulated by these subordinate bodies, particularly in so far as they involve legislation, would ultimately be approved and given authority by the assemblies. Under an arrangement like this, the democratic element in the nation might continue to be represented, and continue to hold the final authority, no matter how great the population might become. At the same time the commission, or the small subordinate bodies, might undertake their several tasks with the maximum of freedom and efficiency and the minimum of friction.

The practices and tendencies observed in the United States, which suggest this order of things, show that, by a process of slow and inconspicuous change, the nation is apparently finding a way to preserve its republican character, and give play to both democratic and aristocratic sentiments and opinions, although approaching social conditions that have induced other nations to seek relief by substituting absolutism for the less simple processes of popular government.

The effort to make the government more democratic by introducing the referendum, or by doubling the number of voters, would thus seem to accelerate the movement to transfer the

reality of power to small bodies, sometimes oligarchical in character, leaving only the forms of final authority to the assemblies, or to the democratic element. As examples of such bodies, commissions, or committees, one may cite the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the United States Philippine Commission. The former, in the course of its activity, has established rules that have the force of law with reference to the administrative work devolving on the government. The United States Philippine Commission constructed an extensive body of laws for the government of the seven millions of inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. These laws become operative at times determined by the Commission; but the Congress of the United States legally possesses the power to modify or annul any one or all of them. Yet when they came before Congress to be scrutinized, sanctioned, or annulled, it was found that that body had neither the time nor the knowledge of the conditions in which these laws were to be applied, sufficient to enable it to criticize their details, and to pronounce concerning their fitness or unfitness. When, therefore, the control of the Philippine Islands passed into the hands of Congress, the laws framed and applied by the Commission received Congressional sanction without modification. What happened in this case may be expected to happen whenever a difficult governmental task is intrusted to a small commission whose members have a knowledge of the problems assigned to them, which cannot possibly be had by a large assembly.

The attempt, therefore, to crowd the democratic body of a great nation nearer the business of government, will necessarily result in causing important affairs to be turned over to commissions with expert knowledge. Such commissions, if properly constituted,

are in the best sense of the term aristocratic. Membership in them presumes a degree of knowledge, training, and experience not possessed by the bulk of the nation. By this procedure there will be left to large assemblies the formal act of sanctioning the conclusions of the smaller bodies; and this will often be done, as it has been done in the past, without ability, on the part of the assembly, to bring to the examination of these conclusions anything more than the most superficial criticism.

IV

The internal growth of the United States derives much of its interest from the fact that it is an instance of social development on a large scale with a minimum of interference from without. The social growth of Peru was modified by the intervention of the King of Spain, who, by creating a nobility and establishing feudalism, reproduced characteristic features of European society in the sixteenth century. The English settlements had the good fortune to be neglected by the King. Their growth in isolation was to a very large extent normal, determined by inherent forces and a peculiar environment; and the various circumstances which have shaped their internal growth, have in a very large measure determined their external relations, or the place and policy of the nation with reference to other nations. The peace and security of the nation have not been threatened by neighbors.

The knowledge possessed by European nations that they had not to fear intervention by the United States, has caused this nation to be ignored in the diplomatic game of Europe. Moreover, the fact of the colonial origin of the United States induced Europeans to look upon the inhabitants and the government of this country with a pe-

culiar condescension. All Americans, whether of English or Latin stock, were the objects of this disparagement. In the case of the Spaniards, this attitude toward the colonists became one of contempt. Throughout the three hundred years of Spain's control of her American colonies, the Spaniards born in America were regarded as unworthy to hold high office in the colonial administration. The neglect and the contempt under which this class lived, threw them into sympathetic relations with the mestizos and the Indians. The union of these three despised classes constituted the basis of a democratic public opinion in Spanish America; and it was this opinion which at length rejected the pretensions of Spain, and overthrew her empire in the New World.

The English, less conceited than the Spaniards, and less disposed to intervene with authority in their colonial affairs, manifested toward the inhabitants of their dependencies a contempt somewhat more restrained than that which the Spaniards entertained for their colonists. But even to the enlightened Englishman the colonist was not in quite the same class as the European; and to him the American has always appeared as a colonist. In view of this attitude, it is not strange that the occupation of South American lands, like the lands of the less developed races, should sometimes have been considered as justified on the ground that such occupation would promote the interests of civilization.

The inhabitants of the United States, conscious of this opinion of Europeans, at first felt a certain degree of humiliation at being assigned an inferior place in the civilized world. But with the growth of the sentiment of nationality, and a sense of the importance of their own problems, they very naturally became more or less indifferent to European affairs and European political

opinion. They became conscious of interests apart, and magnified the importance of those interests in order to convince themselves of the error of European opinion. They became conscious, moreover, of the need of an American policy in which the principles and practices of European states should not be conspicuous.

v

For a thousand years Europe has had no basis of assured peace; and during recent years the leading nations have thought less of means of preserving peace and international harmony than of means of making war, or of gaining an advantage over a neighboring nation by some other process. The international controversies, always attended by threats of war, have kept the common people under the domination of evil forebodings, or so far brutalized that they have accepted, without emotions of any kind, whatever fate was prepared for them. And in recent decades European diplomacy has passed from the finesse of earlier days, which was marked by a certain magnanimity, to a system of bullying, which appears to be marked by neither magnanimity nor morality. Removed from the domination of the social ideals of Europe, Americans have been able to take an objective view of the social and political system of the European nations, and this view has given rise to the wish that 'the European states' system' might not be established in America. This wish found expression in the message of President Monroe in 1823.

The motive which prompted the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine was not altruistic; it was the notion that it would be well for the United States if the American continent could avoid having fixed upon it international rela-

tions like those which have constituted the most unfortunate feature of European civilization. The republics of Latin America have evidently sometimes misconstrued the Doctrine, particularly when they have thought of it as a measure primarily designed for their protection. Taking this view of it, they have very naturally felt their pride wounded. Considering their ancestry, and that they regarded themselves as sovereign states, it is easy to see that they might feel humiliated, knowing themselves thought of as protected by another republic, which had no legitimate ground for assuming the superiority implied in this view of President Monroe's utterance.

The growth of these states during the last ninety years has strengthened, not weakened, this sentiment. They have fostered a bugbear of their own creation, and are now terrified as they gaze upon it. But no false interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, or false statement of the position of this government with reference to its friendly neighbors, is likely to weaken the determination of the United States to maintain this doctrine as an element of American policy. It is maintained because this nation has very mature objections to falling under the influence of traditions which have been created by the relations that have existed among European states. If the action of the United States in establishing this policy has afforded in the past incidental protection to the weaker republics, there may after all have been an advantage in this, sufficient to compensate them for their sense of wounded pride.

The Monroe Doctrine has sometimes been interpreted as drawing a line between the Eastern and Western hemispheres; but a little reflection will enable us to see that the line was really drawn between Europe and America. No

other society or states' system lay within the view of President Monroe or of any of the statesmen of his time, than the society and states' system of Europe. The lands and the peoples of the Far East were as completely out of their horizon as were the inhabitants of Mars. There was no thought of proclaiming rules to determine relations between America and the Far East, for in the first quarter of the last century no one had any anticipation of relations between these two parts of the world. The Far East is a realm as distinct from Europe as from America, and whatever relations have existed between it and Europe or America, were entirely unpremeditated when the Monroe Doctrine was announced. The Monroe Doctrine did not foresee these relations, and could not have been designed to establish or confirm them. They are the result of the subsequent growth and expansion of both Europe and America. When, therefore, the United States extended its power into the Far East, and assumed control of the Philippine Islands, this act in no way affected the Monroe Doctrine, or the attitude of the United States toward that Doctrine.

The Far East, having made its appearance in Western politics after the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, became, and has remained, a free field for the operations of both Europeans and Americans. Asia is not Europe, and there seems to be no reasonable process by which relations established between America and Europe can be interpreted as existing between America and Asia. If the United States gains an advantage in the Far East, the other nations may take notice of the fact as they might take notice of an advantage gained in that region by France, Germany, or any other nation. In that part of the world the hands of the United States are quite as free as

they would have been if the Monroe Doctrine had never been announced.

The possession of the Philippine Islands by the United States left the government of this country free to undertake to form a policy with respect to the organization and control of the Islands. The first opinion relating to such a policy concerned the profit to be derived by the United States. More mature considerations emphasized the advantage which the Islands might derive from the connection. After much talk and more hesitation, the government of the dominant country finally assumed toward the Filipinos the attitude which an enlightened government is supposed always to hold toward the people over whom it exercises its authority, an attitude involving a duty to take such action as will promote their well-being and progress in civilization.

The policy adopted had certain features that indicated a departure from the traditional colonial policy of Western nations. Among other provisions, it was required that the financial affairs should be managed for the advantage of the inhabitants of the Islands, and not for the purpose of creating a revenue for the United States; that the inhabitants should be brought as early as possible into a state where they could participate in the thought and other civilizing influences of the Western world; and that they should be gradually made familiar with the ideas and procedure of government as it exists in civilized nations, this to be accomplished not wholly by precept, but by actual participation in the business of governing.

VI

The policy carried out by the United States for the Filipinos might be compared with that carried out by the Jap-

anese for themselves. The purpose in each case was to bring to an Oriental people the ideas of western civilization, and these ideas appear destined, in turn, to extend their awakening force from Japan and the Philippines to the other peoples of the Orient. Their influence is already manifest in Java, and the present state of China is the result of the explosion of Western ideas in a stagnant Oriental empire. The awakening of the Orient has revived in certain quarters the fear that Western civilization may be swamped by an Oriental inundation.

During the last half-century this fear has arisen and subsided like the terror of an approaching end of the world. It has served many purposes, and now it appears to furnish a reason why the United States should abandon the Monroe Doctrine. Before this 'yellow peril,' a recent writer informs us, 'the white races must stand together or go to the wall.' But the first practical measure advocated by this writer, who holds that the white races must stand together, is to urge the organization of Pan-Germanism, or the formation of a combination of the German Empire, the British Empire, and the United States. The millions of the Latin nations appear to be excluded from the proposed combination, which is 'to force the peace of the world'; and yet these nations constitute at present a very lively part of the white race. This project to secure the peace of the world involves as its fundamental recommendation that the white race should be divided into two hostile camps. This combination having been formed under the banner of Pan-Germanism, it should seize the southern half of Brazil and cede it to Germany. The purpose of this gigantic project of robbery, to which the United States is asked to give its assent, is to provide a power in South America competent to prevent

the occupation and domination of that region by the Japanese.

And yet this writer, before he presented the alternatives of a Japanese or a Germanic South America, had discovered that 'Japan has found a field for expansion on the continent of Asia.' This is a somewhat important discovery, and throws considerable light on the imminence of the 'yellow peril.' He might also have discovered that for the purpose of assisting in occupying the continental field, thousands of Japanese, who found it personally more advantageous for them to remain in America, have in the last few years obeyed the call of authority and returned to Asia.

Thus with all of the available Japanese needed for the development of their continental possessions, and with China plunged into political chaos or dominated piecemeal by Western nations, the danger of Oriental rule in South America does not seem to be too great to be faced by the powers of the American continent. At least this phase of the 'yellow peril' does not appear to be sufficiently grave to induce the South Americans to hire Germany to 'protect' them at the expense of half of an empire. Nor is the United States likely to see in this announced peril an adequate reason for renouncing the Monroe Doctrine, and becoming a participant in the colossal crime of despoiling a nation that is making remarkable strides in its course of progress.

The other alternative—the establishment of a German kingdom, or dependency, in the southern portion of South America—does not appear to be one of the governmental changes recommending itself for the future. If we look forward a hundred years, as we are exhorted to do by the advocate of Pan-Germanism, we may perceive more grounds of hope in the southern half of the continent without German

domination than there would be with it.

The principles on which the South Americans, in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Peru, are building their states are principles which they have received from the United States, either directly or through France; and in view of the drift toward representative government during the last hundred and fifty years, they seem to be the principles that are to determine the organization of governments during the next hundred years, at least. Starting without political education, and hampered by the unfortunate traditions of Spanish rule, the early decades of Latin-American independence were necessarily characterized by more or less of political confusion. But the later decades in these leading states show remarkable progress toward the realization of the ideas on which the governments are founded.

To set up German domination in the place of any one of the principal governments of the southern half of South America would be to revert to a form of rule not greatly unlike the governments of the seventeenth century; and for such a government the future promises revolution, either peaceful or warlike.

If Germany's increasing population must have place outside of the limits of the present empire, this may be found in the United States, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Chile, in Australia, in Canada, and in Africa. This movement outward may be prompted by necessity. The proposed movement to carry German rule beyond the borders of the empire is prompted by sentiment and the pride of extended dominion. But the Germans find themselves individually contented and prosperous in the countries to which they have emigrated; and wherever they go they encounter no difficulty in adapting

themselves to established conditions; in fact, it is not to their liking to go to the frontier or to unoccupied lands, or to seek in an uncultivated region to establish conditions of civilization for themselves. On the other hand, the isolation and the inconvenience of the frontier have had no terrors for men of English stock. This quality has made them colonists.

If the Monroe Doctrine, announced when the United States had only a small population and little wealth, was a bluff, as a recent critic suggests, the nation in its weakness was fortunate that no European was disposed to call the bluff. Now, after the doctrine has stood for nearly a century, it is hardly to be expected that any nation will wish to subject itself to the inconvenience, the expense, and the possible risk of attempting to force it aside. There is no object that can be gained of sufficient importance to furnish a sure and adequate compensation. For many years before the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine England entertained a plan to take the whole or a part of South America. In 1806, with twelve thousand soldiers and a large

number of vessels, she had possession of Buenos Aires, then a town of only forty-five thousand inhabitants; but the extemporized troops of the city compelled the invaders to relinquish their conquest. There is no reason to suppose that the South Americans are less disposed now than they were then to make sacrifices for the defense of their independence. In fact, if there ever was a favorable time for the stranger to set up an alien government in the southern half of South America, that time has long since vanished.

The people of the United States are not disposed to look with favor on any project to introduce into America the European policy of international antagonism; nor to seek peace by creating hostility between the two great divisions of the white race; but to further such a union of American independent states as will promote the formation of uniform laws relating to subjects of common interest, and the creation of an international moral force which will assist in maintaining friendly relations among these states, and will guarantee peace, order, and progress throughout the continent.

VOL. 109 - NO. 5

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

I

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

IN the United States to-day the individualist is beset with adversaries who are misrepresenting his mission and belittling his importance. Yet his vital relationship to the highest possibilities and to the noblest aspirations of the race is unmistakable. The individual is the personal, that is to say, the principal, factor in progress of every description. He is the parent of ideas, the originator of plans, the organizer and director of social and industrial enterprises. He dreams, and society wakes up and finds itself famous. True, society reacts on the individual, inspires multitudes of individuals to praiseworthy exertion and development, and thus the commonwealth flourishes.

The individualist has a message for the present generation. While a large and influential section of public opinion at the present day is persistently emphasizing the central significance of the social stream and the comparative helplessness of the human bubbles adrift upon its surface, perhaps the life-story of one who has other and very different ideas of progressive civilization may, at least, be thought worthy of a patient hearing.

I

Originally, the family stock of the writer came from the Island of Skye,

one of those desolate rock-ribbed isles of the Inner Hebrides, where even to-day the greater portion of the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants are crofters, who support themselves on fish, and inhabit miserable huts with the fireplace in the middle of the floor. Continually facing starvation and the fury of the elements, progress with these people is almost out of the question, but when they are once driven by chance or compulsion to other and more propitious climes, the rigor of such primeval training stands the sturdy emigrant in good stead, and, as a rule, he is able to give a very good account of himself.

While this glance at heredity is by no means out of place, my story properly begins in far-away India. In the earliest days of the British East India Company, in the buccaneering and filibustering period, my progenitors emigrated from Scotland and found employment in the Company's civil and military service. A number of them fell victims to the climate and the wars; later, one of my uncles was a physician of note in Calcutta; another was on the bench; while two or three of the present generation are out there today, engaged in commercial pursuits.

My father was one of the battle-scarred survivors of the Indian Mutiny. Until his death he was a pensioner of the East India Company or its successor, the British government. Just

in what year he returned to Scotland I am unable to determine. I have no available dates or records in regard to this period of my story; but this is of little consequence, as my purpose is neither statistical nor genealogical.

Be this as it may, I was born in the town of Inverness, Scotland, in the year 1859, and shortly after that date my father removed his establishment to a small estate, which he had inherited from a relative, in the neighboring county of Ross. At the time when I first began to get a glimpse of myself and my surroundings, the family consisted of twelve boys. Then my mother died and several of the older boys went out into the world, one into the army, one into the navy, and two into the Indian Civil Service. In this way, at the time I refer to, the home-colony in Ross-shire was reduced to eight. But now, and very briefly, I must locate myself more definitely.

My home, during my earliest school-days, was quite close to the town of Fortrose, which is a royal and parliamentary borough in Scotland, in the county of Ross. The little town is situated on the north side of the Moray Firth, just opposite Fort George. The neighborhood is particularly rich in romantic scenery, and the nature of my beginnings in this far-away corner of the world will not be understood in its proper significance without a brief glance at these surroundings.

The very first information, historically speaking, that is imparted to a Highland youngster relates to Wallace and Bruce, and the long line of fighting Scotsmen in every country that followed in their train. To him every tartan — in fact, every clan, loch, stream, and mountain — has its fighting history. Every boy in the Highlands lives in the midst of these individualistic, combative and romantic associations. On a clear day, from any

elevation in the neighborhood of Fortrose, one can easily overlook the hills of Inverness-shire. The region appears to be densely wooded for the most part, and here, in the possession of enormous estates, live to-day the lordly descendants of the fighting clansmen, the Camerons of Lochiel, the Gordons of Cluny, the Frasers, the Mackintoshes, and the Chisholms.

Just one other feature of the neighborhood remains to be noticed. A little to the east of Fortrose is the village of Rosemarkie. At the back of the village, and running in and along great gullies, which I suppose have been washed out of the clay or sandstone hills by the torrents of centuries, is a succession of cliffs or precipices. For generations these crags have been the playground, or rather the climbing area, of the Highland lads from surrounding villages.

These features of the scenery are in the main, I think, correct, although I have not attempted to verify them in any way, and I have never revisited the scenes. They are simply vivid impressions of my early surroundings, which I have carried along with me and cherished with life-long tenacity; and I am obliged to emphasize them a little, for the reason that, connected with this rugged scenery, there was later a tragic episode which proved to be the first great turning-point in my life.

The earliest period of my activity, then, in the home, the surroundings of which I have partially described, may be fairly entitled the wilderness stage. In regard to the names of my companions, my manner of living at home, or conducting myself at school, say up to my tenth year, my mind is completely in the dark. The pranks and adventures of the period seem to have driven everything else into mental oblivion. I cannot even remember to what extent my brothers shared in these youthful

escapades, which so exclusively dominate these earliest memories. I am convinced, however, that the adventures were almost invariably stolen sweets, unlawful proceedings in which truancy figured not a little, and an occasional running away and hiding in the woods,—proceedings paid for, I doubt not in every instance, by the infliction of corporal punishment and incarceration in the family lockup.

While, of course, it is undesirable to relate any of these childhood adventures in detail, the individualism and self-assertion contained in this state of gypsy-like lawlessness must be noticed in passing. A single illustration will be sufficient to picture the situation.

It has always been a mystery to me why I should so easily recall incidents relating to the dogs and horses, and my adventures in their company. For instance, about dogs: there was Pinky, the Skye terrier, Rock, the Gordon setter, and Jack, the retriever. The latter was the delight and pride of every boy in the neighborhood. His cleverness in catching wounded rabbits, or in finding lost articles that belonged to any of the boys, was to our understanding almost supernatural.

When I first remember him, Jack was growing old, and getting a little blind. One day we heard a rumor that his days were numbered and that the gamekeeper had received orders to put him quietly out of the way. So one morning, when we surprised this man preparing to take him out in a boat, we knew his time was come. How we pleaded—in vain, of course—for the life of that dog! Then we surrounded and jostled and fairly mobbed the gamekeeper. In the end he was compelled to beat us back from the boat, and we sat in a row on the beach crying and biting our lips. The man rowed out a short distance from the shore, then shipped his oars. We saw our hero go

overboard—first the dog, then the rope, and then the rock. We never forgave that man. From that time on he was continually in hot water with one or another of us. Before many days, in our own way, we paid him back. It was at a time when the whole village was off its guard, given up to jollification on Halloween. Two or three of us, little imps, barred the door of his cottage on the outside, climbed up on the roof, and dropped a large green sod down through the chimney right into the midst of the family circle. The thrashing we received for this escapade must have been part of the pleasure, for it never bothered our memories.

II

If my recollection of my adventures is even partially reliable, it is impossible to imagine a more lawless and harum-scarum beginning to the career of any mortal. But, doubtless, during this early period there were already two sides to the problem of my bringing-up, although at this distance I find it difficult to reconcile the two parallel and contemporaneous lines. Nevertheless, I am well aware, from what I was able to learn afterwards, that even at the time that I was seemingly running wild in the earliest mad-cap stage, I was really being drilled and whipped into civilized form by other and sterner forces, and in due time the fruits of this training were abundantly in evidence.

But, even at its best, the domestic situation in which I was placed is little understood by Americans of the present generation. A certain aloofness between parents and children in most well-regulated families in those days was considered necessary for purposes of decorum and discipline. In this way servants and relatives to a great extent had charge of our family, although my father kept careful watch of the pro-

ceedings. There were morning and evening prayers, grace was said before and after each meal, although our parents never sat at the same table with the small boys, and there was the strictest observance of the Sabbath.

Whatever may have been his desires on the subject, my father certainly found it impossible to attend to us all personally while we were in the bare-foot, runabout stage, but he made up for it when we grew old enough to appreciate his administration. It is in this light, and during this later period, that I chiefly remember him.

Thus, as briefly as possible, I have tried to draw upon my memory for a picture of a youth in the Highlands of Scotland in what to me are the olden times, struggling, unconsciously of course, with his environment and heredity. True, the process was under cover, but the two lines of effort and advance, even then, were clearly defined. The one was overflowing, disorganized, boisterous, and natural. The other was artificial, organized, and moral. On the one hand, there was heredity, the aboriginal activity and yearning of a hunting and fighting disposition, craving for expression, and, on the other hand, there was the environment of a determined and methodical plan on the part of a schoolmaster, a minister, and home influences, to turn these half-savage propensities into civilized channels.

Personality, it must be remembered, as a conscious factor, was still in the embryo state, biding its time. Then, of a sudden, just at this stage of development, the forces engaged met in a sort of catastrophe and, in a single day, I became a conscious and soulful personality.

It happened in this way, in my eleventh year. Between brothers in our family there was no such thing as constant comradeship. Occasionally we

would play together in pairs or otherwise, but unless we happened to join forces in some common cause, we were usually in a state of chronic rivalry. Plots and counterplots were always under way. Encounters of every description, for the most part manly and short-lived affairs, were the order of the day. But we all seemed to have chums in the village in whose company most of the play-time was spent.

My particular companion was a little lad about my own age, the son of the village miller, whose mill was a short distance outside the village on the edge of a noted rabbit-warren called 'The Dens.' Alec was even a more inveterate poacher than I, and nearly as good a crag-climber. The alliance between us was offensive and defensive in every particular. We were inseparable. Whenever I went astray, and was wanted for anything, I was always to be found in the vicinity of this mill.

In front of the building and, if I am not mistaken, rising sheer from the roadway in front of it, the crags spread out to right and left. The bald surface of these perpendicular sheets of clay was divided at intervals by crevices or ravines running vertically from top to bottom. Here and there on the face of these parapets there were a number of ledges, perhaps twenty or thirty feet long, running horizontally across the surface. In nearly all of these ledges there were deep holes, burrowed by the rabbits. They were the breeding-places of the rabbits and of numerous jackdaws, the natural prey of the village boys. One ledge or shelf in particular was the despair of every boy in the village. It was simply inaccessible. It seemed as if every rabbit we chased out of the 'Dens,' understanding this fact and mocking us, invariably ran across the face of the cliff and took refuge on that shelf.

One day Alec and I determined to scale that crag or break our necks in the attempt. We must have deliberately and carefully planned the expedition in advance. We started from the mill one morning just before dawn. We provided ourselves with knives and a stout rope. Without much difficulty we scrambled up one of the ravines that divided the cliff into sections. When the sun rose we were probably two hundred feet from the base of the cliff, and horizontally on a level with the coveted ledge. To reach it, however, it was necessary to cut a firm pathway, inch by inch, with our knives, for a distance of fifty feet across an almost perpendicular parapet. As a guide to our work there was already a faint trackway made by the rabbits. Along this line, footstep after footstep, we dug our perilous way, until about half the distance was covered in safety. I was three or four yards ahead of my companion. Then, suddenly, like a flash, Alec's foothold gave way and down he went. In falling he shouted my name.

There is no necessity to draw on my imagination to picture my predicament or to describe my state of mind. I am there again this minute. For a second or two I was rigid with a sort of terror. To turn back was impossible, and I could not look down. I simply drove my knife up to the hilt in the crag and held on. Then, after an unnoticed interval, the sound of shouts from below came up to me. They seemed to wake me out of my trance.

Meanwhile, in some unaccountable way, determination had taken the place of fear. I have always looked back upon these moments as the time when my personality first emerged into real consciousness. I whispered to myself one word — 'Courage.' Then I went on with my work, cutting out the path to the ledge. It was a mechanical

process — I did n't seem to know or realize what I was doing. I reached the goal and returned by the way I had come.

At the foot of the hill a crowd was awaiting me. I did n't ask any questions. I knew from the silence that Alec was dead. Half the village accompanied me to my home. My father was away. I was locked in the cellar for safe-keeping. Toward evening, to my surprise, I was liberated and given a good meal. For several days I was in disgrace, or thought I was. Then the village authorities came and asked me some questions.

Finally my father returned. To my surprise he seemed to avoid me. I knew something was brewing. Then one morning I was told to get ready to go to Inverness with him. Generally speaking, the trip was looked upon by any of us as a treat. On this occasion, however, I did n't flatter myself in this way. Then came another surprise. The trip was postponed on account of the weather, and I was told to present myself at once in the library.

I had no sooner entered the room than my father sent me to a storeroom for a trunk full of letters and documents. I at once noticed a change in his manner and method of addressing me. There was a sort of companionship indicated in his words and actions to which I was totally unaccustomed. I wondered what was going to happen. He said he was sorry about the accident, and especially for Alec. He was walking up and down the room. I looked up and saw that his lips were quivering with emotion. That was enough for me. I did n't utter a sound, but I gripped myself all over, while the tears poured from my eyes in streams. However, there was no use trying to put old heads on young shoulders, he continued, and besides, after all, perhaps I was only a chip of the old block.

In fact, a little stronger than some of the other chips, he hoped. There had always been too much abortive effort in the family. I, at least, had done what I set out to do. Of all things he hated abortive effort. I could hardly believe my senses. As I listened, every minute he was speaking added a year to my life.

My father knew I was collecting postage stamps and 'crests.' He went on to tell me that he was going to burn up a lot of family records and letters. He wished me to read a little about the family history they contained, and, incidentally, I could help myself to the stamps. He gave me a hint or two in regard to his reasons for destroying these letters. There were financial troubles on the horizon. Some kind of family quarrel and possibly a lawsuit. We could read the letters together, and he would determine as we went along which to preserve and which to throw into the open fireplace before which we were seated.

The letters contained family history of a varied description, chiefly from India. The health of this one, the promotion of another in the service, the expedition of another on a diplomatic mission to the Afghans, the sickness and death of a brother at Aden, returning home on sick leave — such were some of the topics.

I was so keyed up at the time that scarcely an incident in these letters has escaped my memory. Especially impressive to me in many of the letters were the stories of financial disaster, and the pitiful forebodings of kinsmen who had lost their all in the wreck of the Agra bank.

Thus the day passed away and, with intervals for meals, my letter-burning occupation was continued until late into the evening. But there was another incident connected with the occasion that made quite an impression upon

me at the time. When the servant brought in the lights, my father ordered some 'toddy.' He compelled me to drink a small quantity. He thought it might assist me in going to sleep, but he made it the occasion to tell me something about whiskey. Although, generally speaking, it was something to be avoided, on the other hand, it was nothing to be afraid of. He mentioned one or two unsatisfactory illustrations in the history of the family as a warning against its abuse. He thought it well for me to understand something about it at an early age. 'If you take a dislike to it,' he said, 'you will do well. At any rate govern yourself thoughtfully in the matter.' Then I went to bed in a tumult of mental bewilderment.

Psychologically speaking this is the end of the personally unconscious period. The next stage relates to school-life, to intellectual development, and especially to religious foundations.

III

There is a tide in the affairs of boys, as well as in those of men, that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. This is usually the period when the boy, awakening to a consciousness of his own personality, determines, it matters not how feebly at first, to think and act for himself.

In my own case, self-assertion, on a small scale, of course, began almost immediately after the death of my companion Alec. I can only attribute my somewhat premature development in this respect to the mental shock which I received upon that occasion, and there was one feature about this sudden development which seems to me to be worth mentioning. This was the abnormal sensitiveness that ensued. Mental impressions of all kinds were very acute, and at times almost pain-

ful. I remember how careful I was not to offend any one, or to hurt the feelings of any one in any way. This led to a natural desire on my part to do my best in order to secure the good opinion of people.

But this feature was only incidental; my real purpose was to be better and stronger than my companions in whatever sphere I might happen to meet them. After all, this was only a very natural desire and a simple development of the life I had been leading; but that the consciousness of will-power should actually add to the strength of my muscles was a revelation to me at the time, and was illustrated one day in a very emphatic manner.

A number of boys were playing in the vicinity of the blacksmith's shop. Lifting weights was one of our customary pastimes. The biggest boy in the company was one of my brothers who was two or three years my senior. Incidentally, he took hold of a small anvil, but failed to move it. Thereupon I lifted it from the ground with apparent ease. The boys shouted, and the blacksmith came out and challenged me to do it again. I did so. But the peculiar part of this illustration is that I distinctly remember half chuckling to myself and saying, 'I have a secret.'

This kind of self-consciousness affected my behavior in a marked degree. I became quiet in my manner and studious in my habits. What may be called the dawn of purpose in my behavior led naturally to a good deal of concentration, and, at this psychological moment, the Free Kirk minister, Mr. Brown, took hold of me.

To try to explain what religion meant to such an impressionist as I was, at that early age, would be a useless proceeding. I think, however, the religion of the Free Church was thoroughly in harmony with my mental level at

the time. For one thing, it introduced me to the Bible, but of this book and its influence I shall have more to say at a later stage of my story. At any rate, Mr. Brown instilled into me the principles of orthodoxy, and of the Bible as the great human guide, in the same way that McTavish, the schoolmaster, was pounding into me the construction of hexameters in Latin verse, and the value of x in algebra. The following story will give an idea of my religious condition at this time, and of the change from my former childlike indifference in such matters.

One day, very thoughtlessly, I took aim with a stone and killed a sparrow. I can never forget the religious turmoil the act excited in my mind. The situation, I am afraid, does not admit of interpretation, still less of appreciation, at the present day. I took refuge in prayer, — a process whose spiritual aim and practical end is discipline.

But the most noticeable phase of this early religious training was the strange secrecy that was maintained on all sides in regard to moral problems from a practical point of view. I speak of the sermonizing on the subject. 'Lead us not into temptation,' was interpreted in its widest significance. I was terribly impressed with wickedness in the abstract. Ignorance and innocence were supposed to be the safest route to salvation. One day coming across the expression, 'The Scarlet Woman,' I asked Mr. Brown to explain it to me. I remember his answer: 'My boy, at your age curiosity will do you a great deal more harm than enlightenment will do you good. Study the *Paradise Lost* and beware of the popular craving for the novels of Dickens.'

This, then, was the religious atmosphere in which I was being educated. Its central tenet was the necessity for an absolute ignorance of the world and

its dangers from the practical point of view, in combination with religious safeguards that were depended upon to act instinctively in times of temptation and danger. It has been necessary for me to dwell on this religious situation at the time when my personality was beginning to assert itself, in order that the practical tests of the system which came later may be thoroughly understood. It was in this supersensitive condition, therefore, that my final studies in my twelfth year in the academy in Fortrose were continued.

The sudden change in my habits and general deportment was immediately noticed by my father and by McTavish, the schoolmaster. The former took many opportunities to favor and encourage me. The schoolmaster also, taking his cue from my father, took considerable pride in the progress I was making in my studies. This schoolmaster was first of all and principally an educational machine, but considering the material and the difficulties he had to contend with, some sixty or seventy boys and girls of various ages in a single room, under his exclusive direction, he was probably the right kind of man in the right place. At no time during my pupilage under him, however, did this man have any intellectual or moral attraction for me. He possessed a method, and that was all. In my mind's eye I can see him now standing on the platform at the end of the school-room, slightly to one side of an enormous blackboard, a long lance-like pointer in one hand, and the ever-present 'taws' swinging significantly in the other. He brings the pointer down sharply on the floor and says, 'Attention.' Then he scribbles off a problem of some kind on the board, takes a step forward and says, 'One, two, three, off!' At once there is a rattle and squeaking of slate pencils, and after an interval some one brings his slate down

on his desk with a slam and shouts, 'First.' Others follow in rotation as fast as their tasks are completed. Meanwhile, McTavish is in the body of the hall, scrutinizing the answers and admonishing the slow ones. In all probability he pounces upon a 'dunce,' takes him by the ear and deposits him silently in the corner of the room with his face to the wall. Occasionally, however, in a magnanimous mood, he returns to the platform empty-handed and explains the difficulties in the problem in the most sympathetic manner. Once in a while in his remarks to the pupils he lapses into the brogue of the neighborhood. On one occasion I happen to shout 'First,' at the top of my voice. 'Jeames, my boy,' he replies, 'dinna shoot; when ye're no first, I'll be making a note of it.'

But perhaps the most exceptional feature of this schoolmaster's administration was his quarterly 'repoorts,' as they were called. They were delivered in person. As a rule, he borrowed a pony for the purpose. He usually set out on a Wednesday afternoon and took in a circuit of seven or eight miles. At every house which he entered for the purpose of reporting the progress of the children, he was invariably refreshed with a good drink of whiskey; the consequence was that, by the time he was headed for home, the pony was thoroughly worked up. On the homestretch we boys were agreed that there was no one like our schoolmaster for getting a Tam o' Shanter-like gallop out of that pony.

However, in regard to my own progress, I probably studied hard because I was compelled to. Thanks to McTavish, his methods, and his 'taws,' there was no doubt about my proficiency in the 'Three R's.' In regard to these fundamentals McTavish was a tyrant. Neither the Laird's first-born, nor the poorest lad in the village, could

escape this initial drilling. And by the way, the number of books that were carried to and fro was one of the astonishing features of our school-life. Morning and evening the country roads were dotted with boys and girls carrying piles of books certainly two feet deep at times, securely strapped between boards and slung over stout little shoulders. The girls usually managed to saddle themselves with the heaviest burdens, and the most desperate fight I ever engaged in was for the privilege of carrying one of these ponderous libraries.

Such, then, in brief, was my intellectual and religious condition when I left this village school and was sent to a grammar school in Manchester, England, to continue my studies. There were eight or nine hundred boys in this school, and I was admitted to it on what was called the 'foundation.' There was a batch of twenty of us who were successful in this way, winnowed out of a couple of hundred aspirants. When I left the school I was in the fifth 'form.' The master's name was Styles, and his methods and personality were typical of the whole school. Our class of thirty boys was divided into sections. Each section had its overseer — one of ourselves — and, in this way, the master kept in touch with every unit in the class.

Religious instruction was part of the curriculum, and, during an attendance of a little over three years at this grammar school, my religious ideas were enlarged considerably and my convictions deepened. This was also by far the hardest study-period of my life, and my book-knowledge was extended over a wide range of subjects. I was also an inveterate foot-ball and cricket player, but my studies took precedence over everything. The concentration of mind, brought about by continuous study, resulted in a mental

condition that was altogether too morbid and introspective, and but for the timely intervention and advice of Mr. Styles, serious mental results would have followed. I had only one or two companions whom I cared anything about, and they were nearly as studious as myself. I did not get into scrapes of any kind, and I remember Mr. Styles saying to me one day that he thought if I broke loose once in a while it would widen my horizon a little. However, he went right to work on my case in his usual practical manner: he insisted on daily exercise and play, he took me to the theatre (I had never been in my life before), and during the following holiday season I went with him to visit some friends near London; incidentally he gave me a vivid introduction to some of the scenes and problems of a great city.

There is just one final feature of my training in this grammar school which I think it will be well to mention. This has reference to the class spirit that was instilled into the boys with such sincerity and force that it was actually a normal condition, both in field-sports and in studies, and any deviation from it was always roundly denounced by the boys themselves. This phase of my school-life had a striking illustration during the class examinations, just before my departure from the school.

I was particularly anxious to head the class list on this occasion, and as I was in what was called a classical 'form,' or class, at the time, the principal tests were in our knowledge of Latin and Greek. There were thirty-odd boys in the form; the room just accommodated us comfortably, each boy being seated at his individual desk with his printed examination paper before him. My most dreaded rival in these examinations sat next me at a desk on the right, and I think that this boy, who was a genius in many ways,

would have beaten me if he had not resorted to unlawful methods. We were translating a passage from the *Medea* of Euripides at the time, and as I happened to look round in this boy's direction, it struck me he was trying to hide something with his elbow. In short, I soon came to the conclusion that he was making use of a 'crib' or translation, the edge of which just projected under his desk cover. I was so dumfounded that I could hardly believe my eyes. The fifth form was the second highest in the school, and such an occurrence among us was almost unthinkable. However, acting simply in the class spirit, which in fact I did n't have to think about, I at once stood up and asked the form master if it would be considered the proper thing then and there to name a boy for cribbing. He replied, 'Most certainly.' I did so. The boy, without a word of excuse, bluntly and frankly pleaded guilty. He was immediately expelled from the class-room, and the cheering that followed the closing of the incident, which the master himself encouraged, gave me instantly to understand that I had not been mistaken in my estimate of the class spirit.

IV

My school life in Manchester ended rather abruptly. My younger brothers were coming along, and it became necessary for me to earn a living. It was a time when telegraph cables were being laid to all parts of the world. So I went up to London and spent some time learning to operate the cable instruments. I made such good progress that I very soon received an appointment in the service of a company that was then laying cables along the coast of South America, and forthwith I made preparations to leave England.

At this point it will be well to call

to mind my intellectual and religious condition. I was pretty well equipped with school-learning, and my mind was filled with a mass of moral generalities, but of the world and its practical dangers and temptations I was supremely ignorant. I was extremely religious, but, according to modern ideas and standards my education lacked its most essential feature. This, however, was the religious stage of my development, and it must bear its own burden and tell its own story.

Just before leaving England I received an invitation to visit a cousin who was home from India on a visit. He was about forty years of age, and by far the strongest, most practical, and withal the noblest kind of man I had yet encountered. He tried to explain to me the different aspects of city life from a practical point of view, but although I listened attentively to his advice it did not seem to appeal to me in a personal way. I could not get away from the mass of generalities in which my knowledge of good and evil was enveloped, and it was these practical aspects of life that my cousin endeavored to bring home to me in a final interview.

Just before my departure for South America, we sat side by side in the ante-room of a restaurant. I retain the liveliest and kindest recollection of this conversation. My cousin spoke first of himself. There were many incidents and shortcomings in his own career on which he looked back with keenest regret, and perhaps on that very account his words should have had additional weight. Then he turned to my own plans and prospects. He had been informed of my satisfactory record at school, but that by itself, in his opinion, did n't amount to much. The problems of life were not to be solved by the mere exercise of intellectual attainments. He said a good deal about

heredity and environment, although he did not make use of these terms, but he laid emphasis upon what he called 'streaks' and habits. All these ideas and situations, he contended, are for the most part derived from the behavior of people who drift. They have no terrors to the man with a purpose in life, and a will. He took a number of illustrations from our own family history as practical examples of individual success and failure, and to show that character is always dependent upon pronounced individualism.

In conclusion my cousin asked me if I had read any novels. He wished I would immediately read one of Bulwer-Lytton's — I have forgotten the title. He referred specifically to one passage or chapter in this book, in which the guardian of a young lady calls her attention to a small plant or fern half hidden among the rocks on a hillside. He told her he had been watching the little plant for weeks in its brave struggle to lift its head up out of its unfavorable surroundings into the clear air and sunshine. From my cousin's point of view it was a striking lesson in character-building, the significance of which was accentuated by the parting advice given to this girl by the guardian: 'Keep yourself unspotted from the world.'

If my cousin had understood my mental condition at the time he would have been more explicit. As it was, I only half understood his meaning. To keep myself unspotted from the world was just another Biblical text, and I was still in the thralldom of these terrible generalities. However unusual and morbid my mental state at this time may appear to this matter-of-fact and practical generation, I cannot refrain from describing the sequel to this interview.

I wandered homeward to my lodging. Every step of the journey is indel-

ibly fixed in my memory. Early in the afternoon I took a seat in a secluded spot in Kensington Gardens. Before long I was disturbed and sought a still quieter situation. I soon found an enormous tree-trunk, roots and all, from which the tree itself had been severed and carted away. In the great cavity in the ground, caused by the violent uprooting of the tree, I ensconced myself. I wished to think over this problem of life, and of my future, which my cousin had been trying so patiently to impart to me. What did he actually mean when he told me to keep myself unspotted from the world? Was there actually a conspiracy in nature or otherwise, for the waylaying and moral destruction of people? If so, under what guise and in what form was I to look for it? Hour after hour I pondered, and still no light came. I was finally aroused from my reverie by the monotonous and oft-repeated cry of the park policeman, 'All out, all out.' Then I made the best of my way homeward.

A few days later, in the city of Lisbon, the revelation and the awakening took place. It is all so simple now. It was so terrible then. It happened in this way.

There was some delay to our outward-bound steamer at Lisbon and the opportunity presented itself to go on shore for a while. Several of my fellow clerks were also on this ship, but they had been seasick in the bay, so I did not bother about them. I went on shore alone. It was, of course, my first introduction to a foreign city, and it goes without saying that the dreamy, languorous atmosphere, the sun-baked streets, the sort of aimless sauntering of the populace in this semi-tropical city were very new and strange to me.

Before long a young man stepped up to me and inquired in good English if I did not wish to look at the most nota-

ble buildings and sights of the city. He would be glad to show me round for a mere trifle. So I made a bargain with him and set out. We visited many places of interest, and, finally, in crossing a large square, my guide excused himself for a minute for the purpose of speaking to a young woman, who happened to cross our path. After an interval he returned. He immediately began to tell me about the young woman. It was an extraordinary case; she was a cousin of his from the country, driven from home by harsh treatment, and here she was alone and penniless in the city. He had n't seen her for years. However, he had directed her to his own home, where she would be taken care of for a time, at any rate. Then we continued our sight-seeing.

Finally, I mentioned my desire to return to the ship. I then offered the man the sum of money we had agreed upon. He said he would attend to that later, and added, 'Here we are close to my home; if you will step in we can sit down and rest for a minute or two, and take a little refreshment.' It was the simplest kind of a proposition, so we entered the house together. He led the way into an inner room which was cosily fitted up with lounges and reclining chairs, on one of which I seated myself. He then left the room.

Ten minutes or so passed away and I was beginning to wonder at the delay,

when the door opened, and a young woman appeared on the threshold. It was the interpreter's cousin whom we had met in the public square. She greeted me familiarly and extended her hand. I shook it mechanically. Her garments were sparkling with ornament, and a mass of color. For a second she simply stood there playing with a tassel that dangled from her head-dress; then suddenly from her lips came a ripple of laughter, and she tapped her foot lightly on the floor.

Meanwhile, my mind was passing through a tempest of conflicting emotions. Something said to me, 'Here you are at last — what are you going to do about it? Here is your generality in human form — the event itself.'

In an instant the situation in its true light dawned upon me. The mental struggle vanished. A world of generalities were converted instinctively into a practical decision. It was at once a recognition and an outburst. The writing on the wall was now made clear to me in all its vital significance: 'Keep yourself unspotted from the world.'

I brushed the woman to one side, ripped open the door, and found myself face to face with the interpreter. I threw his money at his feet. I seemed to possess the concentrated strength of a dozen men. I sent him spinning across the floor and rushed out into the street.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWEST WOMAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It was the late George Meredith, if I mistake not, who was credited with bringing women into their joint inheritance of wit and passion. He himself supposed himself to discard, first of the novelists, the 'veiled virginal doll.' The *jeune fille* had, in the course of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, become somewhat dehumanized. She was far, indeed, from the frank heroines of Shakespeare, to whom every year was leap year. The heroine of the old-fashioned sentimental novel forsook her blushing, fainting, tear-shedding, letter-writing girlhood, only to become, on her wedding day, the British matron. There seems to have been no transition. Meredith apparently felt that the feminine share in romance was deplorably and inaccurately minimized. He exaggerated, perhaps. Scott gave us a few fine examples of the beautiful girl without frill or flutter, who was aware of her own mind. George Eliot knew a thing or two about her sex; and Jane Eyre, in her day, was notoriously explicit.

Not long since, indeed, having brought myself quite up to date with the fiction of the contemporary English school, — even to the last installments of its serial novels, — I sought out the most *démodé* of the English novelists. 'Let me see,' I murmured to myself, 'just what it is that we have thought it worth while, at this expense, to escape.' Accordingly, I procured all the volumes of *Sir Charles Grandison*. Nothing, it seemed, could be fairer than to go to Richardson; and, in all the

work of Richardson, fairest, surely, to go to *Sir Charles*.

I have never known any one who was ashamed to confess that *Sir Charles Grandison* bored him. It is the last work which any defender of the old school of fiction would think of using as a basis for argument. And yet, even in that epic of priggery, the natural note is not wholly lacking. Harriet Byron loved Sir Charles while he was still bound to the Lady Clementina, and bore herself with dignity when her friends cautioned her against her own feeling. 'If this should end at last in love' (she writes), 'and I should be *entangled in a hopeless passion*, the object of it would be Sir Charles Grandison: he could not insult me; and mean as the word *pity* in some cases sounds, I had rather have his pity than the love of any other man.' Such a cry, even Richardson, with all his prurient prudishness, could give us.

Yet we must give Meredith his due; and Meredith, on the whole, honestly surpasses these others in the shining list of his adoring heroines — adoring with such dominance in meekness, such gayety in surrender. Rose Jocelyn, Henrietta Fakenham, Aminta Farrell, Clare Doria Forey (let us write it in full, for so she liked it best), Cecilia Halkett, Janet Ilchester — it would be hard to match, within the century, that group of girls.

All these names have been recalled simply as witnesses to the fact that there is — in spite of the contentions of the contemporary novelists — a per-

fectly consistent tradition, in English novels, of the frank young woman. It is of the first importance to establish this, for these contemporary authors are talking as if their Anns and Isabels and Hildas were the only *jeunes filles* who had ever dared, in literature, to love as spirited girls in life really do. Just here one quarrels with their pretensions. The Victorian convention may have given us Amelia Sedley, and Lucy Desborough, and Lily Dale; but the Victorian era gave us also Catherine Earnshaw, and Jane Eyre, and Eustacia Vye.¹ Our contemporaries are doing nothing new when they show us the *jeune fille* falling in love before she is proposed to; they are doing nothing new when they show us the *jeune fille* wishing, quite specifically, to be a wife; they are not even doing anything new — rather, something quite *dix-huitième* and *rococo* — when they show us the *jeune fille* considering whether she will put up with being a mistress. The *jeune fille* glorying in her choice of the illicit relation is something, let us grant them, more nearly new. Yet how they gabble, upon their peak in Darien!

No; these authors have not broken with the Victorian convention — that simple acrobatic feat demanded of all beginners. But they have broken with the laboratory method. If they think that in Ann Veronica, in Hilda Lessways, in Isabel Rivers, they have been more accurate than their great predecessors, they are quite simply mistaken. I am not proposing to myself, or to any one else, to be shocked by these young women. Being shocked leaves one, in the world of criticism, with no retort. Whether or not one is shocked by them is quite another question, and one that does not come into this dis-

cussion. My own objection to the school of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Bennett, is that their heroines are not convincing.

There is a great deal said and written, nowadays, about women as they are and as they ought to be; and very little of it is in the tone of *Sesame and Lilies*. We are told very contradictory things about our sex; and we are exhorted with unvarying earnestness to believe each contradiction. We are jeered at for being Nietzschean Anns, embodying the ruthless life-force, pursuing the man that we may have children by him. We are also preached at for causing race-suicide. We must want children more than anything else in the world; and we must want the state to take care of them for us after they are born. We must return to the Stone Age; and we must, at the same time, join the Fabian Society. We must submit to the intense conservatism of eugenics; but we must, on the other hand, insult Mrs. Grundy, whenever we find it convenient, by taking lovers instead of husbands. We ought not to marry without assurance that our children will be physically perfect; but we may not expose them on a mountain-top if by any chance they are not.

Only the pragmatist (be it said in passing), with his avowed power of sucking the truth simultaneously from two mutually exclusive hypotheses, could do all the things that, with authority, we are told to do. 'Modern, indeed! She' (Ann Veronica) 'was going to be as primordial as chipped flint.' Yet, if we accept the chronologies of history (which seems sane enough) nothing could be more 'modern' than Ann Veronica's way of being prehistoric. Perhaps the solution is for all women to become pragmatists? Some of us are bewildered by all this; and we wonder a little if the heart-breaking medley of preachments is not the fruit of that

¹ Heroines, respectively, as most of our readers know, of Thackeray, Meredith, Trollope, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, and Thomas Hardy.
— THE EDITORS.

antique and unpardonable sin — *mêler les genres*. In all this chaos, one thing seems to be generally agreed on: women are, contrary to fusty tradition, very like men — whether like them according to *L'Age Dangereux*, or like them according to the latest suffrage pamphlet. That is the only thing that we shall unfailingly be told.

There is something in it. We are more like men than Mrs. Radcliffe would have believed. But the method chosen by these modern heroines of being like men is chiefly, it would appear, to be more so. They will not go half-way, but three quarters. The old-fashioned man sometimes relented. The new-fashioned woman makes quick work of her lover's virtue. There is hardly a villain in an old play but would have let the lady off, if she had pleaded with him as Capes pleads with Ann Veronica. The qualms, the scruples, the regrets, are all the man's: the girl refuses utterly to indulge in anything so weak. Capes is unfortunate enough to say something to Ann Veronica about honor. 'Only your queer code of honor — Honor! Once you begin with love you have to see it through.' Away with inhibitions!

'But,' some one will object, 'all this has been said before. And literature is full of women who prey passionately on the men they say they love. They are a recognized type.' Granted; but until now, the passionate preying and the unsought soliciting have not been done by the young unmarried girl of respectable traditions. The type is represented, from Potiphar's wife down, by the woman who is no longer *jeune fille*. One has not traversed either literature or life without hearing of exceptions. But they are exceptions. The point is, not that young women have hitherto been restrained by religion and convention, and that when they become free-thinkers and despise

the existing order, they express themselves as they really are. The point is that they really are not, for the most part, like Ann Veronica and Hilda Lessways.

I and my friends do not object to Ann and Hilda because we are afraid that, if we do not, people will think that we are like that. We object to them because we are told that they are normal, healthy-minded young women who have led a perfectly respectable life on the borders, at least, of gentility; and because we know that normal, healthy-minded young women who have lived such lives do not approach their first love affairs in the temper of these heroines. If you wish to say that the authors are merely discussing pathological cases, you will to some extent be letting them out, but they will not thank you for it. What is perfectly clear is that they believe girls of eighteen or twenty are like that. The last thing that they think, evidently, is that these young ladies need any attention from physicians or alienists. They think — God save the mark! — that they have described, in each case, a really nice girl. Up to a certain point, Ann Veronica *is* nice. When she falls in love, her author goes back on her disgracefully. He does not go back on her by making her horrid: he goes back on her by destroying her actuality.

One is ready to grant, I say, that women are more like men than some — not all — of the old-fashioned novelists would have had us believe. Let us rail, by all means, at the 'veiled virginal doll.' Let us disagree with Tolstoy (it is always good to disagree with Tolstoy!) when he says, in the *Sonate de Kreutzer*, 'une jeune fille pure ne veut pas un amant; elle veut des enfants.' Let us admit that the modern girl really is frank with herself about her desire to marry the man she has chosen. In-

deed, I cannot think who will deny it. But there our respect for realism bids us stop. It is a complex and misty matter, this probing of the young girl's secret attitude to life and her lover.

Perhaps the greatest blunder of the new realists is that they do not see how complex and misty it is. The whole question is almost impossible of discussion, it is so difficult and delicate. Record the images in the girl's mind, if you must — that is the exhaustive, exhausting rule of realism. But for God's sake, record them as vague, since vague they are! These authors fail, precisely because they must, at each instant, be vivid. One is tempted to recall to them Mr. Chesterton's difficulty with Browning's biography: 'One can make a map of a labyrinth, but who can make a map of a mist?' Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett are, apparently, the successful cabmen who can. They offer to take you anywhere you like in this London fog of the girl's mind. Under their fitful guidance, you will get somewhere; but it may not be the address you gave them.

It is time to come to instances. Luckily for one's contention, the frank young feminine thing is, in spite of a few sentimental aberrations of a century ago, in the great English literary tradition. (What the new novelists have given us, one might remark, is more like the frank young thing crossed with the highwayman.) No one need be more explicit than Juliet in desiring possession of the man she loves, but even Juliet does not find her passion for Romeo summing itself up in Ann Veronica's desire to kiss her idol's feet because she is sure that they must have the firm texture of his hands; nor is she overpowered at every turn, like Hilda, by his 'faint, exciting, masculine odor.' And, surely, if any one were to bring up an explicit heroine, it would be the Nurse! Romantic lovers have always

prayed for union. Long since, Sir Thomas Browne said, 'United souls are not satisfied with imbraces, but desire to be truly each other; which, being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction.' What lover has not known that hurt? What lover, man or woman, has not welcomed marriage, and, at the same time, thought it a *pisaller*? The notion is not a new one. It has never been in the greatest tradition of poetry or of life for the woman who loves to hold back.

That is not our quarrel with these misrepresented heroines. Our quarrel with them is that, being misrepresented themselves, they misrepresent their prototypes. It is a matter chiefly, perhaps, of the actual content of their minds. The visions of experience are not the visions of inexperience; moreover, there is not one frank young thing in ten thousand who does not wrap her ardor in a blessed cloak of vagueness. She may laugh at her faint atavistic shiver; but she feels it. She may immensely like the feeling of her lover's arms about her; but she does not instinctively set herself to imagining details that only the slow processes of intimacy will normally familiarize her with. She may glory in his total effect of physical perfection; but she does not go over his 'points,' as if she were buying a horse, or drawing an athlete in a life-class. Imagine Chaucer's feelings, if any one had tried to confound Emily with the Wife of Bath! Yet it is something very like that which Mr. Bennett has done in his analysis of Hilda's psychology during the momentous half-hour before she becomes engaged to Cannon.

'But at the same time she was in the small hot room, and both George Cannon's hands were on her unresisting shoulders; and then they were round her, and she felt his physical nearness,

the texture of his coat and of his skin; she could see in a mist the separate hairs of his tremendous moustache and the colors swimming in his eyes; her nostrils expanded in alarm to a faint exciting masculine odor. She was disconcerted, if not panicstruck, by the violence of his first kiss; but her consternation was delectable to her.'

Every woman and most men know, I fancy, that if Hilda's first proximity to the man who dominated her imagination was of precisely that nature, her reaction was probably not precisely of that sort. Even the impersonal machinery of the psychological laboratory would have registered in her a distinct recoil. The microscope is not, and never has been, the lover's favorite instrument. It is doubtful if even the man himself would have been allured by the accurate and intimate perception of the coarseness of his beloved's skin. One thinks a little, in spite of one's self, of Gulliver and Glumdalclitch. Certain it is — and rather amusing, all things considered — that none of the men in these novels indulges in the sensations that crowd the heroines' hours; though it is written of all the heroes that they had experienced matrimony, at the least. May it not be that the authors know their own sex better than ours? Granted that women are very like men: can one justly, on that hypothesis, show them as more scornful of conventions, of codes of honor, of every reticence, moral, intellectual, and physical, than these men whom they consider their masters? It is in each case the man who has the bad quarters of an hour over their common breaches, real or fancied, of loyalty and decency and public opinion; the man who has, for his own peace, to find a philosophy that justifies them both.

These authors are not alone among contemporaries in recording such

heightened moments of a girl's life. One calls to mind, for the sheer similarity of the mental plight, Elizabeth, in *The Iron Woman*. Thus Elizabeth writes to David, —

"'Dear" (she stopped to kiss the paper), "dear, I hope you won't burn it up because I am tired of waiting, and I hope you are too;" — when she wrote those last words, she was suddenly shy; "Uncle is to give me the money on my birthday — let us be married that day. I want to be married. I am all yours, David, all my soul, and all my mind, and all my body. I have nothing that is not yours to take; so the money is yours. No, I will not even give it to you! it belongs to you already — as I do. Dear, come and take it — and me. I love you — love you — love you. I want you to take me. I want to be your wife. Do you understand? I want to belong to you. I am yours."

'So she tried, this untutored creature, to put her soul and body into words, to write the thing that cannot even be spoken, whose utterance is silence.'

There is no need to follow further Mrs. Deland's analysis of the situation: the proud and practical reply from David, which the girl considers a rebuff; her sudden marrying of the man she does not love — as sheer expression of outraged modesty, and recoil from the man who had not known how to treat her confession. There would be no wisdom in comparing *The Iron Woman*, from any other point of view, with the novels we have been mentioning. This one episode is interesting simply as a different and more convincing record of the frank young thing's relation to her own frankness, and of the fiery limits of that frankness; pages of racking accuracy, in which the girl nearly dies of the memory of her own explicitness. One has not even power to protest against Elizabeth's tragic

and foolish act in marrying Blair; it follows upon that mood with the raw inevitability of life.

Some adherents of the new school may think it indelicate to base a general accusation on the single point of the heroine's psychology. In the first place, the accusation is not so general as to preclude very definite admiration of other aspects of the school's achievement. There is much in Mr. Wells's *New Machiavelli* besides the hero's affair with Isabel Rivers; much that goes to the mind and heart of all of us. As for effectiveness of method and brilliancy of style — one simply does not see the need of adding one piping voice to the harmonious and already deafening chorus. Were there the need, one would do it.

But the contemporary school has set out to 'do' a new type of woman; a type which it considers important, if not dominant. It has even the air of saying: 'This is the kind of girl with whom intelligent men in the immediate future will have overwhelmingly (and to their salvation!) to deal. Behold the Newest Woman.'

The *crux* in each book, for the average reader, is the maturing of the relation between the man and the girl. The girl exists only, in spite of her intellectual qualities, for the sake of that relation. In each case, she is the ideal mate, the high exponent of her sex. She deserves, and must bear, serious consideration from every point of view. One has chosen the realistic point of view because realism is the method these authors abide by. They aim at telling the truth as it is: therefore, they stand or fall by the accuracy of their

vivid and multitudinous detail. We are not in the pulpit, but in the laboratory. One's honest impression is that the scientific observers have mixed their slides.

It is one thing to make your heroine believe in free love — doubtless many women do. It is pardonable by science to exhibit exceptions to the feminine rule, in the person of the girl initially over-sexed or neurotic: such cases are known to other scientists than these. But it is quite another thing to insist on the niceness, the normality, the uninterruptedly respectable and uneventful breeding of a girl — to exhibit her as the type, in other words — and then credit her with reactions that do not belong to the type.

There is no point in preaching against a modern spirit that is going to develop Anns and Hildas and Isabels *ad libitum*. The conception of them as heroines may be a sign of the times; but they themselves are not yet numerous enough to be a sign of the times. It is even doubtful if novelists can do in a decade what Nature has never shown any sign of doing in all her lazy evolutionary progress: completely altering natural feminine instincts. 'But the worst of Ann Veronica is that she's *there!*' a friend complained to me, not long since. Everything has always been there, one fancies. All one insists on is that neither Ann Veronica nor Hilda Lessways is the normal representative of the sex. About the morality of Mr. Wells's and Mr. Bennett's books, there are probably a hundred opinions. One's own present quarrel with them is not that they are bad morals, but that they are bad biology.

THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. After a man has passed the psalmist's dead line of seventy years, as Dr. Holmes called it, if he is of a certain temperament, he becomes more and more detached from the noise and turmoil of the times in which he lives. The passing hubbub in the street attracts him less and less; more and more he turns to the permanent, the fundamental, the everlasting. More and more is he impressed with life and nature in themselves, and the beauty and the grandeur of the voyage we are making on this planet. The burning questions and issues of the hour are for the new generations, in whom life burns intensely also.

My life has always been more or less detached from the life about me. I have not been a hermit, but my temperament and love of solitude, and a certain constitutional timidity and shrinking from all kinds of strife, have kept me in the by-paths rather than on the great highways of life. My talent, such as it is, is distinctly a by-path talent, or at most, a talent for green lanes and sequestered roadsides; but that which has most interested me in life, Nature, can be seen from lanes and by-paths better even than from the turnpike, where the dust and noise and the fast driving obscure the view or distract the attention. I have loved the

feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings.

I have kept apart from the strife and fever of the world, and the maelstrom of business and political life, and have sought the paths by the still waters, and in the quiet fields, and life has been sweet and wholesome to me. In my tranquil seclusion I am often on the point of upbraiding myself because I keep so aloof from the struggles and contentions and acrimonious debates of the political, the social, and the industrial world about me. I do not join

any of the noisy processions, I do not howl with the reformers, or cry Fire! with the alarmists. I say to myself, What is all this noisy civilization and all this rattling machinery of government for, but that men may all have just the sane and contented life that I am living, and on the same terms that I do. They can find it in the next field, beyond the next hill, in the town or in the country—a land of peace and plenty, if one has peace in his heart and the spirit of fair play in his blood.

Business, politics, government, are but the scaffoldings of our house of life; they are there that I may have a good roof over my head, and a warm and safe outlook into the beauty and glory of the universe, and let them not absorb more time and energy than the home itself. They have absorbed very little of mine, and I fancy that my house of life would have had just as staunch walls, and just as many windows and doors, had they not absorbed so much of other men's. Let those who love turmoil arm for turmoil: their very arming will bring it; and let those who love peace disarm for peace: the disarming will hasten it. Those also serve who mind their own business and let others mind theirs.

I know that all this clamor and competition, all this heat and friction and turmoil of the world, are only the result of the fury with which we play the game of our civilization. It is like our college football, which is brutal and killing, and more like war than like sport. Why should I be more than an amused or a pained spectator?

I was never a fighter; I fear that at times I may have been a shirker, but I have shirked one thing or one duty that I might the more heartily give myself to another. He also serves who sometimes runs away.

From the summit of the years I look back over my life, and see what I have

escaped and what I have missed, as a traveler might look back over his course from a mountain-top, and see where he had escaped a jungle or a wilderness or a desert, and where he had missed a fair field or a fountain, or pleasant habitations. I have escaped the soul-killing and body-wrecking occupations that are the fate of so many men in my time. I have escaped the greed of wealth, the 'mania of owning things,' as Whitman called it. I have escaped the disappointment of political ambition, of business ambition, of social ambition; I have never been a cog in anybody's wheel, or an attachment to the tail of anybody's kite. I have never lost myself in the procession of parties, or trained with any sect or clique. I have been fortunate in being allowed to go my own way in the world. I was fortunate in my youth in having escaped the daily paper, and especially the Sunday paper and the comic supplement, and the flood of cheap fiction that now submerges the reading public.

It is a question whether in escaping a college education I made a hit or a miss. I am inclined to the opinion that a little systematic training, especially in science, would have been a gain, though the systematic grind in literature which the college puts its students through, I am glad to have escaped. I thank heaven that in literature I have never had to dissect Shakespeare or Milton, or any other great poet, in the class-room, and that I have never had to dissect any animal in the laboratory. I have had the poets in their beautiful and stimulating unity and wholeness, and I have had the animals in the fields and woods in the joy of their natural activities. In my literary career I have escaped trying to write for the public or for editors; I have written for myself. I have not asked, 'What does the public want?' I have only asked,

‘What do I want to say? What is there in my heart craving for expression? What have I lived or felt or thought that is my own, and has its root in my inmost being?’

I have few of the aptitudes of the scholar, and fewer yet of the methodical habits and industry of the man of business. I live in books a certain part of each day, but less as a student of books than as a student of life. I go to books and to nature as a bee goes to the flower, for a nectar that I can make into my own honey. My memory for the facts and the arguments of books is poor, but my absorptive power is great. What I meet in life, in my walks, or in my travels, which is akin to me, or in the line of my interest and sympathies, that sticks to me like a burr, or, better than that, like the food I eat. So with books: what I get from them I do not carry in my memory, but it is absorbed as the air I breathe or the water I drink. It is rarely ready on my tongue or my pen, but makes itself felt in a much more subtle and indirect way.

There is no one, I suppose, who does not miss some good fortune in his life. We all miss congenial people, people who are going our way, and whose companionship would make life sweeter for us. Often we are a day too early, or a day too late, at the point where our paths cross. How many such congenial souls we miss we know not, but for my part, considering the number I have met, I think it may be many.

I have missed certain domestic good fortunes, such as a family of many children (I have only one), which might have made the struggle of life harder, but which would surely have brought its compensations. Those lives are, indeed, narrow and confined which are not blessed with several children. Every branch the tree puts out lays it open more to the storms and tempests

of life; it lays it open also to the light and the sunshine, and to the singing and the mating birds. A childless life is a tree without branches, a house without windows.

I missed being a soldier in the armies of the Union during the Civil War, which was probably the greatest miss of my life. I think I had in me many of the qualities that go to the making of a good soldier — love of adventure, keenness of eye and ear, love of camp-life, ability to shift for myself, skill with the gun, and a sound constitution. But the rigidity of the military system, the iron rules, the mechanical unity and precision, the loss of the one in the many — all would have galled me terribly, though better men than I willingly, joyously, made themselves a part of the great military machine. I would have made a good scout and skirmisher, but a poor fighter in the ranks. I am a poor fighter, anyhow.

My grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and he seems to have used up about all the fighting blood there was in the family, as little of it has showed itself since. When one of his sons was drafted in the War of 1812, he went in his stead, but did not get face to face with the enemy.

I got near enough to the firing line during our Civil War, — when Early made his demonstration against the Capital in 1864, and I was a clerk in the Treasury Department, — to know that I much prefer the singing of the birds to the singing of hostile bullets. Maybe it was a nudge from the Old Continental within me that prompted me to make my way out Seventh Street, flanking and eluding the guards and sentinels of the sixth Corps just up from Petersburg, taking a roundabout course through fields and woods, till just before dark I found myself amid the rifle-pits in front of one of the forts, fraternizing with the war-

worn veterans who had been hurried up from Grant's army.

I had really made myself believe that if there was to be a battle I would have a hand in it and see what it was like. I was unarmed, but the soldiers assured me that they could quickly put a gun in my hand when the enemy appeared. There was some firing in front on a hill a mile away, and now and then I heard the *ping* of a rifle bullet overhead, and a few times the 'thud' it makes when it strikes the ground. They were ugly sounds to me, and to the amusement of Grant's veterans who lay about on the ground, as if they were on a picnic, I presently took to the shelter of the rifle-pits and remained there. Later, when I saw a company of soldiers being hurried off into the darkness toward the line of rifle flashes along the horizon in front, I had a sudden and vivid conviction that the stuff of a good soldier was not in me, — not at that moment, at any rate.

If I had been ordered to join those soldiers and face that unseen and unknown danger out there in the night, I am sure my legs would have refused to move, and would have collapsed beneath me. What a coward I was at that instant! The Old Continental would have disowned me. But darkness makes cowards of us all. I suppose my imagination ran away with me as it so often had done in my boyhood in regard to 'spooks' and hobgoblins.

As the night wore on and no attack on our hill seemed imminent, I wandered toward the rear in search of new adventure. Passing a long low building that was being used as a hospital, where the wounded were being cared for, I went in and offered my services to the surgeons. The operating tables were full and a long line of the wounded sat crouched against the wall wait-

ing their turns. Some were groaning and some were joking.

The sight of human blood had always made me faint, but now I seemed unusually stout of heart and proceeded to hold instruments and pass vessels with a coolness that quite surprised me. By force of will I must have steeled myself against the gory spectacle, for after about half an hour my composure broke. I grew suddenly faint and came near falling to the floor. The surgeon whom I was assisting, seeing at a glance what had happened to me, said, 'Get out of here, get out of here!' and almost shoved me into the open air.

The air presently restored me, but I had had enough of war, and went and crept in among some bales of hay near by and tried to sleep away the remainder of the night. But sleep did not come. All night I heard the clattering of hoofs and sabres as regiments of arriving cavalry filed slowly by me. In the morning I made my way back to the city, satisfied that military glory was not in the line of my ambition.

War is a terrible business, but I never see a veteran of our Civil War that I do not envy him that experience — an experience which maybe I would have had, had not grandfather so nearly emptied the family powder-horn in his soldiering with Washington.

II

From youth to age I have lived with nature more than with men. In youth I saw nature as a standing invitation to come forth and give play to myself; the streams were for fishing and swimming, the woods were for hunting and exploring, and for all kinds of sylvan adventure; the fields were for berries and birds' nests, and color, and the delight of the world of grasses; the mountains

were for climbing and the prospects and the triumphs of their summits.

The world was good; it tasted good, it delighted all my senses. The seasons came and went, each with its own charms and enticements. I was ready for each and contented with each. The spring was for the delights of sugar-making, and the returning birds — the naked maple woods flooded with the warm creative sunshine, the brown fields slipping off their covering of snow, the loosened rills, the first robin, the first phoebe, the first song sparrow — how all these things thrilled one! The summer was for bare feet, light clothes, freedom from school, strawberries, trout, hay-making, and the Fourth of July. Autumn was for apples, nuts, wild pigeons, gray squirrels, and the great dreamy tranquil days; winter for the fireside, school, games, coasting, and the tonic of frost and snow. How the stars twinkled in winter! how the ice sang, and whooped on the ponds! how the snow sculpturing decked all the farm fences! how the sheeted winds stalked across the hills!

Oh, the eagerness and freshness of youth! How the boy enjoys his food, his sleep, his sports, his companions, his truant days! His life is an adventure, he is widening his outlook, he is extending his dominion, he is conquering his kingdom. How cheap are his pleasures, how ready his enthusiasms! In boyhood I have had more delight on a haymow with two companions and a big dog — delight that came nearer intoxication — than I have ever had in all the subsequent holidays of my life. When youth goes, much goes with it. When manhood comes, much comes with it. We exchange a world of delightful sensations and impressions for a world of duties and studies and meditations. The youth enjoys what the man tries to understand. Lucky is he

who can get his grapes to market and keep the bloom upon them, who can carry some of the freshness and eagerness and simplicity of youth into his later years, who can have a boy's heart below a man's head.

The birds have always meant much to me; as a farm-boy they were like a golden thread that knit the seasons together. In early manhood I turned to them with the fondness of youth, reinforced with an impetus obtained from literature. Books, especially the poets, may do this for a man; they may consecrate a subject, give it the atmosphere of the ideal, and lift it up in the field of universal interest. They seem to have done something like that for me in relation to birds. I did not go to books for my knowledge of the birds, except for some technical knowledge, but I think literature helped to endow them with a human interest to me, and relate them to the deeper and purer currents of my life. What joy they have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and the deadening! I have not studied them so much as I have loved them; at least, my studies have been inspired by love.

How much more easily and surely knowledge comes through sympathy than through the knowing faculties! It is as if I had imbibed my knowledge of the birds through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves, and the glint of the waters. I have gone a-fishing, and read their secrets out of the corners of my eyes. I have lounged under a tree, and the book of their lives has been opened to me. I have hoed in my garden, and read the histories they write in the air. Studied the birds? No, I have played with them, camped with them, gone berrying with them, summered and wintered with them, and

my knowledge of them has filtered into my mind almost unconsciously.

The bird as a piece of living nature is what interests me, having vital relations to all out-of-doors, and capable of linking my mind to itself and its surroundings with threads of delightful associations. The live bird is a fellow passenger; we are making the voyage together, and there is a sympathy between us that quickly leads to knowledge. If I looked upon it as something to be measured and weighed and tabulated, or as a subject for laboratory experimentation, my ornithology would turn to ashes in my hands.

The whole of nature, directly or indirectly, goes with him who gives his mind to objects in the open air. The observer of bird-life in the open has heaven and earth thrown in. Well, I need not harp on this string. All lovers of life in the open know what I would say. The book of living nature is unlike other books in this respect: one can read it over and over, and always find new passages and new meanings. It is a book that goes to press new every night, and comes forth fresh every morning, and yet it is not like the newspaper, except that it is up-to-date. Its news is always vital, you see it in the making, and you are not blinded or deafened with the dust and noise of the vulgar newspaper world.

III

I began by saying how much the beauty and wonder of the world occupies me these later years. How these things come home to me as life draws near the end. I am like a man who makes a voyage and falls so much in love with the ship and the sea that he thinks of little else and is not curious about the new lands before him. I suppose if my mind had dwelt much upon the other world toward which we are

headed, and which is the main concern with so many passengers, I should have found less to absorb and instruct me in this. In fact, the hypothetical other world has scarcely occupied me at all, and when it has, I have thought of it as a projection from this, a kind of Brocken shadow cast by our love of life upon futurity. My whole being is so well, so exquisitely attuned to this world, that I have instinctively felt that it was for this world that I was made.

I have never been able to see how I could be adjusted to two worlds unless they were much alike. A better world I have never wanted. I could not begin to exhaust the knowledge and the delights of this one. I have found in it deep beneath deep, worlds within a world — an endless series of beautiful and wonderful forms forever flowing out of itself. From the highest heavens of the telescope, to the minutest organisms of the microscope, all is beautiful and wonderful, and passeth understanding.

Oh, how much the world holds that it would be a joy to know! How wonderful my own origin, running back through the geologic ages, to the first pulse of life in the primordial seas, and embracing all between that eternity and this moment. I love to dwell upon it, and to try to picture to myself the long road I have traveled, the forms of lowly life in which I have tarried, the vicissitudes I have lived through, the contingencies upon which my well-being has hung.

How wonderful that all these countless ages are beneath my feet, in the soil I tread upon, and out of which I sprang!

The thought that I or my race had been arbitrarily placed here, and that I was not the inevitable outcome of the visible and invisible system of things, would not move me. I like to think I

am not an interloper, or an accident in the universe, and that the whole of the unthinkable past has contributed to you and me. I will not say, is summed up in you and me, except in the sense that the highest results of evolution culminate in us. There have been other lines of evolution than ours, and it would take all the forms of life on the globe to sum up the past.

How wonderful that the globe itself should have been born out of the nebular mist — the cosmic world-stuff in the womb of the great sidereal mother; that it should have had its fiery and turbulent youth; that it should have sobered and ripened with age; that its mantle of fertile soil should have been wrought out of the crude igneous and stratified rocks; that it falls forever around the sun, and never falls into it; that it is so huge that we cannot span it, even in imagination, but can picture it to ourselves only by piecemeal, as with a globe of our own making; and yet that it is only as a globule of blood in the veins of the Infinite; that it is moving with such incredible speed, and yet to our senses seems forever at rest; that the heavens are always above us wherever we are upon its surface, and never under us, as the image of a globe might lead us to infer would be the case at times — all this, I say, and more, fills me with perpetual wonder.

More and more I think of the globe as a whole, though I can only do so by figuring it to myself as I see it upon the map, or as a larger moon. My mind's eye cannot follow the sweep of its curve and take in more than a small arc at a time. More and more I think of it as a huge organism pulsing with life, real and potential.

When I come from the vast to the minute, I find equal cause for wonder and admiration. If I look at the body of a fly with my pocket-glass, or at the speck of an insect that crawls upon the

page of my book as I read, I marvel at its exquisite structure and delicate adjustment of parts, the elaboration, the complexity, the ingenuity, the strange mechanism of it all. When I crush it, I feel what a consummation of creative workmanship, what a delicate and exquisite product of the long ages of evolution, I have brought to naught. When I see the marvelous intelligence of ants and bees with their communities and coöperations and complex economies, I cannot help but wonder what might have been the result had evolution continued on the same line, and mounted step by step, as it has in the vertebrates. Would some being with more intellect than man has, have been the result? Maybe it was so on Mars, or on some other world in the depths of space.

It is hard for us to conceive of mental gifts differing in kind from our own, but it is certain that the wisdom that the insect world possesses is not like our own, and comes to it in a way we know not of. The ants and bees do things that seem to imply what we call second-sight, or a gift akin to clairvoyance. Take the case of one of the solitary wasps of which Sir John Lubbock tells us. When this wasp lays an egg, she acts as if she knew whether the egg would produce a male or a female; she puts five insects by the male egg, and ten by the female, because the female needs twice as much food as the male. There are many cases like that, of seeing behind the veil of things in the insect world, and one can but marvel at it. It sometimes seems as if human beings possess this gift in a tentative, rudimentary kind of way.

How can any one help but marvel when he considers the structure of his own body — several millions or billions of minute cells, working together like little people to build it up and main-

tain it, dividing themselves into communities or fraternities, each with its own work to do, and, so far as we can see, with none having the direction of the whole work — no head or superintendent or architect to determine what the finished structure shall be. One community of cells builds muscle, one nerves, another bones, another hair, skin, and nails, others the viscera, the brain, and so on, till the full stature of man is reached. No single cell or group of cells knows the plan or the end to which they are all working. What puts the result of all these myriad workmen together and makes the man? They are many, he is one. The microscope reveals them, it cannot reveal him. He rises from the world of minute plastic interacting forms as Venus rose from the sea, and the sea knows not the secret.

The same is true of every living thing — cell wedded to cell, communities of cells wedded to communities, and all working on a plan unknown to any group of them. Yonder oak or pine started from a similar minute germ, and became a vast coöperative community, or series of coöperative communities of associate cells, with no cell or community directing the whole.

The only analogue of these things I now think of in nature about us is afforded by a swarm of bees, wherein all the complex economies of the hive are carried on without a single or separate seat of authority in the hive. Maeterlinck aptly calls this invisible authority the 'spirit of the hive' — a name for something that we know not of. So one may say, the spirit of the body, or the spirit of the tree, determines and controls all its complex economies, and makes of it a unit.

The cells that are the architects of one man's body cannot be distinguished from the cells that build an-

other man's body, yet behold the difference between the two men — in size, disposition, brain-power! It looks as if there is something in the man that is not of his cells.

Indeed, the mystery of the cell has never been penetrated. A man, like every other animal, begins in a speck of nucleated protoplasm — so small that it seems to be almost at the vanishing point; yet in that microscopical entity there may slumber a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Darwin, a Lincoln, with all the complex inheritance of race and of family traits, and with all the wondrous individual endowments of mental powers.

That cell, invisible to the naked eye, is a world in itself. It divides and subdivides, and its progeny, apparently of their own motion, begin to organize the human body and to build it up, as I have said. They resolve themselves into communities, or co-fraternities, each brotherhood with its own special work to do.

IV

How can one help marveling at the voyage we are making on this planet. One has to lift one's self up and use one's imagination to see that it is a voyage, and that our course lies through the star-paved abysses of infinite space. Few of us ever see it or realize it in all its awful grandeur. But sometimes, as we look up at the night sky, we are surprised out of our habitual stolidity and blindness, the mind opens for a moment, and we see the Infinite face to face; the veil is withdrawn, and the rays from myriads of orbs penetrate to the soul.

Oh, the worlds and systems of worlds that the night reveals, — the outlook off into infinity which the darkness brings! When the day is done, when the night falls, how are the heavens

opened! how is the universe extended! how are the glory and the sublimity of creation multiplied! Out of the deep shadow of the earth what lights we behold! what rays penetrate to us from the farthest depths of space! When the sun is gone, myriads of other suns are born. Without this negation called darkness how little we would suspect the awful grandeurs that compass us about. The day shuts us in, the sky is a roof that confines us; the night lets us out into the great out-of-doors of the universe. We feel the infinite space, we confront the star-paved abyss, the constellations shock us out of our prose and humdrum; they reveal to us how wild and terrific and unfathomable is the sea over which we are voyaging.

What does not the imagination of man, the spirit of man owe to the night — the revelation or the apocalypse of the darkness. The night is spiritual; how it hides all things secular, how it blots out the common and the wearisome, how it stirs and stimulates our religious emotions, how it nourishes our sense of mystery, and of the profound. It adds the transcendental, the immeasurable, to our world. It uncovers the

heavens, they have a new meaning when we have walked under them at night.

I would not forget the debt we owe to the day; life itself, and all that sustains it, light and warmth, cloud and sun, brought us here and keep us here. The gifts of the night are less tangible; the night does not come with fruit and flowers and bread and meat; it comes with stars and star-dust, with mystery and nirvana.

I am a creature of the day, I belong to the open, cheerful, optimistic day. Few of my habits or feelings are nocturnal. I am neither a prowler, nor a burner of midnight oil, nor a lover of the spectral or the obscure. I bring all things to the test of the sunlight; my mind works best, and my faith is strongest, when the day is waxing and not waning. Yet now I am in the mood to praise the night, the not-day, the great shadow which is a telescope through which we see the Infinite.

The night that rounds the day of life is surely near all septuagenarians; the shadows deepen around us. When the darkness falls, will the heavens indeed be unveiled — the unquenchable lights meet our gaze?

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

BY ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

PROLOGUE

THE LADY OF THE ISLES

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of heart and step was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,
However rare, so rare it be,
And when I crumble who shall remember
That lady of the West Country?

— WALTER DE LA MARE.

SHOULD you ask who brought prosperity to the Islands, — or brought it back after long years of estrangement, — nine islanders out of ten would answer, 'The Mistress'; meaning the sad and beautiful lady who dwelt at Iniscaw, and now sang to herself, after having sung in capital cities to great audiences, with kings and queens eager to listen. In addition to her beauty and her voice (which in itself was a miracle) God had given her courage, so that she kept her light step; but she had lost her lightness of heart ever since she had found love too late and discovered, about the same time, that her voice was passing with her beauty.

She was Lady Proprietress of the Islands, holding them on a lease from Queen Victoria. 'All those Her Majesty's Territories and rocks,' the legal wording ran, 'together with all sounds, harbors, and sands within the circuit of the said Isles, and all lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, grounds, feedings, fishings, mines of tin, lead, and coals, and all profits of the same.' — But there were no such mines, by the way, and by consequence no such profits. —

'Also all marshes, void grounds, woods, underwoods, rents, reversions, services, and all other profits, rights, commodities, advantages, and emoluments within the said Isles; and a moiety of all shipwrecks, the other moiety to be received by the Lords Commissioners of Admiralty.'

Her predecessor, being a man, had also been sole justiciary. She, as a woman, resigned the Commission of the Queen's Peace into the hands of three Magistrates, with a solitary policeman to help them; but, for the rest, within her small realm she was a sovereign more absolute than Queen Victoria, who ruled somewhere on 'the Main' — a vaguely realized land, thirty miles away, discernible on clear mornings as a cloud upon the sea.

For the Islands, ridged with reefs and dotted with sentinel lighthouses, lie off the West Coast of England, well out in the Atlantic, in the mouth of the warm Gulf Stream. Six are inhabited, and contain, in all, less than three thousand acres suitable for grazing or tillage; the rest, eighteen or twenty, in number, are mere islets, rocky and barren, on which the seabirds breed.

The rock is granite, the soil light and friable, without width or depth for serious husbandry; and a hundred years ago the inhabitants subsisted almost wholly by fishery and by burning down the seaweed for 'kelp,' which went to Bristol to the making of glass and soap. Times had bettered when the increase of our sea-borne trade brought work to the pilots on St. Ann's, the southern-

most island, and every long spell of easterly wind might be counted on to crowd the roadstead with vessels 'waiting for orders.' About that time, too, the farmers on St. Lide's (the largest island), Iniscaw, Brefar, and Saaron had taken to growing early potatoes for the English market, planting them in shallow rows, with a bare covering of soil, — the Islands knew no frost, — and harvesting them a month ahead of growers on the mainland. During her girlhood — for the Lady was native to her realm — these operations had been in full swing, and she could remember the boats arriving in April with gangs of diggers hired over from England to save the crops, which in prosperous years would touch a thousand tons. But the potato-growing had withered under foreign competition, as steam had swept most of the old sailing vessels off the face of the waters. In brief, the Islands had fallen back into hard poverty when the Lady returned to them to take up her possessions.

Now, though she lived remote from the daily life of her people, and in those early days was known to them for the most part as a voice singing wonderful songs to herself in her charmed garden amid the tide-races, the Lady was in fact a shrewd woman of business. She had noted, on her visits to London, that Londoners, as they grew prosperous, were growing ever fonder of flowers; that not only did the great houses, the hotels, the restaurants, require them for their dinner-tables, but even the poor clerk pinched his pocket for a bunch to carry home. One June morning, at the fag end of a masked ball at Covent Garden, she had spent a couple of hours in the flower-market, wandering in the early daylight from stall to stall as the carts rumbled in and the auction assembled; and the buyers and sellers had wondered at the business-like questions this exquisite visitant,

in satin gown and fancy shoes, put to them concerning prices, freights, discounts, demand, and supply.

She learned from them that the market was hungriest in early spring — between the New Year and Lent, when open-air flowers were few or none. She recalled the sweet narcissi that, at home in the islands, bloomed in late February and early March; not only the common Lent-lily, but *tazetta* — 'Island Whites,' or 'Holy-vales,' beneath the apple trees at Holy Vale Farm on St. Lide's; 'Grand Monarques' within the tumble-down walls of the fort on Garrison Hill, 'Island Whites' again, intermixed with 'Soleil d'or,' in the meadow below her own Abbey House on Iniscaw, fringing the shores of the fresh-water lake that had served the monks for fish-pond. On her return to the Islands she had dropped a hint to Farmer Banford of Holy Vale that here, maybe, was a trade worth starting.

'What!' said he, 'in *they* old things?'

'Ah,' she replied, 'because flowers are beautiful you think it womanish even to consider them!'

'Beauty does n't pay.' Farmer Banford shook his head.

'You are wrong, my friend,' she added, with one of her puzzling smiles. 'And, what is more, many things that don't pay are well worth paying for. I will leave this address with you, at any rate, and you can think it over.'

Next spring, early one fine February morning, as the small mail-packet, Lady of the Isles, was getting up steam for her return passage to the Main, Farmer Banford came along the quayside at Garland Town (harbor of St. Lide's) with a huge bandbox of cardboard under his arm.

'Hullo, Farmer!' hailed Captain Frank, the skipper. 'Bound across for England, hey?'

The farmer grinned. 'Looks like the kind o' trunk I'd be takin', don't it?'

'What's inside?'

'Women's notions. If you must know, my old missus have a-taken a bee in her cap, and I'm sendin' it to Lunnon for the best advice.'

So Mrs. Banford's cap-box traveled up to London, packed with three dozen bunches of 'Holy-vales', and addressed

To Mr. Shillabear,
Fruit and Flower Merchant,
Covent Garden,
London,

With speed. England.

We shall describe, as well as we may, what prosperity dawned for the Islands from the moment when Mr. Shillabear in Covent Garden lifted the lid of that fateful box. As the farmer's luck spread with his story, and the whole archipelago turned to bulb-growing, all praised the Mistress, her woman's wit, and her foresight.

Doubtless she deserved their praises. Yet the gods sometimes hide the secret of a gift and hide it under the obvious. *Felix qui potuit verum cognoscere causas.* — It was at least curious that the coming of prosperity should coincide with the coming of the child John Smith to the Islands.

I

JAN

Then round went the good ship
And thrice she went round;
When up there stood a guardsman,
A naked man and brown, —
Says, 'You are the Queen of Carthage
And gey young to drown;
But hold you my girdle
That goeth me around,
And we'll swim to yon Island
As I will be bound' . . .
'Man, your girdle it is breaking!'
'Nay, — 't is strong yet and sound;
'T was my heart you felt a-breaking,
But here is dry ground.'

With the white sand she cover'd him,
Her wet hair she wound;
'Deo-gracey,' said Zenobia,
'That I am not drown'd!'

— BALLAD OF QUEEN ZENOBIA.

THE mail boat that brought back a letter for Farmer Banford, and in the letter a postal order, arrived in St. Lide's Pool three hours behind her time, having fought the last twelve miles of her passage against a westerly gale. The gale increased at nightfall, and between midnight and two in the morning blew a hurricane.

Soon after daybreak, in the midst of her dressing, word reached the Lady that a vessel was ashore on the west side of St. Ann's, and fast breaking up. The message came from the coast-guard on St. Lide's, across the private cable laid for her between that island and Iniscaw.

On these occasions she was always prompt, yet not recklessly, being in fact as knowledgeable of wind and water as any of her seamen. She gazed southward from her window and decided that by the time her launch could be put under steam and worked down to the open sound, the wind — which had northered — would have allayed the seas running there and the trajet would be made with little risk.

Nevertheless the small craft had shipped some bucketsful, and her fires had more than once been in danger, before she weathered the Smith Rocks, that lie off the northwest angle of St. Ann's, and sheered down like a flying fish into smoother waters. The Lady steered, her sea cloak and blown hair drenched with spray.

'Where is the wreck?'

She hailed a pilot-cutter that was tacking dead slow off the islets, with mainsail reefed and foresheet to windward. The pilots called back through a megaphone that she had gone down somewhere under their keel, and they were creeping about for wreckage. The

crew of the coast-guard gig, searching closer inshore to the southward, reported the missing vessel to be a barque, — an Italian, as they believed, — name unknown.

‘Any one saved?’

They shook their heads.

‘Lost — all hands,’ came the answer.

There would be flotsam, no doubt, close under the cliffs — a life-belt, maybe, or some fragment of a boat bearing the vessel’s name; but in the sea yet running the rocks could not be approached. The Lady gave orders to slow down and join in the search. By this, the northerly wind had disposed the storm-wrack, and, as they worked southward and opened Prillis Cove, the sun shone through. A small crowd of islanders — men and women — had gathered on the beach at the head of the cove, and the Lady steered in, if haply they might have news.

They had none. But, while she parleyed with them, over the high ground a woman came running against the wind, waving her arms and pointing southward. The launch was backed, turned, set going again on her way.

Beyond the next point lay another beach of clean white sand, on the upper part of which the cliffs cast their morning shadow; and there, a little outside the edge of the shadow, between it and the running dazzle of the waves, stood a group of three figures, stooping over a fourth. The Lady at first sight of them gave a start, made sign to one of her men in the stern-sheets, and yielding the helm to him, as he reached out a hand, drew her field-glass from the case slung at her hip, sighted it, and focused it on the group.

‘Set me ashore,’ she said quietly, fifteen seconds later, lowering the glass. Her face was white to the lips; but the crew did not notice this, so steadily she controlled her voice.

They ran the launch in, under the lee

of the northerly cliff (where was least run in the waves), and grounded her on the steep-to beach. Two of them leaped over the bows and would have made a cradle of their hands to carry their mistress dry-shod, but she sprang after them and waded ashore, declining help.

An elderly man — a gentleman by his bearing — came down to the beach to meet her. He wore a brown garment, in length and shape somewhat like the *soutane* of a Roman Catholic priest. He saluted her gravely, respectfully, then lowered his eyes.

‘Is he dead?’ she asked, her gaze traveling past him to the body beside which his companions — elderly men, likewise, the pair of them dressed in ragged blue regimentals — were kneeling as they attempted to restore animation. They had turned it on its right side and were rubbing the naked body briskly, the one at work at the back beneath the shoulder-blade, the other on the legs from calf to ankle; for it lay with no clothing but trousers of dark sea-cloth, rolled tight and tied above the knees.

Dr. Hervey, the man in the *soutane*, answered with a gesture that might equally have meant ‘Yes,’ or ‘No.’

‘How did it happen?’

He cast a hesitating glance at her. Perhaps he was wondering — as she herself wondered — at the strange composure of her voice.

‘The Commandant and I were smoking a late pipe together when the rocket went up. He called out the two sergeants, and in twenty minutes we four were pulling out in the garrison boat, close in the wake of the coast-guard. But their gig is a new one and speedy, whereas ours, as you know — and, moreover, we were none of us young men. We soon lost sight of them in the darkness and then, coming to open water and finding that she could not live in it, the Commandant gave orders

to shape down for the back of the island. We fetched the lee of it just before the gale worsened, beached the boat in Menadhu Cove, and started to tramp across land. The wind by this time was incredible. On the high ground we had to make short rushes against it, drop on our hands and knees, catch breath, and make another rush. It took us till close upon daylight to cross to St. Ann's. Down, then, the wind flew, almost without warning, and the rest was easy. We came down to Chapel Point as the day broke. There was no sign of a ship; but, about half a mile from shore, the Commandant spied a man swimming and pointed him out to us. The man was a Negro, and he swam superbly. We watched him, taking turns with the Commandant's glass. He was black as coal, and strapped high on his shoulders — almost on the nape of the neck — he carried a small white bundle. He swam with his head, too, not straight for shore, but letting the tide carry him — only, of course, he could not know of the eddy-race that had begun to set, closer inshore. He met it and, after a minute, we could see that he was tiring. He made no headway at all, and this within five hundred yards of shore. The Commandant could not stand the sight of it, but stripped — for all we could do to prevent him — and swam out to help. The black man, when he reached him, would take no help, but passed over the bundle and swam in the Commandant's wake, maybe for half a minute. The heart had gone out of his strokes, though, and presently he went out of sight without so much as a cry. At all events the Commandant could have heard none, for he swam on some way before looking back — I was watching all the while through the glass. When he looked the man had disappeared; he seemed to tread water for a while and to search about, but gave it

VOL. 109 - NO. 5

up and headed for shore again, swimming sideways with one arm holding the bundle against his right shoulder. He brought it ashore just in that way, not once shifting his hold.'

'But I do not understand, He is drowned, you say —'

'I do not say it. We ran down to the shoal-water to meet him and as he found footing he dropped into my arms; or rather, he thrust the bundle on me and fell, right there on the water's edge.'

'The bundle?'

Dr. Hervey turned and pointed. Some twenty yards up the beach lay a white object which she had taken for the dead man's shirt, tossed there as they had stripped it from him. Why did she walk toward it now, and not first toward the body? Why, instead of going straight to the body, had she stood inert, letting the tale fall on her ears half apprehended? She had been swift and resolute enough until the moment when her feet felt the shore. Already three of her crew were gathered beside the two old sergeants, gazing soberly down upon the dead, offering suggestions which — too well she knew — were vain. Her presence, too, would be vain, yet surely she should have been there.

For — after one girlish passion, outlasted and almost forgotten — this man, some years ago, had become the chief man in the world for her, the truest, the most honorable, as she knew in her heart that she had been the sovereign and only woman for him. Disparity of years, his poverty, his pride, had set the barrier, and she had never found courage to cast away shame and break it down. For years they had been able to meet and talk with an undisturbed courtesy.

Yet what no chance could then reveal
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal
When truth could bring remorse alone.

Courage? It had been cowardice, rather, on her part, — or so she told herself. And the cowardice must go on, even now. She stepped to the bundle. It was of linen, soaked with salt water; and within it, stark-naked, twisting his small legs while he cried, lay an infant — a man-child. In the bass of the waves on the sand she had caught no sound of his treble wailing. She stooped and lifted him in her arms. With the edges of her cloak she wiped away some of the brine from the creases of his small body; and the child, ceasing his wail, looked up into her eyes and crowed with glee.

'Venus the sea-born, mothering Cupid!' muttered Dr. Hervey.

But at this moment the Lady, looking over her shoulder, thrust the child on him with a gesture of repugnance. Her eyes had fallen on the two old sergeants, who had laid their dead master over on his back and were vainly endeavoring to coax back the living breath, raising his arms and, anon, pressing the elbows back against the sides — all with the dull dogged motions of a military drill.

'Ah, tell them to stop!' she entreated. 'He has had enough of it. Cannot they *see* that his heart is broken?'

II

STAR CASTLE

Ubique. The dead Commandant had carved the word one day, in letters five feet long, out of the short turf on Garrison Hill where it slopes steeply from the Star Castle (as they call its antiquated small citadel) to the cliff overlooking the roadstead and the western islands. He had carved it in pure idleness, as an afternoon game to cheat the leisure enforced upon him since Government had dismantled his batteries, drafted his gunners off to the Main,

and left him with two old sergeants — Sergeant Archelaus and Sergeant Treacher — to mark time, until the end of his days, by firing a gun at eight in the morning, another at sunset, and, in the interval, by ringing the bell over the gate of the fort, every three hours, to tell the time to the town below.

Ubique: it was the motto of his old corps, which he still served, — as they also serve who only stand and wait. When the thing was done he had a mind to efface it, but had again been too indolent. Now he was gone, and Sergeant Archelaus kept the letters religiously trimmed with a turf-cutter. Sergeant Archelaus, a bachelor, lived alone and looked after the white-washed empty barracks, on the summit of the hill. The other sergeant — Treacher — was a married man. He and his wife inhabited the Star Castle, and with them lived the boy whom every one knew as Jan.

Pending discovery of his true name the lady had christened him John Smith — Smith from the name of the rocks on which the vessel had split, and John because nothing could be more ordinary. For the rest she seemed to have taken a scunner (as the Scots say) at the helpless babe — an aversion not unmixed with a nameless fear. But something had to be done for him. There is no workhouse on the Islands; the rule that makes the aged, the infirm, the helpless, a sacred charge upon their own kindred works well enough in a community so small that everybody is more or less nearly related to everybody else, and tradition has ordered that all shipwrecked persons must be treated with a like hospitality. So, since Treacher had been present at the finding of the child, and as Mrs. Treacher was a comfortable woman who had reared children, to the Treachers little Jan was assigned by the Lady, whose word none disputed.

To be sure, his was a singular case. The ordinary outcast from the sea abides but a short time on the Islands, and in due course is returned to home and friends. But to any home, any friends — any origin, in short — of John Smith no clue could be discovered. The vessel proved to be an Italian barque, the *Nostra Signora Del Rosario*, Glasgow built, and formerly — under the name of *Lochroyan* — owned by a company of Glasgow merchants, in whose service she had made half a dozen passages round the Horn. A Genoese firm had purchased and renamed her, and her last port of sailing had been Genoa, whence she was bound, in ballast, for Fowey, there to load a cargo of China clay. So much the Lady discovered, through her agents and through Lloyds, but the Genoese owners could tell her nothing concerning the child. To their knowledge there had been no woman on board the *Nostra Signora del Rosario* either on this or her previous voyage (Genoa to Famagusta, port of Cyprus, and back).

So Jan lived with the Treachers until his eighth year, sleeping in the attic of the Star Castle, learning his letters in the elementary school down in Garland Town, and picking up a little Latin from Dr. Hervey, who had taken a fancy to the child and a whim to teach him.

His best opportunity for this came with the spring holidays, when the schools on the Islands were closed for a month, that the children might earn money during the daffodil harvest, the boys by picking flowers, the girls by tying them. Threepence a hundred bunches is the rate, and during these busy weeks no less than a million and a half of flowers will be picked on the Islands every day.

But no one hired Jan. He was a solitary shy boy, and perhaps people forgot him; or perhaps the Treachers,

with their pension and their military past and their dignity as carekeepers of the Star Castle in Her Majesty's name, looked on the new industry with contempt. Consequently Jan found these weeks the loneliest in the year, and on this spring morning was half-minded to rebel, having a craze for flowers.'

But Dr. Hervey had come to remind him of his Latin lesson. The weather being so fine, they decided to take the lesson out-of-doors, on a rock a little below the flagstaff — Jan's favorite perch; and there, on the slope at their feet, they found Sergeant Archelaus busy with his turf-cutting tool.

'Hullo,' nodded Sergeant Archelaus. 'Come to talk your Latin? Well, here's a piece of Latin for ye.' He spelled out the word letter by letter, 'U-b-i-q-u-e. — Now what does that mean?'

'*Everywhere*,' said the boy promptly. He was still in his declensions, but it seemed to him that he had known the word all his life; and yet he could not remember that he had ever inquired or been told its meaning.

'Did *I* tell you that?' asked Dr. Hervey.

'No-o.' Jan felt confused; he could not explain — for it seemed silly — that things were always happening to him in this way.

'"*Everywhere*" it is,' said Sergeant Archelaus. 'T is the word o' the R'yal Artillery, and their place is the right o' the line. What's Waterloo to your "*Everywhere*"? I remember the Commandant carving out these very letters. When he'd finished he looks up and says, wi' that smile o' his, "'*Everywhere*,' Archelaus, — and we two be here, of all places!'"

Dr. Hervey muttered some words in a foreign tongue.

'What you say, sir, is always worth listenin' to, but this time I did n't catch,' said Sergeant Archelaus, leaning on his turf-cutter.

'I can accept the compliment for once, Archelaus, since it happens that I was quoting an old Greek, who said that "of illustrious men the whole earth is a sepulchre."'

'The Commandant was never illustrious, sir, — as you put it.'

'Remarkable, then.'

'No, nor remarkable. An' did n't want to be. He was just an officer and a gentleman, straight as a die and modest as a maid; and we did n't wish for a better.'

Dr. Hervey filled his pipe gravely. Dr. Hervey's degree, by the way, had nothing to do with medicine. There are men who seek out-of-the-way spots, such as the Islands, to hide their broken lives, and Dr. Hervey was one. He had been a professor of theology at a great Catholic university, noted there for his learning and his caustic tongue. His outspokenness had made him enemies, and these (not without excuse) had arraigned a book of his, accusing it of 'Modernism.'

It had ended, since he was obstinate and would neither explain nor retract, in his being expelled from his chair and laid under excommunication by Rome. The expulsion alone would have done him no incredible harm, since he possessed a competence and moreover, had made a name to command attention for whatever he chose to write. But the excommunication crushed him; for, like many a brusque man, he was sensitive, and like many a fatally-driven inquirer, he had a deep love of the Church and sense of her majesty: deeper than have ninety-nine in a hundred who pay her the service of lip and knee. He and his God alone knew what a comfort during the first bitterness of exile it had been to associate with the Commandant, so simple a gentleman, if, withal, somewhat slow-witted, a holy and humble man of heart, so true at the root, so patient of

his own disappointed life, so helpful of other men.

'You did n't wish for a better, while you had the best,' said Dr. Hervey, lighting his pipe very deliberately.

Jan watched the puffs of tobacco smoke. He owed his life to the man they were discussing, and he could only suppose that they must owe him a grudge for it. Sergeant Archelaus, indeed, whose temper did not improve with age, had more than once hinted that, though doubtless Providence had ordained this exchange of two lives, he for his part could not approve it.

'I don't want to speak irreverent, sir, but seemin' to me, th' Almighty might get a twinge, lookin' down 'pon this plat o' turf. "Everywhere" — Look ye, here the good gentleman carves it out, accusin' nobody, writin' down no more 'n his deserts; and him to spend his life in this God-forsaken hole which is next to Nowhere, and end by losin' it for a child from Nowhere at all.'

'That is no way to talk,' said Dr. Hervey sternly, after a glance at the boy, who, gazing out over the sea, seemed not to hear.

'A man must speak his thoughts, doctor.'

'It depends how and when he speaks 'em.' If Dr. Hervey, in his own career, had always remembered this! 'But what does "Everywhere" mean to the best of us finite men? Your John Wesley said, "All the world is my parish," and a man as wise might answer, "Then my parish is all the world."'

'Good-mornin', all!' interrupted a voice.

The newcomer was P. C. Epaminondas Ward (locally 'Paminondas'), sole policeman of the Islands, sexton, too, of St. Lide's, town-crier, bill-poster, and public official in general, of Garland Town. 'Good mornin' sir!'

He touched his helmet to Dr. Hervey. 'You'll excuse my breakin' in on your talk.'

'Certainly.'

'It's a thing I hate to do. There's nothing like a good talk, and a man gets so few opportunities in the Force.' Constable 'Paminondas was notoriously the first gossip in Garland Town. 'But what might you ha' been discussin', making so bold?'

'Nothing against Her Majesty's peace, constable, I assure you,' answered Dr. Hervey gravely. 'In point of fact we were exercised over the difference between Everywhere and Nowhere, and I was trying to persuade Sergeant Archelaus that "here" is "everywhere" to a sensible man.'

'That's true enough, if you take *me*,' agreed 'Paminondas; adding modestly, 'but perhaps you'll say that I'm an exception?'

Dr. Hervey muttered something polite.

'I'm a thoughtful man, as by nature, sir,' went on the constable, 'and you'd be astonished what thoughts occur to me by night, when I goes poking around and all the rest o' the world laid asleep. F'r instance, I climb to the top o' the hill, here, and 't is midnight as you might say, in a manner of speakin'. Midnight it is, and all around the Islands, the great sea-lights shinin', fixed-white, low down, on the Monk, white-revolv'in' on St. Ann's, North Island winkin' like a giant red eye, white flashes from the Stones, red-white, red-white from the Wolf; not to mention the Longships, an' the south-east sky runnin' in flickers from the Lizard, like men shaking a double whip.

"There you go, all of ye," I tells myself, "warnin' mankind that here be the Islands." And what be the Islands? says I, at the moment to all intents an' purposes, but me, 'Paminondas

Ward with a bull's-eye at my navvle more or less —'

'There, Archelaus!'

Dr. Hervey turned about in triumph; but Sergeant Archelaus, after first spitting wide, had resumed his turf-trimming.

'Now, maybe you're wondering what brings me here?' suggested the constable. Meeting with no response, he continued, 'Well, I don't mind tellin' you. It concerns the boy John Smith, in the form of a letter from her Ladyship. Her Ladyship sends word that Young Matthey Hender, on Brefar, wants an extry hand this fine season for the daffodil-pickin', and John Smith is to go. I've just informed the Treachers.

'Ho?' Sergeant Archelaus paused again and looked up. 'What did Treacher say?'

'He made a communication to me'—began 'Paminondas in his best Petty Sessions manner.

'D—n your eyes, I should n't wonder.'

It should be mentioned here that the attitude of the garrison toward the proprietorship was traditionally hostile.

'In a general way,' said Constable 'Paminondas, magnanimously, 'a man may d—n my eyes or he may not, as the case may be, and I takes it from whence it comes. The Force, in a manner of speakin' is accustomed to such understandings, if I make myself clear. But as touching her Ladyship's order, Treacher saw 't was no use kickin' against the pricks, an' behaved himself conformably, as you might put it, *in toto*. Which the upshot is, as between you and me, that John Smith is to be sailed over to Brefar to-morrow afternoon at 4 P.M. and start pickin' daffodils.'

'Well, lad, that puts an end to Latin for a time,' said Dr. Hervey, stopping

down the tobacco in his pipe with a useful forefinger.

The boy did not answer; could not for the moment return his look. It would have been ungrateful to confess the truth, that he longed to escape and take his place among children as one of them. Here, on St. Lide's, he mingled with the children in school, but always as one set mysteriously apart. He adored the sight of them, but could make no friends; and the mere fact that he adored and saw them as so many bright angels running in the streets was proof that he could never be one of them. In years, their ages and his might be the same; in fact, he saw them through older, different eyes, yet yearned all the while to join them.

In Brefar, picking daffodils, there might be children to understand him better. Brefar, at all events, lay closer out toward the circumference of the circle hemming him in. The Star Castle, where he lodged with the Treachers, was a queer little octagonal building set close within a circumvallation shaped like an eight-pointed star. A platform, seven feet high, ran round the interior of this circumvallation, at about half its height of sixteen feet; and since the dwelling-house, twenty-one feet in height, was separated, all round, from the platform by a miserable fosse no more than four feet wide, it follows that the lower rooms lay in perpetual gloom, and only the attic chambers peeped over the battlements across the sea. Still, and although its eaves were low, from his bedroom window the boy could watch the great sea-lights flashing, or occulting, protecting, inclosing him in a magic circle that he longed to pierce. He had come from Nowhere; and Nowhere lay somewhere beyond. He had some vague notions about God. The teacher down at the school said something about God

every morning before marking the register, and the children regularly sang a hymn.

On the whole he felt pretty safe about God. But, 'O God, who am I?' was the child's last thought before he dropped off in a healthy sleep. Toward dawn he stirred in a dream uncomfortably, raised himself on an elbow, turned his pillow, damp with tears, and snuggled down to sleep again.

III

CHY-AN-CHY FARM

It was a voyage of delight; better — yes, far better — than all his expectations.

Sergeant Treacher, though of late years he seldom went on the sea, could handle a boat — as the Islanders allowed — 'tidy well for a soldier-man,' having been the Commandant's mate on many a fishing expedition. He knew all the rocks and shoals, which everywhere among the Islands crop up in the most unexpected places.

The boat sped along, close-hauled to a brisk nor'-westerly breeze: across the roadstead, past the length of Saaron Island, and through the entrance of Cromwell's Sound, between Iniscaw and Brefar. Jan, perched up to windward on an old military chest which contained his few shirts and changes of clothes (it bore the inscription 'R. A. 19590 Depot 19. Return to Store,' in white letters on lead color), drank in pure joy with the rush of air on his face.

At the mouth of the Sound the wind fell light, and headed them for a minute or two. The sail shook this side and that, and he had to duck his head to avoid the boom.

'Slip over to leeward here,' said the sergeant, as the boat lost way. 'Peek your head over-side an' maybe I'll show ye something.'

Jan obeyed, and peeping over, was surprised to see a rocky ledge close below him. The weed on it floated within a foot or so of the surface.

'Now, watch!' commanded the Sergeant.

Picking up a boat-hook he jabbed the point of it smartly down amidst the weed. At once a long dark form shot out, darted away with quick gliding motion, and was lost — Jan could not tell whither.

'See anything?'

'I — I saw a snake.'

Sergeant Treacher chuckled.

"Snake!" says the child. What do you know about snakes?'

'Nothing,' Jan had to confess. He had never to his knowledge seen one before or even the picture of one — for there were no picture-books in the Star Castle. Yet he felt sure that this had been a snake.

'Snake! — that's a good un, too!' chuckled Sergeant Treacher again, and fell silent, being a taciturn man by habit.

Jan lifted his head to ask, 'What was the animal, if not a snake? Could n't snakes live in the sea?' when his eyes fell on a vision which hitherto the boat's sail had concealed from him: the beautiful shore of Iniscaw, with the Abbey towers rising over a mass of rhododendrons and backed by tall spires of evergreen trees; and below the Abbey an inland lake where a whole herd of fawn-colored cattle stood knee-deep, some gazing at the boat, others dipping their black muzzles to drink.

He had passed into Wonderland, and the spell was still on him as they sailed up by Brefar shore, close under whole fields of daffodils, golden in the island's shadow — small fields fenced round with dwarf hedges of escallonia and veronica. But the flowers had leaped these fences, it would seem; for colonies of them straggled along the edge of

the cliffs and ran down to the beaches — these being bulbs discarded by the farmers at sorting-time and 'heaved to cliff,' to take their own chances.

They brought the boat ashore on a beach where Farmer Hender — 'Young Matthey' — stood awaiting them. He had a grave, not unkindly face, and was clad in earth-stained blue; but what impressed the child most was his hat — a top hat of rusty black silk, extraordinarily high in the crown. Later, Jan learned that this hat passed from father to son, and was worn as a crown of authority by the reigning head of Chy-an-Chy Farm.

The farmer took charge of Jan, and, shouldering his box, — for, as he explained, to-morrow was 'steamer day' and no hands could be spared just then from the flower-picking, — led the way up a shelving coombe to the gray building or cluster of buildings fenced with tamarisks, and set about with numerous glass-houses. The windows of these houses were banked high with flowers, but over this screen Jan, as he passed, caught sight of a number of girls at work, bunching and tying the blooms. The door of the house-porch stood wide and he followed the farmer straight into the kitchen, where Mrs. Hender and a short middle-aged servant were engaged in setting out tea for the workers.

The kitchen was large, and had an immense open fireplace, with kettles hanging upon long hooks and crocks mounted on brandises. A table twenty feet or so in length stood close against the long window-seat. From a bacon-rack fixed under the beams of the ceiling hung hams and sides of bacon, wrapped in dry bracken and paper, with strings and bags of dried herbs, — horehound, elder, mugwort, — specifics against various family ailments. The chimney-piece was flanked on the right by a dresser, on the left by a dark

settle; and on the settle sat two very old men and an old woman, who regarded the boy—all three—with scarce so much as the blink of an eyelid, save that the old woman's head nodded quickly, regularly, as though by clock-work. These old people gave him a scare, and for a while he found it hard to believe them alive.

The middle-aged servant—who had a large good-natured face and in shape resembled a full sack tied tightly about the middle—came bustling forward and offered to lend the 'maister' a hand to carry the box upstairs.

'Ay, do,' said the mistress. 'If it takes ye away from breakin' cream-jugs, it'll be time well spent. — Mary Martha broke another cream-jug only five minutes ago, if you'll believe me.'

'That's true,' sighed Mary Martha, still broadly beaming, 'I do seem to be very unfortunate in cream-jugs.'

'Not to mention the four cups an' saucers you scat to atoms on their way to the Wesleyan tea.'

'I am very unfortunate in cups an' saucers,' wailed Mary Martha.

'Nor the cream-pan, last Wednesday week.'

'Oh, don't mention it, missis! I can't bear no more.'

'And now,' persisted Mrs. Hender, addressing Jan, 'it's candlesticks. Last Sunday a china one—one of a pair I bought at Penzance, and the dealer said they were exact copies of the pillars in Solomon's Temple; an' I mended that. But what was the use? Yesterday she lets fall the fellow to en—'

'I do seem to be very unfortunate in candlesticks.' Mary Martha's tone of despair and her jolly smile, together, fairly upset the boy.

'And in most everything else,' snapped Mrs. Hender. 'You would n't think,' she said, next minute, as Jan's box went bumping up the stairs, Mary Martha knocking her end of it against

the balusters, the wall, the edges of the treads—'you'd never think that woman had put up a five-pound tombstone over her late husband—now would you?'

It did seem astonishing, and Jan agreed, still with a nervous glance at the impassive old trio on the settle.

Five minutes later the work-people from the glass-houses came trooping in to tea. They crowded round the long table and upon forms by the hearth, where the men sat with mugs balanced on one knee, and on the other thick slices of bread and butter or a hunk of saffron cake.

Jan tried to count. The company numbered thirty-six or thirty-seven; he could not be sure, for he had been told to squeeze himself among the young people on the window-seat, and their chatter made counting difficult.

On his right sat a child of about his own age, who told him that her name was Annet, and that she had two sisters and a brother. She pointed them out. The sisters were called Linnet and Bennet; the brother, she explained, 'just had to be Mark.'

Jan asked why; for a study of the boy's face, which was dark of complexion and somewhat heavy, gave him no clue. Annet indicated the old people, who had been led forward from the settle and placed at the head of the board, where they sat chewing slowly like ruminant animals.

'That's great-gran'father Matthey; he's Old Matthey, and ninety-four last birthday. And *that's* Un' Matthey, Old Matthey's son—my gran'father, of course—with Aun' Deb next to him. She's his wife, an' father's mother. Father is Young Matthey. That big man down at the bottom of the table is father's eldest; we call *him* Little Matthey. He was married two years back; and Sister Liza—we call Little Matthey's wife Sister Liza—is upstairs

putting the baby to bed — and we call him Matthey's Matthey.'

Jan agreed with her that for one family this was plenty of Mattheys, and that a Mark among them was a change at all events.

'It must feel funny,' said Annet, 'to be like you, and have no father nor mother nor any belongings.'

Jan looked at her quickly, uneasily. But she was serious, it seemed, and did not mean to taunt him. At once — how do children learn these ways? — he began to put on airs and to look darkly romantic.

'Don't!' he protested, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper. The success of it surprised him, it was so heartrending. As a matter of fact he had never felt any deep yearning over his unknown parents, though his yearning for an answer to the questions 'Who am I? From where in the world do I come?' was persistent, often poignant, and sometimes kept him awake of nights in a horror of emptiness, of belonging to nowhere. But this, the first romantic adventure of his life, made his head swim, and he played up to it by being false.

Annet — she was a dark, pretty girl, with really beautiful eye-lashes — found him 'interesting' and carried him off after tea to the glass-house (now lit with oil lamps), where she taught him the simple mysteries of 'bunching' — setting up blooms in pyramidal bunches, a dozen to the bunch, with room for each perianth to expand; for the flowers are picked in bud while it is possible, kept in water under glass until partly open, and so packed; the wise grower timing them to reach the market just at the moment of their perfection. Moreover he thus avoids the risk of the February storms that sweep in from the Atlantic, charged with brine, spotting the open blooms and rendering them unsalable.

Annet told the boy all this, and much else concerning the daffodils, while her small hands worked away with eleven other pairs of hands, bunching and tying. At the far end of the glass-house three grown girls were packing away the bunches in shallow boxes of various sizes, — three, five, or six dozen to the box, — and at the head of the table where they worked stood a young man, receiving the full boxes, nailing down their covers, and affixing the labels. Twice, as Jan sat and watched, Mary Martha came bustling in with a kettle; for the water in which the flowers stood before being packed must be kept tepid — this was one of the secrets of Young Farmer Matthey's success as a grower. And whenever the door of the glass-house was opened, the boy could hear the tap-tap of a hammer across the yard, from an outbuilding where new boxes were being fashioned and nailed together.

'You may try your hand, if you will,' said Annet graciously. 'Here is a pair of scissors. To-morrow, though, father 'll set you to work on the pickin' — that's the boys' work. And while you are trying you might tell me a story.'

'A story?' Jan echoed blankly. 'But I don't know any.'

'Every one must know some kind of story,' said Annet with firmness. 'Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen and they were very sorry because they had no children — that's how you begin.'

'But I don't see how it goes on, if they had no children — unless they go on being sorry.'

'Silly! Of course they get a child in the end, and that's what the story's about. Now, you go on from there.'

'Oh!' said Jan, and began desperately, 'Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they were very sorry because they had no children; but

of course they got a child in the end. He — came to them in a boat —'

Annet nodded. 'That's better.'

'He came to them in a boat,' repeated Jan. 'On the way he looked over the boat, and far down in the sea he saw a snake swimming.'

'Now you're *inventing*,' said Annet. 'Well, never mind! One must n't believe all one hears.'

'But I saw one to-day,' Jan protested.

'Go along with you — a snake, swimming in the sea! Well, let's hear what the snake said.'

'He did n't say anything. Sergeant Treacher pushed a boat-hook down among the seaweed —'

'Who's Sergeant Treacher?'

'He's — he's called Treacher; and he's a sergeant. He lives upon Garrison Hill on St. Lide's, along with Mrs. Treacher, and looks after the Castle.'

'How does he come into the story?'

'I don't know that he comes into the story at all — at least not exactly,' Jan confessed.

'I'm tired of hearin' about Sergeant Treacher,' said Annet, 'and I don't call it telling a story when you leave me to do all the talking. But I must say,' she added kindly, 'you've made up that bunch very nicely, if it's your first try. Who taught you to make that pretty knot?'

'Sergeant Treacher —' the boy began; but at this point luckily some one called out from the far end of the glass-house that the boxes were all finished. Fresh boxes would be ready after supper, when the elder women would start packing again, while the children went off to bed. So they trooped back to the kitchen.

At supper Annet could not help being mischievous. She told the children near that Jan on his way to Brefar had seen a snake in the sea; whereat he

blushed furiously, which set the girls giggling, while an ugly tow-headed boy, across the table, burst into a guffaw, showing the gaps in his teeth.

Mrs. Hender, hearing the mirth, glanced down the board. 'What's amiss down there?' she asked. 'Annet, Annet, you're not teasing the child, I hope?'

'He says he's seen a snake, missus,' called out the tow-headed boy.

'Lor' mercy! Where?'

'In the sea, here off Brefar,' with another guffaw. 'Brought up 'pon St. Lide's, an' not to know a conger!'

'Aw, a conger, was it?' said Mrs. Hender. 'Yes, now, I dersay 't was a conger he saw. They're very like, now you come to mention it,' she added, seeing poor Jan's confusion.

He could not understand the laughter, but it overwhelmed him with shame and vexation, so that he wished he could slip beneath the table, and lower, till earth covered him.

'There's snakes on the Main, now,' continued Mrs. Hender, 'real adders and vipers. An' that's one reason why I never could bring myself to live in those parts. The thought come over me only last time I was over to Penzance — half-way up Market Jew Street it came over me with a rush, and there and then a funny feelin' all round the bottom of my skirt, till I heard a rude man askin' what was the price of calves 'pon the Islands.'

'There was a snake over here, once upon a time — over here 'pon the Islands,' broke in a high quavering voice. It proceeded from the old man, Un' Matthey, and he spoke up as if a spring had been started somewhere within him.

Mrs. Hender rapped the table with the back of a fork. 'Hush 'ee all, now — if you please! Un' Matthey wants to tell a story.'

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.

IV

UN' MATTHEY'S STORY

'There was a snake over 'pon St. Lide's one time,' said the old man, still in his high quaver, staring straight across the table; and Aun' Deb, his old wife, kept nodding her head beside him, as if confirming the tale from the start.

'The Snake lived in the middle of the Island, in Holy Vale; and there he lorded it free an' easy till St. Lide came along and shut him up in a bag, out o' harm's way. After a time St. Lide took an' went the way of all flesh, forgetting all about the Snake an' the bag, that he'd left hangin' from the branch of an apple tree.

'In those days, St. Lide's was a proper wilderness. All the folks that counted — kings and queens an' such-like — lived over this side, 'pon Bre-far here and Saaron.'

'Hear him!' put in Mrs. Hender. 'An' Saaron nowadays but a land o' desolation. Well did the Psalmist say, "What ups and downs in the world there be!"'

'One day, hundreds o' years after, a Saaron man went over to St. Lide's, to shoot rabbits. He came on the bag hangin' from the tree, an' saw the inside of it movin'. "Hullo!" says he, "some careless fellow has left a bag o' ferrets behind him. This 'll come in very handy." He whips out his knife, cuts open the bag, an' out jumps a monstrous big Snake an' winds itself about his neck, ready to strangle him. "Hullo!" says the Saaron man, "you bain't goin' to kill me I hope?" — "Why not?" says the Snake. "Why, seemin' to me, you owe me your liberty, not to say your life." — "That's true enough," says the Snake, "a wise man shut me up in that there bag, where for these hundreds o' years I've been

perishin' of hunger." — "Then how in the world could you be so ongrateful as for to kill me?" says the man from Saaron. "Well, that's a pretty tale. I must say," answers the Snake. "Hungry I am, and ongrateful I owns myself. But for ongratefulness where's the like of man?" — "Let some judge decide atween us," says the man from Saaron.

'The Snake consented, an' they set off together to hunt up a judge. The first they met was a Tree, an' they stated their quarrel. "Now, O Tree, judge atween us," says the Man. Says the Tree, "No trouble about that. In the summer's heat man cools himself an' his flocks under my branches; but soon as winter comes, he cuts the same down for fuel. Nothing in the world so ongrateful as man; throttle en," says the Tree.

'The man from Saaron cried out for another judge. "Very well," the Snake agreed. They came to a Sheep. "You, Sheep, decide atween us!" "No trouble at all," says the Sheep. "I gave that man my fleece to cover his back. In return he robbed my lambs from me and to-morrow he'll turn me over to the slaughterer. Throttle en!" says the Sheep.

'But the man from Saaron cried out for a fairer judge. They came to a Spring. She fairly choked when they put her the question. "I've a hundred daughters," she said, "that in pure good-natur' turned this fellow's mills, washed his flocks, an' laid bare their ore for him along the bank. In return he defiled them. Throttle en, I say, an' quick!"

'Still the Man cried for another judge. They came to a Rabbit an' stated the case. The Rabbit said to hisself, "Here 's a ticklish business — judgin' atween a man and a snake." He rubbed his nose for a bit to gain time. "You've come to a mean critter

an' poor of understandin'," says he after a while. "Would you mind settin' out the quarrel from the start?" — "Well, to begin with," says the Snake, "the Man found me in this here bag." — "Oh, but you'll excuse me," says the Rabbit, looking sideways for fear to meet the Snake's eye, "in that tiny bag, did you say?" — "I'm not accustomed to have my word doubted by rabbits," says the Snake, "but I'll forbear a bit yet, and give ye the proof." He coiled himself back into the bag.

'The Rabbit was n' sayin' anythin', but his eyelids went flickety-flick, an' the man from Saaron did n' miss the hint. He sprang fore 'pon the bag an' closed the neck o' it with a twist!'

Here the old man struck his hands together and looked round on his audience with a knowing smile of triumph. His face for the moment had grown animated.

The company, too, clapped their hands as they laughed.

'Bravo, Un' Matthey!' they cried.

As Annet applauded, Jan plucked her by the sleeve.

'But that's not the end of the story,' he objected.

'Eh?'

'There's more to come — more about the Rabbit —'

'A lot you know about stories! Why, not an hour ago —'

'What's the child saying?' asked her mother, who had taken the opportunity to step down to where the children sat, and was making forward for an empty centre-dish, to replenish it with thick bread and butter.

'He says Un' Matthey has n't finished yet.'

'Well, and that's true enough,' said Mrs. Hender, who had heard the story many times. 'But how came you so wise, little man?'

Jan could not tell. He had a queer sense — it had been haunting him ever

since he landed and the farmer shouldered his box — that everything was happening as it had happened to him before — somewhere, at some time. It was impossible, of course; but with Annet especially he had once or twice forestalled the very words she would say next, and then, as she said them, the trick of her voice, some movement of the hands, some turn in the poise of her head, came back as parts of a half-remembered lesson. In just the same way scraps of Un' Matthey's story had come back, as it might be out of some dream the boy had dreamed and forgotten.

But, meanwhile, Un' Matthey had resumed the story.

'The man from Saaron went home-along, an' the Rabbit sat by his hole an' smiled to hisself, thinkin' how clever he'd been. He was still smilin' there next day, when he looks up an' sees the Man comin' back, an' with a bag in his hand — either the same bag or another. "Hullo!" thinks the Rabbit, "he's bringin' me a gift for my wise judgment. Well, I deserve one! But," says he, "gratitood has a knack of shrinkin'"; for he saw that, whatever the bag held, 't was of no great size. The Man gripped it halfway down. The Man came close. "Good mornin'!" says he. "Yesterday I was in too much of a hurry to stay an' thank you. A second Solomon you be, an' no mistake." — "In justice, as in other things, a body can but do his best," answers the Rabbit, modest-like. "You deserve a reward, anyhow," says the Man. "Justice is blind, my lord," says the Rabbit, edgin' up toward the bag.

'The Man opened it; out jumped a ferret, and *clk*' (here Un' Matthey made a sudden uncanny noise in his throat) 'in two twos Master Rabbit lay stretched out dead as a doornail! The man from Saaron kicked the ferret away off the body.

“‘He’s very properly punished!’” says the man from Saaron. “Justice ought to be without fear or favor; and his was n’ neither. But he’ll make very good eatin’.”

Un’ Matthey had scarcely finished and been applauded when Young Matthey called for prayers. The farmer had pulled out his watch once or twice during the story, for in the daffodil season business is business. He himself read a chapter from the Bible, — to-night it was the story of the Shunammite’s son, — and afterwards put up an extempore prayer, when the family had dropped on their knees — all but the three old people, who sat in a row and with hands spread palm-down on the board, thumb touching thumb, much as children play the game of ‘Up Jenkins!’

The young folks on the window-seat slipped down and knelt with their faces to it. This, of course, brought Jan’s small legs calves-upward under the table; and, of a sudden, midway in the prayer, a sharp pinch almost made him cry aloud with pain. This was a trick played on him by the tow-headed boy, who had dodged beneath the form on the opposite side and, as he pinched, uttered a derisive hiss, meant to resemble a snake’s. But the trick was by no means a success, for the hiss itself ended in a squeak as a hand reached out after the joker, caught him by the ankle, and twisted it with a sharp wrench.

The farmer’s prayer, after invoking God’s blessing on the household in general, went on to ask a number of things in particular. It entreated that ‘Thy loving care may go with the steamer to-morrow, and prosper her’; whereupon all answered, ‘Amen.’ It glanced at Mary Martha — ‘That it may please Thee to lighten the burden of one in our midst lately afflicted

with breakages.’ Jan himself was not let off — ‘And that Thy mercy may be tender upon a newcomer, a child to-day brought to the circle of these Thy servants.’ It took the farmer’s fields in their order, particularizing their crops (whether *Emperors*, *M. J. Berkeleys*, or *Ornatuses*), and separately asking favors for each.

In short it was just such a prayer as that of the Athenians, commended by Marcus Aurelius — *Rain, rain, dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians, and on the plains!* ‘In truth’ (says the Emperor) ‘we ought not to pray at all, or to pray in this direct and noble fashion.’

On its conclusion the farmer, rising from his knees with the rest, looked down along the board sternly with a masterful eye and demanded to know, ‘Who it was just now makin’ light of our supplications, under the table?’

There was a constrained silence — Young Farmer Matthey, not a doubt of it, was master in his own household — until the tow-headed boy stood up, yellow with fright, looking as though he desired the earth to open at his feet and cover him. At the same moment a dark, good-looking lad, seated beside him, — a boy probably two years his senior, — looked across at Jan with a smile.

‘Billing’s boy, is it?’ said Young Matthey, sternly. ‘Then you, Billing’s boy, will step over yonder and stand with your face to the corner, while the others pass out.’

The others passed out there and then, the elders to the glass-houses to finish the packing, the youngsters to bed. To Jan was assigned a small attic chamber, barely furnished, clean as a pin, smelling potently of onions that had been kept to dry, the winter through, on its naked floor. From its windows, between the eaves, he looked straight out upon the red sea-light on North Island;

and, just within the edge of the frame, as he lay down in his bed, the far Stones lightship repeated its quick three flashes of white. They were the same lights he had watched from his garret window on St. Lide's. But they were nearer; and it seemed to him that he was nearer the edge of the spell.

He dropped asleep. At intervals in his dreams he saw the face of the dark good-looking boy smiling at him across the table; while still through his dreams until midnight and after, sounded the tap-tap-tap of a hammer from the out-house, nailing boxes for the daffodils.

(To be concluded.)

THE EMPTY ROOM

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I FOUND me standing at your door,
Belovèd! having come in sleep,
Dreaming I yet had watch to keep,
And all was as it was before,
When the dim hours my care outwore.

Your little room so very still,
Belovèd! still, and sweet with you;
My senses, tranced, such balm indrew!
Yet my feet stayed upon the sill,
For something held my clouded will.

The moonlight lay along the floor,
And — soft as is the swan's soft breast —
On your smooth pillow, aye unpressed,
Belovèd! — moonlight and no more!
I waked and found me at your door.

ROUSSEAU, GODWIN, AND WORDSWORTH

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

WORDSWORTH'S early life presents a remarkable parallel to the position of magnanimous youth to-day. His world, like ours, was a scene of conflict between discredited institutions and a new spirit, which sent men back to first principles. He had not himself experienced the worst that the old order could inflict, but he perceived its injustice and sympathized with its victims. He studied with an open mind the new philosophy, which rehabilitated the doctrines of human perfectibility and equality, and the doctrine of the supreme claim of reason over habit. Yet he was fully conscious of the danger, not only to public tranquillity, but to culture, which was involved in abandoning the settled courses. It is true that he came, or seemed to come, at last, to a conviction that the old was worth keeping; but he never really gave up the intellectual method of his young manhood.

The moral history of the nineteenth century is the record of a slow recovery of buoyancy after a profound shock of disappointment. The Revolutionary hope, the ensuing despair, and the beginning of recovery, were felt more keenly by Wordsworth than by any other soul. With the superb self-assurance of a great artist, he made his own experience the image of his time, and to him we owe the one permanent, universal history of the French Revolution in its effect on the mind of man.

He is most interesting, and to our newly-awakened age most instructive, as he stood in the last decade of the

eighteenth century, with the light of social hope beaming in his eyes. As he was then most courageous, perhaps, too was he then nearest the truth; for of that fair lady it may certainly be affirmed that faint heart never won her.

Wordsworth's early life was by no means uneventful. If contact with supremely important public affairs and intimacy with great spirits make a life eventful, we may say, indeed, that no other English poet, since the years when Milton sat at the council table with Cromwell, has undergone experiences so heart-stirring as those which came, in a short time, to the quiet young man from the north country. What would not any student of history give to have walked across France in the inspiring summer of 1790? In the calendar of great days, what lover of literature would not mark as memorable, above all others, one on which he had met Coleridge and won his heart forever? How many occurrences in any man's life could be reckoned so notable as making friends with Charles Lamb?

These years of Wordsworth's personal history had all the charm of adventure and romance, together with a spice of danger; and furthermore he touched, as with his bare hand, the potent coils that were generating light and heat for a world that was to move faster than ever before, and through clearer spaces. His poetry yields sustenance to old and young, to the ignorant and the well-informed, but can be really appreciated only by those who have entered into its spirit in two

ways, by natural sympathy with his mode of thought, and by knowledge of his life.

One of the most decisive periods of that life was the thirteen or fourteen months of his second visit to France. From the seclusion of Hawkshead, the sheltered luxury of Cambridge, the slow pace and quiet tone of English and Welsh parsonages and country-houses, he stepped, in a single day, into the brilliancy, the hardness, the peril and excitement of revolutionary France. The contrast would have been stimulating at any time; in 1791 it was almost overpowering.

His sojourn in France enabled him to gather into the solidity of a system those faint impulses of love for humanity which were stirring in him already. His doubts of the validity of the religion in which he had been brought up were now confirmed. His implicit republicanism was strengthened into an explicit political creed. His faith in the paramount excellence of his own country was shaken. Thus was immensely widened the scope of his 'civism,' to use a word more current then than now; for the step from mere traditional enthusiasm for one's country to a love that embraces one's own country and another is immense.

Had these months of his life been spent at Cambridge or in London or in the Lake country, he could never have written the *Prelude*, which without the ninth, tenth, and eleventh books would be like a play in which the hero should never face his 'problem'; there would be no *Excursion*, no fragment of a *Recluse*. In like manner one may say, despite the ardent protest of Mark Pattison, that Milton never could have written *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* had he not laid aside his 'singing robes' for a season in order to prompt his age to quit their clogs,

By the known rules of ancient liberty.

The strain to which Milton subjected himself for his country's sake lasted more than twenty years; in Wordsworth's case the crisis was neither so sharp nor so prolonged, but it was more complicated, and perhaps more harassing.

Unfortunately his first biographer, to whom we are so deeply indebted for facts that would otherwise have been forever lost, either had very little material for the years 1790 to 1796, or thought fit to suppress much that a discreet and reverent interest would now desire to be acquainted with. And the poet himself deemed that he had done enough to satisfy posterity in writing the *Prelude*. He tells us little about his external relations during his French sojourn, and knowledge of them would be extremely valuable to all students, not only of his life and poetry, but of the history of human progress. Even had he been no poet, but only the clear yet passionate observer that he was, his experiences would rank with the most precious documents of the Revolution.

It has often been suggested that facts were suppressed by his family, among whom were numbered several eminent churchmen and a Master of Trinity. Wordsworth himself in his old age may have been unwilling to let the world know, except in the very general terms which he employs in his autobiographical poem, how extreme were his opinions and how irregular, perhaps, was his conduct, as compared with the standards to which he subsequently conformed. But if mere inference is at all permissible in such a matter, no one can be justly censured for thinking that the agony and gloom of his spirit for several years after his return from France indicate that during his stay there he identified himself more completely with the Revolutionary cause, and with French life, than either he or

his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, was willing to admit in plain terms.

There was one influence to which he was exposed even before he left England and which unquestionably continued and deepened on the other side of the Channel. Wordsworth was never a browsing reader. In the course of his long life, so uncommonly exempt from petty cares and interruptions, he read much, to be sure, but not aimlessly. He went to books as to a task. His diction, even if we had not the evidence of his sister's Grasmere Journal, would show that he studied Chaucer and the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets with extreme care. He found pleasure especially in books of travel and description. He was familiar with much classical and Italian literature. Books to him were 'a substantial world,' very real, as real almost as living persons, and therefore not to be lightly treated. Amid their pressure, as amid the unremitting urgency of friends, he still preserved his independence, and, on the whole, no other great poet is so little indebted to books. He reproached himself for his idleness during his months of leisure after leaving college.

One author, however, he almost certainly read before the close of 1791; and, curiously enough, this was a writer who himself had been indifferent to books. Rousseau it is, far more than any other man of letters, either of antiquity or of modern times, whose works have left their trace in Wordsworth's poetry. This poor, half-educated dreamer, just because he was poor, half-educated, and a dreamer, found his way to the centre of his age, the centre of its intellectual and emotional life. And here all original and simple souls met him. They were drawn thither by the same power that drew him, by a desire to return to nature. Exaggeration apart, and thinking not so much of the systematic working-out of his views,

which was generally too abstract and speciously consistent, as of their origin, purpose, and spirit, one must perceive their truth. They are as obviously true now as they were startlingly true when first uttered.

They could not have seemed novel to Wordsworth, who was prepared for them by having lived with lowly people, of stalwart intelligence and sound morals, in the village of Hawkshead. Originality often consists in having remained unconscious of the ordinary departures from simple and natural ways of thought. A person who has been brought up to know and speak plain truth appears original in perverse and artificial society.

We can imagine Wordsworth becoming, without the aid of Rousseau, very nearly what he did become. Nevertheless, the points of agreement are too numerous to be the result of mere coincidence. Had Rousseau been less occupied with general ideas, had he been dominated by a poet's interest in what Blake called 'minute particulars,' it is not too fanciful to suppose that he would have chosen subjects like those which Wordsworth took from 'familiar life'; and an examination of Rousseau's language shows a careful preference for the diction of common speech.

Wordsworth's earliest poems, composed before he had read Rousseau, reveal little of this tendency. It is quite likely that he owes more in this respect to Rousseau than has been yet acknowledged. And in that case the debt should be shared by Coleridge. Whether it was he or Coleridge who took the initiative in the metrical and rhetorical reform which found its first marked expression in *Lyrical Ballads*, has often been discussed. There can be no doubt that Coleridge would see more quickly than Wordsworth the theoretical consequences and implications of what

they had done, and would be the first to suggest formulating a doctrine. But it may be that certain philosophical principles, derived from Rousseau, had already found a lodgment in Wordsworth's mind. For, after all, Coleridge's native bent was toward the uncommon, the abstruse, the mystical, the splendid. He adapted himself, with cordial sympathy, to the new idea, of which he perceived the importance. But affection, love of fellowship, and zeal to confer kindness may have carried him much further than he would ever have dreamed of going alone, in the direction indicated by *Lyrical Ballads* and the critical expositions which form so large and noble a part of *Biographia Literaria*.

What, in fine, are the distinctive elements in Rousseau? In the first place, we recognize in him the prevalence of reverie as a mode of thought. Reverie is an inactive, unsystematic kind of meditation, distinguished from logical processes of discourse by the absence of consciously perceived steps. It is in so far unsatisfactory that the results cannot be determined beforehand, and the movement cannot be retraced backward, as one would 'prove' a result in arithmetic. It has, however, an advantage over the ordinary kind of philosophic speculation, — ordinary at least in the occidental world, — in that it involves a more complete merging of the thinker in his thought, engaging his sentiment and giving him a spiritual rather than a corporeal approach to objects of sensation. In reverie a person seems to touch, taste, smell, hear, and see by a reflex disturbance of the organs, or physical reminiscence. Reverie is thus almost sensuous. Furthermore, it is not discursive, it does not characteristically tend to movement, it is static. It discloses to the mind what the mind already contains, but discovers no new subjects of

thought. It arouses, arranges, unifies the elements of one's soul, and the dreamer may emerge from his dream with a truer knowledge of himself and a more definite purpose. External events and objects are not primary essentials of this state, though they may induce or stimulate it. This is truly the poetic process, and Rousseau, in all his most original, vital, and characteristic passages, is a poet. We are reminded when we read them of Wordsworth's remark, 'Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity.'

A second element in Rousseau is his desire to simplify, to reduce the number and complexity of experiences and ideals. The mode of reverie always tends to concentrate and unite the multitude of concepts which have come into the dreamer's mind from many and diverse sources. To one who contemplates in this way, all dispersion of energy is painful and repugnant. So it was with Rousseau. The tragedy of his life, and the cause of his madness, was an abnormal shrinking from being torn asunder, as all men must be continually torn asunder, by the demands of other people.

Contrast with this Voltaire's joy of combat, his enthusiastic readiness to give his time and talents to others, his radiant sociability. The danger that besets a poetic temperament, the danger of excessive introversion, of shrinking from the expense of spirit in a waste of external reality, was absent in Voltaire's case, but lurked in the very heart of Rousseau. Nevertheless, when applied to things outside himself, to the social problem, the domestic life, the politics, the religion of his age, Rousseau's desire to simplify gave him the master-touch. He laid his finger on the racked nerves and prescribed quiet, concentration, and simplicity.

But this meant revolution. For the habits and laws of society had been

made on a different principle. 'The impulse to shake off intricacies is the mark of revolutionary generations,' says John Morley, 'and it was the starting-point of all Rousseau's mental habits, and of the work in which they expressed themselves. . . . Simplification of religion by clearing away the overgrowth of errors, simplification of social relations by equality, of literature and art by constant return to nature, of manners by industrious homeliness and thrift, — this is the revolutionary process and ideal, and this is the secret of Rousseau's hold over a generation that was lost amid the broken maze of fallen systems.' Rousseau's discourses, 'Whether the Restoration of the Arts and Sciences has tended to purify Manners,' and 'On the Sources of Inequality among Men,' show by their very titles the sequence of his thought, and how the idea of simplification leads to the idea of equality.

Now, inequality is a sign and a cause of unstable equilibrium. Where inequality exists there is constantly a pressure to restore the balance. He, therefore, who desires that life shall be simple, and that men shall attain, as nearly as possible, a level of opportunity, loves permanence and is the true conservative. Moreover, one who thinks by means of reverie is by this peculiarity inclined to prefer permanence to change. The ruminative process is slow. Its objects are lovingly retained and caressed. Self as an active agent seems to the dreamer to be of less consequence than self as a receptive, passive organ, inwardly transforming and assimilating what comes to it. By this persistent association of self with the objects of contemplation, the latter become infused with life from the former. They lose their difference. They become humanized. Harmony is thus established between the poet or dreamer and the world which has so long been

his world. He endows it with his own consciousness. He sympathizes with it, after first projecting himself into it. And by a dangerous turn, the world, or rather so much of it as he has thus appropriated, may become his accomplice, and his flatterer. We have here, perhaps, the clue to that practice which Ruskin termed 'the pathetic fallacy,' the practice of reading into nature feelings which are not properly nature's but man's. Possibly, too, we have here an explanation of the calm egoism of many poets.

But, to continue our attempt to analyze Rousseau, it must be apparent that the permanent is the natural; the truly permanent, I mean, which in the long run holds out against all artifice. And the natural qualities of human beings are common to nearly all. To the many, then, and not to the privileged or the perverted few, must he go who would understand life. This conviction, proceeding from his habit of reverie and his love of simplicity, is the third characteristic of Rousseau. Being a child of the people, knowing their soundness and vigor, he felt no surprise in connection with such a principle, and set it forth as self-evident in his books. But it surprised Europe. To him it was a matter of course that wisdom should be justified of *all* her children: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. There was nothing new in this conviction. It has, no doubt, been held always by nine tenths of the human race. But it was new in a man of letters. It was not the opinion of cultured people. To culture as a process of distinction, Wordsworth, too, showed repugnance at Cambridge and in his London life. He who was to write

Of joy in widest commonalty spread,

scarcely needed the formulas in which Rousseau stated the instinctive faith that was in them both. The social

aspect of the French Revolution, its glorious recognition of equal rights and common brotherhood, seemed to him — so gracious had been the influences of his boyhood — only natural, and he consequently sings: —

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the cause
In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,
A gift that was come rather late than soon.

A fourth quality of Rousseau is his intense individualism. Men in a state of nature, in close contact with the earth, with animals, and with other men not overpoweringly different from themselves, have to rely on their own resources. A brooding, introspective person in such circumstances is liable to form a very high, if not an exaggerated, estimate of his own consequence. He is more likely to acknowledge the dependence of man upon nature than the solidarity of men with one another. The political views of Rousseau, as stated, for example, in *The Social Contract*, are extremely individualistic. They are based on the assumption that society was originally anarchical, a collection of independent persons or families. And the individual, not having been a coördinate part of a preëxisting harmony, still retains, as it were, the right of secession. He has merely entered into a pact with other free and independent beings, and his surrender of some of his liberty may be only for a time. As has often been pointed out, this conception would hardly have been possible in a Catholic. It was ultra-Protestant. It was Calvinistic. Wherever the influence of the Genevan Republic has been strongest the spirit of independence has been most active. Ruthlessly disintegrating in its effect upon large political combinations, this influence has often been productive of manly fortitude and self-reliance in smaller bodies. The

histories of the Netherlands, of Scotland, of the North of Ireland, of England in the seventeenth century, of the American Revolution and of the American Civil War, have their beginnings in Geneva. Considering Rousseau's origins, it is easy to understand his restiveness under restraint, his horror of patronage, his association of human strength, not with union among men, but with the wild and stern aspects of nature.

Wordsworth, with his Anglican training, never went to the individualistic extreme in his love of liberty. Even when most rebellious against the spirit of his bringing-up and his environment, he still felt that social ties had something of the naturalness and permanence of the external world. He thus acted the mediating part of a true Englishman, and even, one might say, of a true Anglican, by trying to preserve historic continuity without surrendering the right of private judgment.

Rousseau reasoned more trenchantly. But trenchant reasoning, in the complex field of social relations, is peculiarly liable to error. The natural, which is permanent, is also rational, and the rude popular way of arguing from analogy and precedent is therefore, after all, a sort of reasoning. Thus Wordsworth was not less rational than Rousseau, though in him pure reason was steadily counterbalanced by instinct. In Rousseau there was rarely an equilibrium between the two. He was alternately swayed by the one or the other. He, at times, surrendered himself to reverie and earned the name of sentimentalist; and, again, he was seduced by the speciousness of abstract reasoning, and has therefore, perhaps not altogether unjustly, been called a sophist. Wordsworth, as became a poet, did not thus separate his mental processes. His reverie was

more like reflection, it had more of a rational, discursive quality than Rousseau's; and his reasoning was less abstract, it never lost touch with things and events. As Edward Caird, using the method and language of Hegel, put the case, Wordsworth 'transcends' Rousseau, reconciling his contradictions in a higher plane.

He who believes that tillers of the soil and those in walks of life but little removed from them, — that is, the majority of mankind, — are leading natural and therefore rational lives, and that their social laws are permanent, and therefore not wanting in authority, is not likely to be made unhappy by the outbreak of a revolution which promises to restore the artificially disturbed balance of human power and happiness. Rousseau's message, notwithstanding the final gloom of his life, was one of gladness. More than any other feature of the Revolution, Wordsworth too felt its joy. It is needless to narrate how public events in France disappointed him. Suffice it to say that modern readers who take their tone from Burke are liable to overlook the fact that the most generous souls in England felt exalted where Burke was depressed, and downcast where Burke began to revive. In Wordsworth's case the discouragement was profound, for his hopes had been very high. But he stubbornly refused to abandon the republican cause. Through six or seven years, in the face of bad news and the martial rage of his countrymen, he clung to his principles, mastering his grief as best he could.

In truth, he rose above the storms of circumstance by establishing his life, for a time, upon the principles of William Godwin. This is a fact which no biographer of the poet has ventured to deny, though many attempts have been made to minimize its importance. I am acquainted with no

account of Wordsworth's life that quite does justice to the strength and attractiveness of the philosophy upon which he disciplined his powerful reasoning faculties, and to which he yielded a brave and obstinate allegiance from his twenty-third to his twenty-eighth year. When one considers that, in the lives of nearly all poets, the third decade stands preëminent as a formative and productive period, it seems impossible to exaggerate the value of Godwin's ideas to Wordsworth. Wordsworth is admitted to be a great philosophical poet. Yet all his biographers have termed Godwin's system 'preposterous.' Wordsworth, on the other hand, even when he renounced it, fully appreciated how formidable was its character, and how aspiring were its aims.

Godwin's *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* would have been an epoch-making work if it had been published in a year less unpropitious to radical speculation than 1793. But books have their fates, and this remarkable treatise has fared ill, for it was from the beginning covered with obloquy, and probably no literary or philosophical work of equal value has been so little read in proportion to its merit. Such is the force of organized prejudice. The 'patriotic' party were not content with crushing the democratic movement in England; they did their best to smother even the memory of it. Not only did they promptly check overt acts of a revolutionary tendency: they entered into a century-long conspiracy to suppress a number of noble intellectual works. Contemptuous disapproval was the means employed, and it succeeded.

The share of Godwin's *Political Justice* in the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century was not at all considerable, if we set aside its influence on Wordsworth and Shelley and the

Utilitarian school of philosophy. No other fact more strikingly illustrates the reactionary character of political theory in that century. The twentieth seems to have linked itself more directly with the eighteenth than with the nineteenth, which lies between its neighbors like a great confused parenthesis. More carefully stated, the truth may be that, of two eternally opposed and equally indispensable types of thought, one, represented by Locke and Hume and Godwin, enjoyed, toward the end of the eighteenth century, a degree of general acceptance which it has until lately not enjoyed since; while the other, eloquently preached by Burke and Carlyle, and always more openly, more officially, more popularly held, has been in the meantime dominant. There should be no illusions as to the comparative attractiveness of these two types. It is enough to observe that their merits have not always been fairly contrasted.

Wordsworth, while still seeing man and nature very much as Rousseau saw them, became a disciple of Godwin. This did not mean the acceptance of his master's political theory alone, but of his system as a whole. Godwin has this at least in common with Locke, that his philosophy is integral. It is rigorously deduced from a few chief principles. Thus its ethics cannot be held separately from its metaphysics, nor can its politics be detached from its psychology. The largest and the soundest parts of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* are devoted to ethical and political considerations, which can, indeed, hardly be distinguished from one another, as it is his dearest purpose to show they should not be. Godwin insists that his conclusions in these departments of practical conduct depend on his doctrines of knowledge and will. He is a determinist, and the only weak element of his book

is his insufficient argument for necessity. The many pleas in favor of free will which have suggested themselves to philosophers, as well as to humbler thinkers, he almost wholly fails to take into account.

Equally dogmatic, though not so audacious, because more widely shared, is his belief that experience is the source of all knowledge. 'Nothing can be more incontrovertible,' he asserts, 'than that we do not bring preëstablished ideas into the world with us.'

Justice, he contends, is the whole duty of man. And it seems that his criterion of justice is the greatest good of the greatest number; for he says, 'Utility, as it regards percipient beings, is the only basis of moral and political truth.' Reason is the only organ whereby men can discover what is just. 'To a rational being, there can,' he says, 'be but one rule of conduct, justice, and one mode of ascertaining that rule, the exercise of his understanding.' Intuition, and every form of mystical illumination, together with all authority, whether of numbers, antiquity, institutions, or 'inspired words,' are calmly set aside. Morality is a matter of knowledge: 'The most essential part of virtue consists in the incessantly seeking to inform ourselves more accurately upon the subject of utility and right.'

Godwin affirms these principles unhesitatingly, and as if they must of course be admitted by every thinking person to whom they are stated separately, each in its own strength. But he himself supplies, in his practical illustrations, difficulties which might not have occurred to a less acute mind. And it was upon these examples that his opponents seized. For instance, since man is a moral being and all his actions are either just or unjust, he has no rights, that is, no moral options, but only duties. And therefore there is no

place for deeds of gratitude, for pardon, for partiality to friends or kindred, for charity, for vindictive punishment. Moreover, a promise has no sanctity, and an oath is an abomination; because 'an individual surrenders the best attribute of man the moment he resolves to adhere to certain fixed principles for reasons not now present to his mind, but which formerly were.' Marriage, accordingly, falls under his disapproval, in so far as it is a relation maintained solely in virtue of a promise. Creeds and similar fixed affirmations of belief are an evil, for, he says, 'If I cease from the habit of being able to recall this evidence [that upon which the validity of a tenet depends], my belief is no longer a perception, but a prejudice.'

Some of these principles are to be found distinctly echoed — sometimes approved and sometimes painfully questioned, but certainly echoed — in Wordsworth's tragedy, *The Borderers*; and the slightly earlier poem, *Guilt and Sorrow*, indicates that he was imbued with Godwin's doctrine that 'under the system of necessity, the ideas of guilt, crime, desert, and accountability have no place.' Godwin declares that since the will is not free, 'the assassin cannot help the murder he commits any more than the dagger.' Punishment, therefore, should be limited to restraining the criminal from repeating his act of injustice.

It is evident that a society holding such views must reject all but the barest essentials of government, must be reduced to the most extreme individualism. Accordingly we find Godwin insisting that 'government is an evil, an usurpation upon the private judgment and individual conscience of mankind'; and it may be said of him, as Edward Caird said of Rousseau, 'His method is always determined by the individualistic prejudices of his time. In morals,

in politics, and in religion alike, he goes back from the complex to the simple; and for him the simple is always the purely individual, the subject apart from the object, the man apart from society. He does not see that in this way he is gradually emptying consciousness of all its contents, and that of the abstract individual at which he must finally arrive, nothing can be said.'

There can be no doubt that much of the constructive thought which found expression in early British Liberalism and in the Constitution of the United States followed this line. To many practical statesmen, as well as to Rousseau and Godwin, it seemed that the sole function of government was to secure liberty of action to the individual. Wordsworth was prepared for Godwin's uncompromising enunciation of this principle by his previous acceptance of Rousseau's doctrine that every individual is by nature independent. Godwin never shrank from rigorous deduction, and uttered his thought as clearly as he conceived it. Stated less uncompromisingly, the same idea, of course, is latent in the writings of the American Federalists, and in Bentham and J. S. Mill. All these political theorists, having an eye to practice, checked themselves half-way. But many Continental writers, of whom Tolstoy is the most eminent, have gone as far as Godwin.

It is doubtful whether Wordsworth, or many other of Godwin's disciples, possessed enough confidence in abstract reasoning to follow him to this extreme conclusion. They gave an eager assent, however, to the less incisive and more practical statement that government, as then existing, reversed 'the genuine propensities of mind', and, instead of suffering men to look forward, taught them to look backward for perfection; prompting them 'to seek the public welfare, not

in innovation and improvement, but in a timid reverence.' This implied approval of progress is certainly an advance upon Rousseau's advice, founded on ignorance of savage life, to look for perfection among primitive peoples. The antithesis between the retrospective attitude of Rousseau and the forward-straining attitude of Godwin forced Wordsworth to make a synthesis which embraced the views of both his masters. It is his great distinction to have taken the next step. With Rousseau and Godwin he had looked before and after, and pined for what was not; and he saw absolute perfection neither in the past nor in the future. He read deeply in books of travel, which told of primitive races; he dreamed with philosophers, who predicted a new golden age; and in neither case did he find what he sought. But looking home to men as they are, to life as it may be and often is, here and now, he found

A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

He perceived 'the unappropriated good' in natural beauty, in the language of every day, in the souls of plain people; and he sang triumphantly

Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind, that keeps her own
Inviolable retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all.

Let us not forget that to this reconciled mood the poet came by way of what is common to Rousseau and Godwin, their trust in human nature, their belief in equality. Joy is not joy which is not shared by all. For a longer time than has been generally admitted, Wordsworth retained his reverence for reason. In his young manhood he clung with passionate fervor to the pure word of the Revolution.

His creed in those years may be condensed into a few brief articles, which

lie more or less scattered in Godwin's *Enquiry*. The first concerns prophecy: 'To conceive an order of society totally different from that which is now before our eyes, and to judge of the advantages that would accrue from its institution, are the prerogatives only of a few favored minds.' The second concerns prerogative: 'They are the higher orders of society that find, or imagine they find, their advantage in injustice, and are eager to invent arguments for its defence.' The third concerns popularity, or the wisdom of common people: 'The vulgar have no such interest, and submit to the reign of injustice from habit only and the want of reflection. . . . A very short period is enough for them to imbibe the sentiments of patriotism and liberty.' The fourth concerns property: 'My neighbor has just as much right to put an end to my existence with dagger or poison, as to deny me that pecuniary assistance without which my intellectual attainments or my moral exertions will be materially injured.' The fifth concerns priests: 'Their prosperity depends upon the reception of particular opinions in the world; they must therefore be enemies to freedom of inquiry; they must have a bias upon their minds impressed by something different from the force of evidence.' Every one of these articles is affirmed by Wordsworth, either graphically in his early poems, or dogmatically in his reply to Bishop Watson, or by implication in his letters.

To say that Godwin was lacking in historical feeling is putting the case too negatively. It is more correct to say that he chose not to be hampered by history. He regarded the present with keen perceptive powers and looked to the future. The absence of a background in his picture of human destiny is not due to shallowness of literary culture, but to a deliberate theory. He

was one of the last of the philosophers of the Enlightenment in the eighteenth century. And his method, as regards the use of history, is precisely the method of that whole great movement.

A peculiarity of his own, however, is that he relies altogether upon his individual judgment, and not at all upon the collective judgment of his fellow men, which he mistrusts because it has been institutionally organized and thus clogged with the weight of selfish advantages. And even in his own case, he trusts, or professes to trust, only his perceptive and logical powers, and not at all his affections. He has, however, by no means succeeded in shutting out every emotional influence. To take him at his word in this respect is to do him an injustice. His principles are not cold-drawn. There is no fire more intense than the flame of pure intelligence. It is not conceivable that, without the tremor of inward burning, a man possessed, as Godwin was, with a sense of responsibility could write: 'The doctrine of the injustice of accumulated property has been the foundation of all religious morality.' The philosophy of the Enlightenment may well have been too difficult, too sheer, for minds accustomed to beaten tracks in the broad vales of thought, but it was not wanting in emotional splendor. Right or wrong, the man who could affirm that 'there must in the nature of things be one best form of government,' because 'the points in which human beings resemble are infinitely more considerable than those in which they differ,' was moved by a deep moral feeling, as well as by the perception of truths from which most men shrink.

There was an appeal to high-souled youth in his apparently quiet statement: 'It is in the nature of things impossible that the man who has determined with himself never to utter the truths he knows, should be an intrepid

and indefatigable thinker. The link that binds together the inward and the outward man is indissoluble; and he that is not bold in speech will never be ardent and unprejudiced in inquiry.' The voice of Burke pleading for reverence for the past utters no call more eloquent and none so inspiring. German idealism, to be introduced into England presently by Coleridge, will instill a loftier ambition, but none so sane. Romanticism, more alluring to the artist, will lack something of this moral dignity. Not till Emerson comes, and after him the new leaders of scientific research, will that clear tone be heard again.

Godwinism soon fell into deep and undeserved disrepute. This was not due wholly to its peculiar features, some of which were beyond the comprehension of pragmatist minds, and others objectionable on the very grounds of general utility to which Godwin sought to refer his thinking. It was due chiefly to the inherent unattractiveness of the whole philosophy of the Enlightenment, and to the inauspicious character of the times. Pure rationalism can, perhaps, never be expected to win the favor of more than a small minority, even among reflective men. Its voice is in no age altogether silent, but the echoes nearly always come back mingled with alien notes, the note of classicism, the note of transcendentalism, the note of romanticism.

That Godwin's system did, through Bentham and Mill, for a while at all events, and in a limited degree, *faire école*, is indeed remarkable. The age, moreover, was not propitious. The passion of patriotism, lately starved by the disapproval with which thoughtful Englishmen viewed the conduct of their government before and during the American war and throughout the period of state trials between its disastrous conclusion and the opening of

the new French war in 1793, the passionate desire to justify England's past and her present course, made men very impatient of Godwin's imperturbable criticism. This was no time, they thought, for reform.

Wordsworth, one of the first, as he was the greatest, of its converts, adhered to the Godwinian system for about six years. He met the passion of the hour with his own deep inward passion. He conquered partiality for his country with love of mankind. He rebuked, with a reasoned hatred of war, the elemental instincts of a people in

arms. His tenacious and inwardly energetic nature remained rooted in this pure soil until the hardy blossoms of his poetry were about to break into immortal bloom. A pure soil it was, but perhaps a little dry. Wordsworth detached himself from it, slowly and with compunction. His conduct was not apostasy from generous and true principles, but their inclusion in a wider sweep, which embraced not only the future but the present, not only the demands of political justice, but the bounty of nature and the glory of life.

BARBARA LOVELL

A TRUE STORY

BY FRANCIS S. WATSON

THIS is a true story set down plainly as I have heard it told by those who knew Barbara Lovell's history. Names I have changed, but not essentials. The bare facts are worth recording for those who would understand the deeper traits of New England character. One deep regret pervades me as I write. Barbara's story, coming too late to be told by Hawthorne, has missed its interpreter. His penetrative imagination, so sympathetic to the rigid tragedies of the New England temperament, might shadow forth for us, in that dark way of his, the still emotions of those locked hearts; that inexorable mother's unmaternal hardness; that wife's desperate decision; the silence of those sons. Only Hawthorne would know

what Weatherby said to Barbara on those brief daily visits of his; only Hawthorne would know Barbara's thoughts through all those long secluded years, — and he would only tell the half. Failing him, we have lost the key.

I

I WAS spending a week at a small village on the Maine coast, with my dog and gun, and, as usual, it was Aunt Deborah Smith who made me welcome in the little white house standing snugly alongside the friendly village street. The second day of my visit was clear and cold. The wind had drawn freshly in from the harbor all through the autumn afternoon, and it was with a

comfortable sense of a day well spent that, with my gun under my arm and my dog at heel, I turned homeward at sun-down.

Several miles lay between me and the village by the route that I had taken in the morning, but a trail which skirted a long arm of the sea promised a shorter road home. This I followed for half a mile, until a little stream barred my progress, and would have forced me to turn back, had not an obliging oysterman answered my hail, and presently ferried my dog and me safely across. The path to the right, he said, passed a small farmhouse in a near-by pasture and would lead me straight to my destination.

I thanked him and was just starting on my way, when, in front of the house which the man had mentioned, I noticed an old stone well. Perched upon its curb was a wooden bucket which reminded me how long it was since I had had a drink. Now, as every one knows, the only pleasure in drinking from a bucket comes from the flavor of the moss upon its rim. But this was a new bucket, so I decided to go to the house and ask for a tumbler.

It was past six, and, thinking that the family would be at supper, I knocked at the back door. There was a step within; I heard the rustle of a woman's dress as she came, I supposed, to open the door. Then the sound grew fainter, and in a moment it ceased altogether. I knocked again. There was no response. I tried to lift the latch, but the door was locked. In some surprise I stepped back, and for the first time looked carefully at the house. Every window, every shutter was closed, and the curtains were all drawn. The house looked dead, and the unnatural silence gave me a disagreeable feeling.

My desire for a drink vanished, and I was glad to have my trusty pointer

at my heels as I trudged on to Aunt Deborah's. Before her cosy fire, the uncanny impression of the lonely house melted speedily away, and in the week that followed, the little incident never crossed my mind.

It was a year later that I thought of it again. Once more I was at Aunt Deborah's. Seated in my little room under the eaves, I was busily swabbing out my gun when, through the window, I caught sight of Miss Jane Ridgway, who lived over the way, scurrying across the road. She knocked hurriedly, and then I heard her high voice saying eagerly to Aunt Deborah, who was rocking in the south window of the parlor, 'Well, I wonder what Steve will do about Barbara now.'

The last stains were off my barrels, and as I was not averse to hearing a village yarn, I descended the stairs and asked Miss Jane what she meant.

'You don't mean to say you don't know about Steve and Barbara!' exclaimed Miss Jane; and, on my reminding her that it was but once a year I came to Aunt Deborah, she told me the story which I here set down.

None but a sailor race, I think, could yield such a history; none but a race which, with courage to fight but without the faith of hope, had struggled for centuries against unconquerable conditions, expecting nothing, enduring all things.

Thirty years before, there had lived in the village a girl of nineteen, blessed with a beauty so rare that it still remains a tradition throughout the district. 'Beautiful as Barbara Lovell' is to this day an expression of admiration. She was the daughter of a sea-captain who had died at sea almost within sight of home, when his vessel was wrecked on one of the treacherous reefs of that coast. She lived with a half-witted sister, and with her mother,

who was still in early middle life. Barbara had had a better education than most of her village companions. She had attended an excellent Quaker school at Providence, and she had traveled to Boston, New York, and even to Philadelphia, — a range of experience beyond the reach of her contemporaries among the girls of the village. And yet, in spite of her advantages, and although every young man in Wellsport was head over heels in love with her, the women of the village had nothing but good to say of Barbara.

At this time there was living in the village a man named Stephen Weatherby, whose name was beginning to reach the larger towns of the coast on account of the speed and sea-worthy qualities of the boats which he designed and built. Of the young men of Wellsport he was by far the most notable figure. He still lived there, and I had often sailed with him, and had been much impressed by his appearance and personality. Weatherby was built on a big scale, with a great head and bold features. When first I met him, his thick hair and beard were nearly white, but in those days he was in the middle thirties and his hair was of that pale yellow which we associate with the Norse Vikings. I can well recall his eyes. They had in them that direct and level look characteristic of a man born to command, and if I were aboard his boat, I should never think of a contingency with which he could not cope.

In a worldly way, Captain Weatherby had prospered. His orders for boats grew with his reputation, and his bank account grew with both. Surplus funds of his had found an outlet in the purchase of several cottages intended for sale at a large profit to the strangers who were beginning to flock annually to the seashore. In one of these investments Weatherby placed especial confidence: a five-acre lot with a farm-

house on it and the well where I had stopped to get a drink.

In other ways, however, things had not gone well with Stephen Weatherby. Some fourteen years before our story opens, he had married, and his sons were now eleven and thirteen years old. But with his wife Weatherby lived as a stranger. She cooked his meals and made his house tidy, but in the evening, when she sat knitting and rocking interminably, her husband would read his paper and smoke his pipe, and no needless word would pass between them. There is nothing in the evidence to show that Weatherby was either an irascible or a capricious man, but as every man and woman in the village knew, he had never been able to forgive a deception practiced upon him by the woman he had made his wife, and by her parents: for Julia Weatherby was blind.

In the days of her marriage blindness was inevitable. She knew it and her parents knew it, and together they conspired to withhold the knowledge from Stephen Weatherby until those two were married and a life's provision had been made for Julia. A year or two after that life's provision had been made, Captain Weatherby found that he had been given a burden, and not a helpmate. From the hour of that discovery, though the husband and wife dwelt in one house, they were as far apart as though they lived in different countries. Each tolerated the other's presence; that was all.

Under these circumstances, it was not unnatural that Weatherby should not spend all his evenings in the silent parlor of his own house. People knew that he was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Lovell's, but apparently it occurred to none of the village gossips that his calls there were on account of Mrs. Lovell's daughter. Barbara herself, who was entirely indifferent to the attentions

of her numerous suitors, found in Stephen Weatherby a man wholly unlike his mates. He alone seemed to influence her, and to his words alone she listened intently. It seems, however, that the widowed mother was aware of the danger of such a relationship, and occasionally in her talks with Barbara she is said to have made veiled references to the subject. But this part of the story is obscure and rests on uncertain testimony. What is certain is that whatever passed between the two led to no change in Barbara's attitude. She saw continually more of Stephen, and took increasing pleasure in his society.

This was the state of things when the time for picking cranberries came round again. The harvesting of the cranberry crop is an event in that part of the country, and the pickers celebrate it by an 'Entertainment,' where all the young people assemble in the Town Hall to dance and play at forfeits and kissing games and to eat a superabundance of ice-cream and cake. This year the whole village turned out in honor of the event, and even Captain Weatherby, whose temperament did not lend itself to promiscuous sociability, joined the throng and all the evening through stood in a corner of the hall chatting with one and another of his neighbors.

As for Barbara, she was the spirit of the dance. Wherever she was, there the young men pressed thickest. No one in the hall laughed more light-heartedly than she. For months afterward people searched their minds to recall the smallest incidents of that evening, but no one could remember a single glance of hers cast toward Stephen Weatherby. Certainly the two exchanged no words until the clock over the door struck eleven. Barbara was exacting forfeits from half a dozen youths, and one tall young man, in an agony of shy-

ness, was attempting to redeem a red silk handkerchief by obeying her commands, when Weatherby walked across the hall and joined the group, saying, 'Shall I see you home, Barbara?'

Barbara looked up, smiled in assent, ran into the dressing-room, and presently appeared with a 'nubia' wrapped about her lovely head. 'Good-night!' she cried, smiling and waving her hand as she passed through the chattering crowd. At the door, she turned for an instant, a picture of happy loveliness which no one who saw it forgot. Barbara was not seen again for thirty years.

II

It was the second day after the 'Entertainment' that Jane Ridgway, who was in those days a close friend of Barbara, went to Mrs. Lovell's house to ask for help in matching some silks which she wanted for a bit of needlework. She knocked at the door and Mrs. Lovell opened it with a face so grave that the visitor caught her breath involuntarily.

'Jane,' said Mrs. Lovell, speaking evenly and slowly, 'Barbara has gone away and she will not come back again. Tell this to everybody who asks about her. And, Jane, if you want to save me great distress and trouble, you will say, too, that never as long as I live shall I say another word about this.'

Mrs. Lovell closed the door abruptly and Jane, in bewilderment and sorrow, sat down on the steps and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. It was half an hour before she could gather herself together to repeat to the neighbors the news which swept like wild-fire through the village.

That very evening Stephen Weatherby came home from his shop as usual, and after washing for supper took up a copy of the local *Eagle*, and drawing his chair to the window, sat down to

read. His wife moved to and fro about the stove, with her blank eyes fixed on the sizzling bacon. Presently she turned toward the window.

'Well, I wonder what folks 'll be a-sayin' next,' said she in her flat voice.

'What are they saying now?' asked Weatherby, still looking at his paper.

'Well, they're a-sayin' as how you got Barbara Lovell shut up in the five-acre-lot house.'

Stephen Weatherby laid his paper on the table. When he spoke, there was no touch of anger or acrimony in his voice, though his words came with slow emphasis.

'For once there is something right in what they say. Barbara is in the five-acre-lot house. But when they say she is shut up there, they lie. There is nothing to hinder her from walking out if she wants to. She is there, though, right enough.'

Julia Weatherby stood rigid, staring as though she could see the deep-drawn lines on her husband's face. After a moment, Stephen went on:—

'Julia, there'll only be one talk between us two about this matter, and that is here and now. There are just two things you can do. Either you will go to law and will take what the law gives you and no more, and I will take what is left and go over there to live with Barbara in the five-acre-lot house; or else you will hold your peace about it and we will stay as we are. Don't speak now. Think it over and let me know in the morning what you decide. I am going back to the shop to finish up a piece of work. We'll put supper off for an hour.'

Then he got up and went out.

All that night Julia lay with her blind eyes wide open. In the morning her decision was made. She would remain with Weatherby. How could she do otherwise? Her parents were dead. She had no friends. How could she

learn to feel her way about another kitchen or sit in some unaccustomed corner which she could never picture to herself. So she went on living in the house where she had lived before. Not a quarter of a mile away stood that other house, long tenantless; but now, if her pale eyes could have seen it, a thread of smoke rose daily from the chimney.

The routine of life began again. Every morning, as usual, Stephen Weatherby went to his shop, and all day long his wife could hear his hammer and saw as he worked with his men, fashioning the tidiest boats to be found on the New England coast. But no day passed that Weatherby did not go to the house in the five-acre lot. Daily he drew the water from the well; daily he cut the wood and brought in a basket of provisions. Sometimes, after a trip to Portland, he would bring back with him a few yards of cloth, needles, thread, or articles of women's dress. These, too, he would leave at the small white house. But regular as his visits were, they were always short. It was rarely more than a few minutes after the old green door had shut behind him that it opened again to let him out.

Of the solitary tenant of the house no one saw anything. Occasionally a passer-by would hear the sound of a chair as it scraped along the floor, or the stove-lid as it was dropped back into place. Some said they heard, as I did, the rustle of a woman's skirt. Sometimes a curious neighbor would catch sight of a shadow falling athwart a drawn shade. A thousand signs bore testimony to a human presence, but of the woman herself there was known or seen absolutely nothing.

In the week following Barbara's disappearance, the first shock of village bewilderment was followed by boisterous indignation. Men sat round the village store and talked of tar and

feathers and of running the kidnapper out of town. I have heard, too, that a deputation of villagers actually waited on Weatherby; but to that story there is no sequel, for, if the interview ever took place, it was short and useless. Captain Weatherby was no man to take liberties with.

Time went on. Weatherby kept at his work and prospered. His wife cooked his meals, darned his stockings, and rocked herself to sleep when her work was done. The children grew up in their father's work-shop and learned from him to know the 'feel' of a good model and to keep alive the tradition of his boats. The story of Barbara Lovell was no longer discussed. Like the other facts of Wellsport existence, it was taken for granted — a part of the setting of their narrow stage. So passed twenty-five years.

Such was the story Miss Jane Ridgway told me that afternoon in Aunt Deborah's parlor. The exclamation which had first caught my attention, 'I wonder what Weatherby will do about Barbara now,' opened a new chapter in the tragedy. That very morning, scarcely an hour before, Julia Weatherby had been moving about her kitchen, cooking as usual the mid-day meal. Just how it happened no one ever knew; but in some way, probably as she bent forward fumbling for the 'lifter' to replace a stove-lid, her dress caught fire. In an agony of fright, the unhappy woman rushed to the door, meaning to reach the water only a few rods distant. But her terror robbed her of that sense of direction which was her feeble substitute for sight. She turned to the right as she passed the threshold, and as though the obsession of twenty-five years had mastered her very instinct, she ran straight toward the house in the five-acre lot. When within a few yards of it she dropped,

and where she fell she perished, before her husband and sons, working in their shop close by, could reach her.

III

This was the news which sent Miss Jane running to Aunt Deborah's. The rest of the story, which came to me bit by bit in the course of years, I have pieced together and tell as best I can.

It was a month after that tragic day when a fisherman, walking early past the white house in the five-acre lot, stopped in amazement. The doors and windows were wide open. He approached and looked in. The house was absolutely bare. Not a pot or pan or stick of furniture remained.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Simpson, a neighbor and friend of the Weatherbys, who since Julia's death had agreed to go daily to Weatherby's house and set things to rights, found the door which led from the kitchen to a rear ell locked. She tried vainly to open it, and then, going out of doors, made an attempt to enter by a back window. This, too, was locked and the curtain within drawn tightly. Surprised and uneasy, she went to the window on the other side. There also the curtain was shut blankly down. Then Mrs. Simpson understood, and, returning to the kitchen, got dinner as usual. At noon, Weatherby and his two sons, now in the middle thirties, returned from their work and sat down as they were accustomed to do. Of the locked ell no question was asked or answered.

Again things went their accustomed course. Each morning Mrs. Simpson came, made the beds and cooked the noonday meal, and as she went quietly about her work she could hear each day from beyond the thin pine door the steps of another woman as she too made her house tidy and cooked her solitary meal. In the old days, Mrs.

Simpson — Joanna Nicholson she was then — had been a bosom friend of Barbara. She had never forgotten her old affection, and a flood of it welled up in her freshly. But the wall of silence was between them now, and it is not the birthright of a New Englander to break the laws of habit.

Without question, without thought, it seemed to the neighbors, the sons accepted the new order of the house. While this strange household endured, they heard each day the quiet sounds in the back room, and when every afternoon their father opened and closed behind him the door leading to the ell, they could hear the low voices of a man and woman talking together. But that was all.

Three years and more went by. Then one evening Stephen Weatherby came in wet and cold. A chill struck him, and before many hours a violent fever supervened. It was evident that he was very ill. Then the locked door was opened and a frail, white-haired woman, whose pale face was still beautiful, with lines in it scarcely deeper than those of a child who has never seen the world, came forth. Three days and nights she and Mrs. Simpson sat on either side of the sick-bed. On the fourth day Captain Weatherby died.

It was evident that, however Weatherby's thoughts were engaged, he had had no idea of death. His will, dated nearly thirty years before, made mention of no one but his sons. The only money available for Barbara's support was fifty dollars he had given her a few weeks before. Her world had been Stephen alone and the desire that none but Stephen should look upon her face. Of money she knew nothing. She handed her fifty dollars to Mrs. Simpson and sat down to wait.

Out of her own scanty resources Mrs. Simpson, who was as charitable a soul as ever breathed, sought to provide for

Barbara. She soon made an arrangement with an old and childless couple named Tarbell, who lived in the outskirts of the village, to take her in and give her board on reasonable terms; but, however reasonable, they were not a burden to be shouldered long by a woman who found it hard enough to earn her daily bread, and Mrs. Simpson obliged to find help, sought counsel with Mrs. Thayer, a lady who for many years had spent her summers on the Wellsport shore. This Mrs. Thayer happened to be an old friend of mine, and it was through her that I was privileged to contribute from time to time to the bare necessities of Barbara Lovell's support and to shelter her from the old alms-house at Portland.

So for a season Barbara lived on, protected from the sight of the little world at Wellsport, sitting from morning until night in her half-darkened room, unless she was helping Mrs. Tarbell with her simple housework. And then it happened that I went abroad, and an unlucky coincidence, unknown to me, took Mrs. Thayer across the water in the same year. In our absence, the bottom of Mrs. Simpson's shallow purse was soon reached. Very reluctantly, the good creature communicated with one of the selectmen, James Wilson by name, a distant relative of Barbara. To her anxious questioning, there was but one answer. Barbara Lovell must join the town's poor.

The rest of my story can best be told, perhaps, if I here set down two letters which Mrs. Thayer soon after received from Mrs. Simpson.

DEAR MRS. THAYER (ran the first letter), — Barbara has gone. No one knows where. All sorts of rumors are afloat, some saying that it is a case of suicide and others that a bottle of poison has been found. But nothing

certain is known. Yesterday James Wilson had notified her that he must take her to Portland. He is a kind man, and knowing how strong her wish was that no one should see her face, he had arranged to have her go in a covered team. They agreed upon the hour, and she allowed that there was no other way for her.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Tarbell heard her wind her clock upstairs and then come down and walk to and fro in front of the house as she was accustomed to do. Then they fell asleep.

The next morning Mrs. Tarbell saw by the pantry that Barbara had not eaten any breakfast. So she fixed one up for her and took it up to her on a tray. Getting no answer to her knock on the door, she opened it and found that the bed had not been slept in and that Barbara was gone. She at once notified the selectman, Mr. Wilson, and he came and told me about it afterward. She went out without her warm shawl I had knit for her, and that was unusual, for she was easily chilled and always threw it over her. Mr. Wilson did not want to make any regular search that day, thinking that as the weather was warm she might hide in the woods somewhere during the daytime and come back or go to Stephen's empty house after dark.

Last night some of the villagers started to look for her. They were going to and fro over the fields, thus effectually destroying any foot-prints by which she might have been traced. One fired a pistol to fool the others. The men and boys were shouting to each other. Some of the girls who knew of her story were crying. I could think of nothing but a fox hunt. By and by they left off and went home. I could not sleep at all, and was walking to and fro in my room much disturbed, for I knew how much she had dreaded having to

go to the poor-house, and that she had said she had rather die than do so. There was a full moon and everything was as clear as day. Some sailors were on board of a coal schooner that was anchored, but they heard and saw nothing of her.

To-morrow Mr. Wilson is going to make a regular search. I don't feel like writing any more now, but will let you know if there is any more news.

Two days later came another letter which read as follows:—

DEAR MRS. THAYER, — Barbara's body was found this morning in the south bay. Stephen's oldest son, Jake, was wading out to his skiff early this morning when he trod on her body where it lay in shallow water directly in front of the door of his dead father's house, having been caught in the eel-grass there and held. She had entered the water nearly half a mile farther up the shore. She had tied a white cloth about her face. An empty chloroform bottle has been found where she waded in. It is supposed she walked into the water, then inhaled the chloroform till unconscious, sank, and was drowned. She hoped, doubtless, that the current would carry her body out to the sea and that no one would ever find it, but when it came to Weatherby's empty house the eel-grass caught it, and it lay there for Jake to find. He had refused to join in the search, and coming on the body as he did, it used him up badly. He could n't breathe rightly for two hours afterward.

There is a great deal of curiosity among the people here to see her. I am glad she cannot know it. I long to hide her and shall feel better when she is buried. Please tell this to Mr. Curtis. I don't feel as though I could write about it again just now and he will want to know.

• nine o'clock, the sky was free and the sun was warm. Truly, all nature was smiling; but let the sun shine and the rippling brooks glint, the lilacs and the peach trees blow, and now that the rain has stopped let the pee-wee sing near his home under the bridge, the bluebird warble in the old orchard, and the larks flute in the meadows; yes, let all the fields and fresh-leaved woods rejoice; on and on by them all in their happiness and suggestions of home went the Army of Northern Virginia, weak for want of food and sleep, and low at heart. Toil on, veteran heroes of so many fields; a few days more and it will all be over. Hark! Those are Gordon's guns you hear.

The Army of the Potomac, strangely enough, did not know of Lee's retreat till they moved in battlearray, at 6 A.M., to engage him: Griffin on the right, Humphreys on the left, the Sixth Corps under Wright in reserve. They soon found out, however, that he had gone, and they then broke from line into columns, and on reaching Flat Creek near Amelia Springs, Humphreys's advance, the Twenty-sixth Michigan, spied across the open country, a mile or more away, the rear of Gordon's division.

The news was sent to Meade, and at once Humphreys and Griffin were turned to the left, and Wright was brought back to Jetersville and told to follow Sheridan, who, with Crook in advance, had set out to strike the road at Deatonsville. Griffin swung wide, clear around to the right and north of the retreating column, but Humphreys at once sent the Second Corps after Gordon, who on every rise made a stand, compelling Humphreys to form in line of battle; yet so eager were the men, so sure were they now of victory, that the delays were only momentary, and like hounds, that catch sight of and smell the blood of the wounded

deer, they bayed louder and fiercer, and ran faster.

Sheridan, about noon, gained a position not far from Sandy Creek, several miles west of Deatonsville, from which through a gap in the woods he descried the retreating column and threw Crook against it. But Ewell and Anderson, as soon as he began to threaten, faced their divisions to the left and flung him back viciously while the trains filed by. Sheridan, seeing Crook's repulse, brought up Merritt, but soon made up his mind not to try again for the trains at that point, and sent him and Crook farther along to the left with orders to look for a weaker spot, keeping with him a brigade of cavalry for effect. He then rode to the top of a hill and scanned the uplifted silent country. Off on a sun-bathed ridge, that rose beyond the mile of intervening timber, his eye fell on Gordon's skirmishers slowly falling back before Humphreys. He then, accompanied by Miller's battery and Stagg's brigade of cavalry, followed the path of Merritt and Crook until he reached another overlooking point and discovered, on a parallel ridge below him, the Confederate trains in full view, hurrying with all speed, and flanked by infantry and cavalry. Miller at once opened on them, and Stagg was ordered to charge them, Sheridan's aim being to check these forces till Crook, Custer, and Merritt had reached a position to strike the road ahead of them.

Stagg's Michigan men charged gallantly but were signally repulsed, and just as they were reforming up came the head of the Sixth Corps, the same that made that famous march to reach Gettysburg. The point at which Sheridan made his drive was vital, for it was where the road, which has already been referred to, and which the harassed troops were gladly taking, breaks

off northward, a mile or more east of Captain Hillsman's plantation. Moreover, Gordon was not up.

While the Sixth Corps was forming to do what Stagg had tried so gallantly and failed to do, Sheridan wrote to Grant, — his dispatch was dated 12.10 P.M., — 'The trains and army (Confederate) were moving all last night and are very short of provisions and very tired, indeed. I think now is the time to attack them with all your infantry. They are reported to have begged provisions from the people of the country all along the road as they passed. I am working around farther to the left.' As a matter of fact, they had only a few grains of parched corn, and one officer in his diary recorded that he that day traded his necktie with a poor family for a bit of corn-bread. Before Wright's troops were ready Gordon came, and thinking that the troops in advance had gone that way, followed the trains northward, Humphreys at his heels.

Meanwhile Anderson had kept moving and was across the creek, and Ewell with Custis Lee's division behind him was over, too, Kershaw standing the Sixth Corps off as well as he could. Kershaw had barely gained the hill when Anderson sent word back to Ewell to come to his aid, for Custer and the rest of the cavalry had broken in ahead of him. Loyally, Ewell, the maimed, venerable old fellow, started with Custis Lee's division to help Anderson; but he had hardly got under way before the Sixth Corps came out upon the Hillsman farm, and began to form line of battle, which made it necessary for Ewell to halt and look after his own rear.

So he faced Custis Lee about and formed along the open brow of the sassafras- and pine-tufted hill, Kershaw on the right, and Lee on the left; the ravine scored out the face of the hill

where the nose would be. There, with flags over them, they lay, from the road down into the ravine and up its northern bank, and every man in that line knew that a crisis was coming. For Anderson behind them to the west was engaged, and, in full view on the valley's eastern brink, the Sixth Corps was massing rapidly. They could see the regiments pouring into the fields at double quick, the battle lines, blooming with colors, growing longer and deeper at every moment, and batteries at a gallop coming into action front. They knew what it all meant; they had been on the fields of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania.

Sheridan and Wright, mounted, were in the dooryard of the Captain Hillsman house, and with glasses in their hands were scanning eagerly the opposite slopes, the former more impatient than usual, for now above the tree-tops beyond Ewell, thin, hesitating, gray smoke rose silently, telling him that Custer and Crook had struck the trains, and he wanted the final blow given at once. Take a close look at Sheridan, note that face, for he is the very spirit of war.

The sun is more than half-way down, and oak and pine woods behind them crowning the hill are laying evening's peaceful shadows on Ewell's line; and on Sheridan's its long afternoon beams glint warmly from intrepid Cowan's bronze guns, and sparkle on the steel barrels of the shouldered arms of the moving infantry, for they are getting under way. Sheridan's battle-flag, which has waved on many good fields, is fluttering behind him; his horse Rienzi, as usual, is champing the bit, trumpeters are ready to sound the advance, and before her mighty harp, War's stern musician is ready to sweep the iron strings. Seymour's and Wheaton's men are approaching the creek, but let us hurry over to Custis Lee's

lines, to a spot on the open, rounded eastward-sloping knoll, where lies Major Stiles's battalion. We shall remember that when we saw them last they were listening to him as he read the soldier psalm, and that then they knelt with him as he led them in prayer in the dimly-lighted little chapel on the banks of the James, and we shall not forget that there was one boy as he read who met his look with swimming eyes.

They are all lying down, loaded guns in their hands, and the major, that young, rare, transparent gentleman, is walking behind them, talking softly, familiarly, and encouragingly, warning them not to expose themselves, for Cowan's batteries have opened and the fire is accurate and frightfully deadly.

It is no place, reader, for you or me. Let the major tell the story. 'A good many had been wounded and several killed when a twenty-pounder Parrott shell struck immediately in my front on the line, nearly severing a man in twain, and hurling him bodily over my head, his arms hanging down and his hands almost slapping me in the face as they passed. In that awful moment I distinctly recognized young Blount, who had gazed into my face so intently Sunday night.'

Reader, excuse the oath, but, by God! this narrative must break; for my pen halts as my heart bleeds. Those tears in that poor boy's yearning eyes touched it deeply, and I had so hoped that he would be spared. Sing on, Valley of Sailor's Creek, sing on to the memory of that tender-hearted hero; and oh, Peace, blessed Peace! come and save the world from the sacrifice of youths like this.

II

And now to go on: — Until our infantry had reached the creek the artillery's fire had been fast and dreadfully

fatal; then it stopped, and all was still as the grave, as the men made their way through the thickety banks and formed on the farther side. I'll not try to give all of the details of the bloody engagement, but Stiles's men under his orders reserved their fire till our lines were close up. Then they let go a crashing volley, — their execution was frightful, — and at once charged our centre with fury, and drove it back in confusion across the creek.

But, meanwhile, our troops on the left and right had been successfully crowding their opponent's flanks into the bowl-like hollow of the ravine's head, and there the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, most of whom were from the laurel-blooming hills of Berkshire, had the fiercest, most hand-to-hand and literally savage encounter of the war, with the remnant of Stiles's battalion and that of the marines from the Confederate ships which had lain in the James.

They clubbed their muskets, fired pistols into each other's faces, and used the bayonet savagely. At the reunions of the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, I used to see one of the Berkshire men who had been pinned to the ground by a bayonet thrust clean through his breast, coming out near his spine; this brave fellow, Samuel E. Eddy of Company D, 'notwithstanding his awful situation,' says the historian of the regiment, 'succeeded in throwing another cartridge into his rifle, the bullet from which was next moment sent through the heart of his antagonist. The Confederate fell across the prostrate Unionist,' who threw aside the body, withdrew the bayonet from his own horrible wound, rose to his feet, and walked to the rear.

And yet looking at him you would have seen a quiet, self-respecting, high-minded man; and I think that some of those beautiful, blue-tinted

Berkshire Hills glory in the spot that holds his gallant clay.

Keifer, who commanded one of Wright's brigades, chiefly of Ohio men, — and the state is proud of him and them, — says, 'One week after the battle I revisited the field,' — he was on his way back from Appomattox, — 'and could then have walked on Confederate dead for many successive rods along the face of the heights held by the enemy when the battle opened.'

These men were put in a trench and Mrs. Hillsman told me that a mother, one of unmistakable breeding, who lived in Savannah, shortly after the battle came there to look for her son. A deluging rain had swept the shallow covering of earth away, and among the festering bodies she found that of her boy by a ring still circling his ashy shrunken finger.

On my trip to the field last October, I stood alone on the bank of the trench; it was in a little cradling ravine, green grass carpeted it, and an open-eyed daisy lifted its innocent face to the sky, its gaze perhaps following the track of those upward-gone spirits; all around was still, a white cloud or two floated in the east, and the day was done. I paused a while, the mood was deep, and soft and tender were the murmurs that floated down about me.

The end of the carnage came quickly; for our cavalry, having torn and scattered Anderson, Pickett and Johnson, charged down on poor old Ewell; and he, seeing that all was lost, surrendered himself and his command. The captives amounted to thousands.

Anderson, Pickett, Wise, Johnson, and Fitzhugh Lee, with their disorganized forces, only a remnant in some cases, broke off through the woods and over fields toward High Bridge on the Appomattox where, in the forenoon, a small force sent out by Ord to burn

the bridge was almost annihilated by Rosser, Munford, and Dearing; the latter, a loved classmate of mine, was mortally wounded, and I never see the name High Bridge that his handsome cheery face does not come back and that I do not hear again his happy voice. His body rests at his old home in Lynchburg, within sight of the Blue Ridge whose azure sky-line from boyhood was so familiar to his open, nobly-beaming eyes.

While all this was going on, Humphreys had pursued Gordon like a tempest and finally drove his rear-guard viciously across the creek, capturing many wagons, some guns and prisoners. Anderson and Ewell not coming up, Lee at Depot became concerned and sent Pendleton, his chief of artillery, back to learn the reason why. The news he brought was astounding, and with burning, fighting spirit Lee himself in the dusking evening arrayed Mahone to check Merritt's cavalry, who were still active.

The sun had gone down red, signaling rain, and now night has fallen and the last shot has been fired, Merritt has withdrawn in front of Lee, and Sheridan's camp-fire is lit. He has sent word of his overwhelming success to Grant, who is in bivouac near Burkeville, saying, 'Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Defoe, and Custis Lee, several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery, and a large number of wagons. If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender.' 'He is lying on the broad of his back on a blanket, with his feet to the fire, in a condition of sleepy wakefulness. Clustered about are blue uniforms and gray in equal numbers, and immediately around his camp-fire are most of the Confederate generals. Ewell is sitting on the ground hugging his knees, his face bent down between his arms.'

So reports Sheridan's faithful and brilliant staff officer, Newhall.

Ewell's brave old heart was beating low: neither he nor any of his comrades was in a mood to talk, yet sadly he told Wright that their cause was gone and that Lee should surrender so that no more lives be wasted. Later, with his natural love and affection, he sent for Stiles, and in the presence of a half-dozen generals complimented him on the conduct of his battalion. The night drew on.

General Kershaw, Colonel Frank Huger, and several other Confederate officers were guests of Custer at his headquarters. Huger and Custer had been fellow cadets in the same company, D, at West Point. The former, like Kershaw, was from South Carolina and of distinguished Huguenot birth, to which his look and bearing bore daily witness; the latter was from Ohio and was then about twenty-six years old, of heavy build and full of natural joy.

After his promotion to a generalcy Custer dressed fantastically in olive corduroy, wore his yellow hair long, and supported a flaming scarlet silk necktie whose loose ends the wind fluttered across his breast as, with uplifted sabre, he charged at the head of his brigade, followed by his equally reckless troopers who, in loving imitation, wore neckties like his own.

Custer was always a boy, and absolutely free from harboring a spirit of malice, hatred, or revenge. Whenever fortune made any of his West Point friends prisoners, he hunted them up, grasped their hands, with his happy smile, and, before parting, tendered generous proffers of aid.

The next morning, when his division started on the pursuit of Lee's army, he happened to ride by Kershaw, surrounded by Confederate prisoners, and lifted his hat to them. Kershaw lifted

his and exclaimed, 'There goes a chivalrous fellow, let's give him three cheers'; to which Custer responded by ordering the band just behind him to strike up the Confederate tune 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' and the prisoners screamed their fierce 'rebel' yell with delight.

III

While Sheridan, Wright, and Humphreys were pursuing, and finally wreaked such signal disaster upon Lee's retreating forces, Grant and Meade remained near Jetersville. Close by was a house that had an upper piazza from which toward noon, across the country and three or four miles away, they caught sight of a bare knoll over which the Confederate trains were passing, Gordon and Humphreys having a running fight at their rear. No news from the front of any great importance arrived till Sheridan's dispatch dated 12:20 P.M. (already given), to which Meade responded by renewed orders to Wright and Humphreys for action and pursuit more vigorous than ever, if possible.

Toward sundown, and still unaware of the day's good fortune, Grant and Meade separated; the former set out for Burkeville, and the latter took the road to Deatonville, and about half-past eight came to the bivouac by the roadside which Lyman, having galloped ahead, had selected some two miles beyond the village. He had barely ridden into camp when up came a fast-riding aide from Sheridan with a dispatch addressed to Grant — Sheridan thinking he was with Meade — announcing his Sailor's Creek victory. Meade exclaimed with surprise and impatience, 'Where was Wright?' Had Wright been one of the smooth, keen, foxy men of the world he would have started an aide to Meade before the smoke had lifted from the victorious

field that his troops with Custer had won; but he was of that other class of the old-time West Point men, men who did not boast, who shunned newspaper fame and made companions of honor, modesty, and duty. But very soon Meade heard from him and Humphreys direct, and was comforted.

Grant at Burkeville did not hear the news till midnight and at once wrote to Meade, 'Every moment now is important to us,' and ordered Griffin, in bivouac near Ligontown to the right of Humphreys and near the Appomattox, to start by the most direct road without delay for Prince Edward Court House, seven miles south of Farmville; adding that Mackenzie's cavalry, then with Ord, confronting Longstreet at Rice's Station, had been ordered to the same place and would be under way by 2 A.M. That these moves were made to head off Lee from reaching Danville is clearly obvious.

During the evening, before Grant had heard of Sheridan's success, he had had a long talk with a prisoner, an old army surgeon, a Doctor Smith, a Virginian, who had resigned at the breaking out of the war. The doctor in the course of his interview repeated what Ewell, his relative, had said to him at some time in the course of the previous winter, to the effect that he thought the cause was surely to be lost in the end, and that the South ought to ask for peace.

I think I can see Grant's old friend at perfect ease, and looking with kindness into his steady mild blue eyes, for Grant's old army friends always met him with frankness and trust whether he was in sunshine or shadow; and I think I can hear Grant responding with his unaffected, low voice, one of noticeable purity and pleasingly vibrant. As will be seen, the interview had its fruit.

Grant and Meade had the lulling

of victory to go to sleep on, but not so Lee. The day had gone fearfully against him, and with it had gone about all hope of reaching Danville. But affectionate Lynchburg, with its line of works and abundant supplies, seeing his baffled, dismal plight from the top of the neighboring Blue Ridge, beckoned and beckoned to him, and he gave orders to fall back on Farmville, the first stage thitherward. According to Mahone, he was somewhat disturbed as to how to get away from their immediate position at Rice's Station, and asked his advice. Mahone, who knew the country, suggested that Longstreet should take the river road to Farmville while he would strike across country to High Bridge and cross the river there.

High Bridge, ten miles below Farmville, is an airy structure on piers that, at the centre, are nearly one hundred feet high, spanning the Appomattox, whose valley at that point is comparatively narrow and whose banks are willow-fringed. Nearby is a common country bridge whose roadway, after traversing a little crescent interval on the north side, comes to the feet of heaving, leaning fields whose background is timber, lifting a crown of green up against the remote and mute horizon line.

Wallace, Wise, Moody, Ransom, the remnants of Bushrod Johnson's and Anderson's divisions, which Sheridan's cavalry had disrupted just before the battle of Sailor's Creek, shoaled to this bridge and crossed it about 11 P.M. Gordon, who had gone into bivouac on the direct road to High Bridge, aroused his men after a few hours' rest, resumed the march, and was over the river before daylight. Mahone reached the bridge just after Gordon had cleared it, but the sun was up as his rear-guard was crossing.

Latrobe, Longstreet's adjutant-general, in his orders, written by candle-

IV

light and issued about nine o'clock, directed that the trains and such batteries in position as were not necessary should be started at once for Farmville; that Field's division should retire first, followed by Heth and Wilcox; that the sharpshooters should be withdrawn an hour after the troops had marched; and that Rosser's cavalry should bring up the rear; closing the orders with the injunction, 'Every effort must be made to get up all stragglers and all such men as have fallen asleep by the camp-fires or by the wayside.' Lee himself left by ten o'clock, and Longstreet's troops were moving by twelve. Alexander says, 'I remember the night as peculiarly uncomfortable. The road was crowded with disorganized men, and deep in mud; we were moving all night and scarcely made six miles.'

Of all these unhappy nights — and bear in mind that they had marched practically every night except the first since they set out on the retreat — I think this must have been about the dismallest. Hope had parted company with them, defeat had laid its hand heavily on them, it was pitch-dark and drizzling, — the rain had come that the red setting sun had foretold, — the famishing horses were falling, the men were sleepy, wet, and hungry. Yet through mud, up hill and down, listening to the call of duty, they went, till many out of pure weakness could no longer drag one foot after another, and reeled into the woods, dropped limply down, and laying their cheeks on the drenched leaves went to sleep, some to the very long, long sleep. Those whose strength held out plodded on and on, wondering at every step they took how much farther it was to Farmville. When morning broke, the fields and woods by the roadside were dotted with squads of men tired and sick at heart, moving as in a dream.

Now mark the contrast. At that very hour, sunrise, our troops were all under way in pursuit, and the historian of one of the regiments in the Sixth Corps says, 'The men were singing, laughing, joking, and apparently happy. Along the road were evidences of the rapid retreat of the enemy, all sorts of ammunition strewn around loose, dead horses lying where they dropped, others abandoned because they could no longer carry their riders, and here and there a dead soldier, lying in the road where he had halted for the last time, with every appearance of having died from hunger and exhaustion.'

'Soon,' says one of Humphreys's corps, in the track of Gordon, 'we began to come upon whole packs of wagons burned as they stood, artillery ammunition scattered by the roadside, and caissons partially destroyed.' In fact, there was scarcely a rod of the way that did not have its mute witness to the demoralization of the retreating forces.

Of course, all these signs of distress only quickened our advance, and soon brought Humphreys to the vicinity of High Bridge. The Nineteenth Maine, a regiment that in the Wilderness won great honor for its far-away Pine Tree State, now leading its valiant corps, carried the approaches to the burning wagon-road bridge, which Mahone had set fire to, as well as to the lofty railroad structure, after crossing.

The tall woodsmen from Maine rushed down and, by one means and another, put out the fast-creeping blaze, all the time under severe fire from Mahone's rear-guard. The little blue-eyed, cool, ambitious man, witnessing the efforts to save the bridges, started a brigade back to drive our men away till the fire could do its work, but the Nineteenth Maine, its courage

drawn from the timbered reaches of the Penobscot and Kennebec, stood its ground till help came, and then, in turn, drove Mahone's brigade back across the intervale up to the hills, where they abandoned ten guns.

By nine o'clock the whole Second Corps was over, and Humphreys, on reporting the fact to Meade, said he could see a column of the enemy's infantry some two miles distant moving north-westward. What he saw were Gordon's and Mahone's columns on what is known as the Cumberland Church Road, a road which comes into the Appomattox Court House and Lynchburg Road about three or four miles above Farmville. So much for Humphreys, Gordon, and Mahone.

Alexander says that Longstreet got to Farmville about sunrise; there they met a train that had come down with supplies from Lynchburg, but before the rations could all be delivered our cavalry appeared. For Sheridan started Crook — imagine an open-faced, blue-eyed man with a splaying, tawny beard and an aquiline nose — early toward High Bridge; but he, soon running up against Humphreys, pulled his left bridle-rein and struck across the country and presently fell in with the head of Ord's troops on the trail of Longstreet's column. At Bush River, which is but little more than a good-sized creek, about half-way from Rice's Station to Farmville, Crook's advance came up with Rosser's and Fitz Lee's people lining its opposite bank.

But by the time the cavalry got ready to attack, the infantry, who had actually marched as fast as the mounted force, — so fleet were they now, hearing the call of the end, — hurried to his ranks and together they charged across and swept the enemy's cavalry away from the ridge. Then, with Danby's brigade of infantry, Crook pushed on after them. Wright, who had start-

ed from Sailor's Creek, had only got as far as Sandy Creek by noon, and reported to Meade that Griffin himself, on his way to Prince Edward Court House, was there, and the head of his column drawing near.

Sheridan, accompanied by Merritt's and Custer's divisions of cavalry, had set out for Prince Edward Court House by way of Rice's Depot, and at midday was halting near there for lunch, 'under the great branches of some splendid oaks that stood in the dooryard of a fine old house,' says the observing Newhall, his prince of staff officers.

Meade, who was still unwell, took the road to High Bridge, reached there at eleven o'clock and established his headquarters. Grant left Burkeville about seven and overtook Wright's corps this side of Farmville, the troops cheering him well as he rode through them. Keifer in his *Four Years of War* says, 'The roads were muddy and much cut up by the Confederate army. Grant was dressed to all appearances in a tarpaulin suit,' — it was still raining a little, — 'and he was even to his whiskers so bespattered with mud, fresh and dried, as to almost prevent recognition. He, then as always, was quiet, modest, and undemonstrative. A close look showed an expression of deep anxiety.'

Meanwhile Crook had got to Farmville and charged into the village, the disorganized enemy supply-trains making all haste to get out of his reach by crossing to the other side of the river, abandoning many wagons; and before three o'clock a part of Ord's command, the head of Wright's corps, had reached there. When they came in, Grant was sitting on the upper porch of the village tavern, smoking calmly.

The sky cleared about noon and every old white-and-pink-blooming apple tree, the fields and woods sprinkled with flowers, yellow, white, and blue

dogwood, and blazing azalea, began to rejoice.

But not so those weary, hunger-feeble, Confederate veterans throwing up a line of works across the road above Farmville to stay the inexorable Humphreys until the famishing horses dragging artillery and trains could get a little start for Appomattox. No, there was no rejoicing among them, let the fields, sky, and brooks smile and gurggle as they might; and I have no doubt that more than one of the tired men, their heads bowed down, envied the dead in Cumberland churchyard. Yet their courage rang like an anvil when Humphreys struck at them late in the afternoon.

v

Here is what had gone on, meanwhile, at Lee's headquarters, as reported by my friend Alexander, who only last autumn crossed that other great river. When I shall cross, too, I hope some one will lead me to him for he was good, soothing, and winsome company.

'About sunrise, we got to Farmville and crossed the river on a bridge to the north side of the Appomattox, and here we received a small supply of rations.

'Here we found General Lee. While we were getting breakfast, he sent for me and, taking out his map, showed me that the enemy had taken a highway bridge across the Appomattox near the High Bridge, were crossing on it, and would come in upon our road about three miles ahead. He directed me to send artillery there to cover our passage and, meanwhile, to take personal charge of the two bridges at Farmville (the railroad and the highway), prepare them for burning, see that they were not fired too soon, so as to cut off our own men, or so late that the enemy might save them.

'While he explained, my eyes ran over the map and I saw another road

to Lynchburg than the one we were taking. This other kept the south side of the river and was the straighter of the two, our road joining it near Appomattox Court House. I pointed this out, and he asked if I could find some one whom he might question. I had seen at a house near by an intelligent man whom I brought up, and who confirmed the map. The Federals would have the shortest road to Appomattox Station, a common point a little beyond Appomattox Court House. Saying that there would be time enough to look after that, the general folded up his map and I went to look after the bridges.

'As the enemy were already in sight, I set fire to the railroad bridge at once, and, having well prepared the highway bridge, I left my aide, Lieutenant Mason, to fire it on a signal from me. It also was successfully burned. In *The End of an Era*, by John S. Wise, he has described an interview occurring between his father, General Wise, and General Lee, at Farmville at this time, which I quote:—

'“We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. ‘General Lee,’ exclaimed my father, ‘my poor brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God! sir, they shall not move another step until somebody gives them something to eat.’

'“‘Come in, General,’ said General Lee, soothingly. ‘They deserve something to eat and shall have it; and, meanwhile, you shall share my breakfast.’ He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness. . . . General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation. ‘Situation?’ said the bold old

man. 'There is no situation. Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for the spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee.'

"This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested. 'Oh, General, do not talk so wildly! My burdens are heavy enough! What would the country think of me, if I did what you suggest?'

"'Country be d—d,' was the quick reply. 'There is no country. There has been no country, General, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things that have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man, or government, or people, will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is on your head.' General Lee stood for some time at an open window looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response."

Well might Lee say, 'My burdens are heavy enough!' and Alexander adds that General Wise had in no way exaggerated them.

This heart-sick volcano-like erup-

tion of Governor Wise — he was then aged, and Lyman describes him when two days later and after the surrender he came to see his brother-in-law, General Meade, as 'an old man, with spectacles and a short white beard, a stooping sickly figure with his legs tied round with gray blankets' — shoots up once more into the clear light of national events, recalling the conditions and passions of my youth, and if for a moment I dwell on them, it is because out of them I saw the tragedy of the war between the states burst upon us all.

It was Wise's fortune to be the Governor of Virginia (the Old Dominion had not then been dismembered) when the trial and execution of John Brown for murder at Harper's Ferry took place. The event startled the country from shore to shore and lifted Wise and Brown into flaming notoriety; and they two, predestined actors in one of Fate's dramas, held the stage for months. Wise, as governor, went to Charleston and had an interview with Brown just before he was led out to the gallows, and was deeply impressed by the tall, roughly-framed, cool, shock-haired, blue-eyed man, secure against any shake of Fortune, whose utterances showed that he had thought profoundly on life's mysteries. More, the Governor saw clearly that Brown was fortified with a virtue upon which he, Wise, prided himself: indomitable courage.

And now because I lived through it all, — my room-mate at West Point was a Southerner and intimate friends from the South were all around me, and I know how much Brown's attempt had to do with bringing on the war, — allow me to make a few reflections on this interview, and, to confess, moreover, that I am prone thereto for the sake of the narrative, which depends upon it for life and worth.

Reader, let me tell you that that meeting of Governor John A. Wise of Virginia and John Brown of fadeless history was a meeting face to face of the representatives of two mutually antagonistic forces which, from the dawn of civilization, let peace have bloomed or sung as it may, have never laid down their arms. The one feeding in spirit on the idea of the brotherhood of man and contemplating with lonely rapture, as he toiled, the laying down of his life, if need be, for the freedom of his brother-toilers, black or white; and the other, born into the purple, the Gates of Opportunity wide open in front of him, ambition leaping freely and clutching highest honors, musing, not on the humanities, but on the priceless idea of Democracy, till he, also, contemplated with a noble rapture the laying of his life down, if need be, for that basic principle which in his mind, as in that of all mankind, is just as dear as Freedom itself: that is, the right of a people to govern themselves.

There they stood, looking keenly into each other's face, each trying to read to the bottom the other's heart, John Brown and Henry A. Wise, living, breathing types of two old and mutually distrusting forces; one in a broad sense a child of Fortune and sipping the wine of Success, the other, in God's providence, a son of Toil and drinking to the lees the distillations of obscurity and failure; and before the grass had matted over Brown's grave their political embodiments rushed at each other and clenched in a deadly struggle, for the fullness of time had come.

Brown's bloody intent, involving as it did a universal massacre, caused the South to shudder, recalling the frightful butcheries of San Domingo. Unfortunately the unscrupulous among the Southern fire-eaters translated Brown's demoniacal attempt as duly expressing the real and true feelings of the entire North; and their orators, after Mr. Lincoln's election as president, lashed themselves into delirium and clamored for secession with its inevitable war. Finally the challenge was thrown down, with wild screams of defiance, by the thousands who had clung to the Union.

The challenge was accepted, the tragedy began; slavery, as an institution for the South to fight for, disappeared in a twinkling, and in the North the question whether one state or a dozen states could throw the star of our country from its course became the inspiring, living issue.

Well, well! But, as St. Juliana said, 'All *is* well and all *shall* be well'; yet how little did Governor Wise dream that day in Charleston that in less than six years he would be on the hills above Farmville in the hopeless wreck of the last fighting force of the South. But so it had come to pass, and I pity the old man, with spectacles and gray beard, who, under the awful disappointment of defeat, and worn out with worry and hunger, unbolted the door of his heart. He has long since gone to his grave on the eastern shore of his beloved Chesapeake, and I am sure he sleeps quietly, for I have heard the lulling of the waves on those long sandy beaches myself.

(To be continued.)

THE LONG PRAYER

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

WHEN I cut the leaves of an *Atlantic* of a year or so ago — but I forget, one does not cut the *Atlantic* any more. (I wonder how many other readers of the beloved magazine reach instinctively for a paper-cutter when they sit down to the happy consideration of the last 'yellow-back'; and then are disconcerted to find the familiar preliminaries to perusal entirely dispensed with.) When I opened this *Atlantic*, I turned eagerly to the alluring title, 'The Seven Worst Sermons.'

The joys of a reader are manifold, but chief among them stands that of discovering some obscure grievance of his own suddenly in print. Unless, indeed, he had planned to write upon the subject himself; then the discovery has its own share of grievousness. Now I had never thought of writing about the Seven Worst Sermons, I had hardly realized that I held any strong convictions concerning them; but Mr. Smith's title awoke in me an instant response, and I fell upon his paper. When I emerged, it was with a sigh. 'There! that's been said. How desirable! I hope all the clergymen in the country will see this *Atlantic*. But, after all, the long prayer is worse.' Being roused to a knowledge of my own resentment in one line, I sprang to intelligence of a kindred sorrow which lies deeper still. An Episcopal rector, Mr. Smith does not understand how much more trying than the sermon the long prayer can be.

There are not seven worst long prayers. There is only one. Its conven-

tional form is so well established that one never thinks of referring to it in the plural. But its combinations vary, and sometimes they seem to amount to seventy times seven offenses against reverence and humor.

In its typical presentment it is an elaborate and painstaking production, so earnestly conscientious that one admits himself cruel to criticize it. It is the work of research and reflection, of a good deal of time. The pastor who utters its careful phrases must first have made a very thorough mental canvass of his flock. That is admirable. A pastor should know the circumstances and needs of his people; but rather for his own sake than for that of their Maker.

'O, Lord,' I heard an earnest young man pray not long ago, 'be also with thy servants who are not present in thy sanctuary. Perhaps they cannot come; perhaps they are detained by sickness; perhaps, O, Lord, their duty holds them at the bedside of some sufferer.'

That was a considerate explanation; but 'perhaps' it was not altogether necessary.

There is a great deal of etiquette about the long prayer, and that makes it an anxious performance. Certain subjects must be broached, in a certain order. General petitions come first — smooth sailing enough, for these waters are wide, and the most absent-minded mariner can hardly go astray. But when it comes to the shoals and reefs of the special requests at the end, there is danger of disaster. What if Mr.

Brown's fever should be forgotten, or old Mrs. Simpson's broken hip, or the fact that the Slocums are on the sea, or the vague surmises of hidden and quite unmentionable trouble which lurks in the Hawkins family? The last Johnson baby, too, has arrived within the week and must be acknowledged. Moreover, there was a wedding last Tuesday, and the absent and presumably blissful bride and groom must be remembered.

Remembered: that is the term, and it is a significant one. Many pastors are absent-minded (the endearing quality seems to belong to the amiable class), and their wives must tremble for them during the latter half of the long prayer.

As for a 'visiting' minister in a strange pulpit — his case is pitiable. To be sure, his unfamiliarity with the parish furnishes him with a seemingly obvious excuse for all short-comings; but some deacon, or, more likely, deacon's wife, is pretty certain to take him in hand in the little study adjoining the pulpit, three minutes before the Doxology.

'I thought you ought to know that we have a sudden and serious case of paralysis in our congregation this week. There's an epidemic of scarlet fever, too; but perhaps — And our Sunday-school superintendent has had half a million dollars left him; he was very poor, his wife took in sewing, so you see — But perhaps, after all, you might not think it best — At any rate, you won't forget to remember our absent pastor and his family.'

One wonders respectfully if, under these confusing circumstances, the bewildered clergyman does not sometimes make notes on his cuffs, or at least on his sermon's margin. Surely the act would give no offense to — well, to any one. But think how, with the best of memories, he must be put to

it to feel his way safely among the unknown needs of this strange congregation. The deacon's wife failed to tell him who was stricken with paralysis — a man, or a woman, or a child, an unattached individual, or one with a family. The Sunday-school-superintendent affair puzzles him sorely. One cannot, with any religious fitness, give thanks for a mere accretion of filthy lucre to a private person; but if the accretion relieved want and trouble, the situation is elevated. As for the scarlet fever, that requires delicate presentation. If spiritual matters did not skirt such a frequent and perilous edge between the sublime and the ridiculous, life would be a simpler thing.

It is interesting to follow the development of a long prayer especially if one be a member of a little community and understand the allusions. I confess that I have not seldom sat up suddenly in my pew at home, and looked at our minister, breathless. What was he going to say next? That sort of thing is exciting. So are the obviously particular references to which one has no clue, such as an allusion to an affliction that happened at half-past ten last night, and has not yet had time to become generally known. Episodes like the latter have power to stir a whole congregation and set people signaling one another all over the church. 'Do you know what he meant?' 'No.' 'Dear me! perhaps —' 'But I saw her this morning.' Only the most guilelessly disinterested pastor ever allows himself to produce such an effect on his congregation; it works havoc with the attention due to and desired by his sermon.

Perhaps the reader may wonder why I find fault with the long prayer, if it holds so much interest for me. But it does not always; the effect depends on my mood. And anyway, the interest is never one of real satisfaction.

There are places where one does not want to be amused, and church is first among them. I shock myself sadly when I rear myself upright during the long prayer in the manner which I have confessed; but how can I help it if the spirit of the performance does not hold me from such demonstration? I never think of lifting my eyes during the first prayer, which they call the Invocation, or during the short, earnest, heartfelt prayer which follows the sermon. The truth of the matter seems to me that the long prayer is not a prayer at all, but a sort of address or statement, made nominally to the one great bourn of all prayers, but really to the congregation. The Invocation wings its way straight to heaven, but the long prayer goes the round of the pews.

I have said that it offends against reverence and humor. Yes, even although, and precisely because, it sometimes quickens mirth. Humor is too fine a spirit not to know its place in the world, and to resent any offer of privilege where it does not belong. It really hurts the cause of humor to

laugh in church. As for reverence — the good God must be very patient with us, if He sets the long prayer down only to the score of our stupidity.

The whole question of prayer is a difficult one. Of prayer as petition, that is; there can be no doubt of its dignity as a form of praise or a means of communion. If we believe that our needs are known, down to the obscurest necessity which we ourselves only half divine; if we are sure that our personal good is inevitably involved with the universal good which is slowly arriving, why, why, do we trouble deaf heaven with our bootless cries? Deaf? To be sure: since it sees the end from the beginning, and knows that end to be very good. The most majestic verse in the Bible, and the most comforting, is, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

However, the question is quite as vexed as it is difficult; and people have resolute views. I would not offend them. I would only ask them to think of the matter fairly the next time they bow their heads in church and embark on the long prayer.

CHARACTERS IN RECENT FICTION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THERE is a certain thinness of quality, as of mere thought, about many of the vast assemblage of characters that emerge from my large pile of recent novels; and it is interesting, if somewhat dismaying, to see the variety of ulterior purposes which these imaginary personages serve. Has one a grievance? He seeks a wardrobe for it, and

sends it forth in hat and feather, like Hawthorne's Feathertop, to stalk the world, pretending to be alive. Has one a plea to make? It is straightway personified in an ideal human form, and projected into the world, to 'dazzle when the sun goes down,' like fair Inez. The embodiment of a grievance or of an ideal is, of course, an old, old liter-

ary habit; allegory has an ancient and honorable history and is always in order, yet we are all aware of the slight appeal that merely allegorical characters make to those powers of sympathy and awe wherewith we follow human story. In much modern work we cannot miss the central abstraction behind the closely described human physiognomy, even though external definiteness is secured by details of costume, and by the use of such names as John P. Smith and Mary A. Jones, instead of Cowardice or Charity.

The proportion of novels in which one finds the purely artistic impulse to study character closely, and to interpret it for its own sake, is lamentably small; the range of personified ideas is large, and widely diversified. *Barbara Worth*¹ represents a topographical conception, typifying the large and generous nature of a certain section of western country; the central personage in Marie Corelli's latest novel² is revealed, in all the glare of fireworks and foot-lights, as a personification of the author's desire to give evidence as to the immortality of the human soul, — surely not in need of any such spectacular demonstration as this; while son and mother, in Mr. Hamlin Garland's last book,³ stand as embodied question and affirmative answer in regard to the truth of that extremest form of materialism, — spiritualistic belief. In all this work is apparent an insistent desire to impress upon the public some idea or conviction of more or less importance; but much of it gives small proof of patient observation and of thoughtful endeavor to discern the laws of life; and the few novels in

which we find that combination of the individual and the typical which brings the greatest effect of reality in character presentation stand out with startling distinctness.

Some of the personifications in this class of fiction, wherein individual prepossession overmasters study and observation, achieve a certain vividness; more often they fade into the background with the swiftness wherewith an angry mood vanishes. The central woman figure in Mr. Phillips's last novel¹ is a mere bundle of complaints, an enumeration of his grievances against modern womankind, and the character throughout lacks imaginative wholeness, is not created. Feather-top here proves but a scare-crow indeed. The harsh lines of the treatment, the dull anger with which the list of qualities that he resented is checked off, the journalistic quality of the style, make up a volume which impresses one as having neither charm nor power.

Rough, inartistic in method, but of honest purpose is *The Nine Tenths*,² presenting certain phases of the wrongs of the workingmen. Mr. Joe, after his awakening, becomes the embodiment of the right attitude toward the submerged, and might be named Sympathy. Throughout, deep concern with down-trodden humankind gives the book vitality and value. In modern fiction, as in old allegory, figures which present ideals are more convincing, usually, than those which embody grievances; the Red Cross Knight is far more real than Duessa; and Mr. Joe is not only better worth doing than the heroine of *The Conflict*, but better done.

*Mother*³ is a personification of all the

¹ *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. By HAROLD B. WRIGHT. The Book Supply Co.

² *The Life Everlasting*. By MARIE CORELLI. Hodder and Stoughton.

³ *Victor Ollnee's Discipline*. By HAMLIN GARLAND. Harper & Bros.

¹ *The Conflict*. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. Appleton & Co.

² *The Nine Tenths*. By JAMES OPPENHEIM. Harper & Bros.

³ *Mother*. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. The Macmillan Co.

sweet and lovable qualities of all unselfish mothers, and the book is at once a plea and a warning to the maidens of to-day that they may not permit their intellectual and artistic pursuits to rob them of the larger life of home. It is wholesome, appealing, and genuine in its teaching. Throughout it has an inner fineness, an old-fashioned quality, in its recognition of good-breeding as belonging in the realm of the spiritual, not of the material; and this is doubly welcome now, when in our increasing sophistication we hear so much of the theory that good-breeding is a matter of courts and of cities, and may not be associated with village life, or with lack of wealth.

*Flower o' the Peach*¹ sets forth the race wrongs of the natives of South Africa, and tells, in the story of the young Kaffir who represents these wrongs, and of the young English girl who embodies the protest of civilization against them, an interesting tale, wherein both people and background are more fully created than is usual in fiction based on a special plea.

Mr. Anthony Hope's latest heroine² is a carefully studied character, whose experiences are designed to set forth the immemorial social wrongs of womankind. The difficulties in which she finds herself involved through her defiance of the law regarding marriage are presented with true dramatic sense of the consequences of her choice; and the logic of circumstance, through which her act of rebellion for the sake of larger life gradually robs her of the human companionship that makes up life, gives pause for thought.

Thorpe³ is an embodied naughtiness,

reminding one of the little boy in the jam-closet, the boarding-school girl at a midnight spread. The question of the validity of marriage is worked out in light comedy, whence a single characteristic of the hero, the attitude of protest, developed in different situations, becomes the basis of the plot. That there are many abuses connected with the institution of matrimony is undoubted, as undoubted as the fact that humanity has not as yet found a satisfactory substitute, — and the spectacle of the young human animal, capering away, even in thought, from social obligation, is not helpful. The sprightliness of the book is full of self-consciousness, the vivacity heavy and forced, and its suggestions as to a way out of the difficulty are neither edifying nor amusing. Against *Thorpe's Way*, *Mrs. Maxon Protests*.

However much one may chafe at times at the limitations of Mrs. Ward's mind, at that absence of humor which means absence of insight into the deepest ironies and tragedies of life, one is grateful always to enter her world, wherein ideas and ideals dominate, a world so different from our own, with its worship of wealth and of physical force, that, in following, one seems to be stepping into another planet. Doubtless her great popularity here is partly due to the fact that, in novel after novel, she recreates, for the old-fashioned reader, that rapidly vanishing atmosphere of an earlier day, of inherited spirituality, of gracious ways of thought wherein the inner life is more than the outer.

There is in *Richard Meynell*¹ much reminiscence of Mrs. Ward's earlier work, not merely from the fact that it takes up again the problems of *Robert Elsmere*, and that his daughter is heroine of the book, but because page after

¹ *Flower o' the Peach*. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. The Century Co.

² *Mrs. Maxon Protests*. By ANTHONY HOPE. Harper & Bros.

³ *Thorpe's Way*. By MORLEY ROBERTS. The Century Co.

¹ *The Case of Richard Meynell*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Doubleday, Page & Co.

page recalls old shades of thought, old touches of characterization. If it has less depth and breadth than *David Grieve*, less fine insight into delicate shades of human character than *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, it has none of the superficiality of *Marriage à la Mode*, where she was perhaps trying to write down to her American public, and wrote too far down.

The problem is that of an emancipated Christian rector, who, devoting himself with Christlike simplicity to teaching and preaching a simple gospel creed, comes into collision with the ecclesiastical powers, because of his radical theology. 'All Christianity save that of Christ,' as Mr. Herford says of Shelley, 'failed to the last to touch his imagination.' This type of primitive Christian piety, set against a background of labor commotions, is appealing. Richard Meynell, however, is the personification of an idea, and if it were not for his pipe, his rumpled clothes, his fawning dogs, could easily fade into a shadowy something that might be called Holiness or Great-heart.

We find here less freshness and poignancy in working out the inner struggle than in *Robert Elsmere*, doubtless because there is here no clash between human passion and spiritual ideal. The intellectual problem is not so fully the motive power of the tale as in the earlier book, and the most dramatic bit of story, that of the wayward young girl Hester, has small connection with the *motif*. The tragic crisis seems to be hers, not Richard Meynell's, and in point of looseness of structure, of failure to identify theme and plot, the novel is somewhat inferior to most of Mrs. Ward's serious work.

Inevitably the characterization suffers, and there is small trace of growth or change in the central personage. Perfect in conviction and in self-mas-

tery at the outset, he is perfect in conviction and self-mastery at the end, and as a human being is far less real than David Grieve, whose slow development in the face of difficulties was masterfully traced. Neither the young disciple of Richard Meynell, Stephen Barron, in his attitude of entire adoration, nor the shadowy heroine, adds to the impression of reality in the hero of the book, and perhaps the most fully created personage is wild Hester, whose story in the sub-plot dangerously threatens the interest in the main plot.

Mr. Herrick's latest novel¹ has for hero an embodied ideal through whom a protest and a plea are made. There is much interest in the delineation of this healer by divine right, scornful of the airy unrealities of social life, and of what he considers the commercial and subsidized power of the medical profession. A conception of what a physician should be, in honesty, disinterestedness, and curative gift, is here presented, against a background of primitive forest life, full of the appeal of clear air and the breath of freedom. As the charming love story slips into a satirical presentation of the defects of the Healer's wife, it seems sad that this man, more than human in his power of healing kindness to the world, should prove less than human in his treatment of wife and children. The first clash of opinion with his wife seems, in his own opinion, to justify him in neglect of her ever after; and the rather brutal egotism that here emerges saves him, at least, from being put among the heroes of allegory as an embodied perfection.

With all its interest, the story seems a bit hasty and ill-considered, as such swift workmanship must be. This shows in the quick, unfinished

¹ *The Healer*. By ROBERT HERRICK. The Macmillan Co.

character-delineation, and also in the critical thought revealed in plot, in characters, and in abstract discussion. There is too much impressionism, too much improvised and sketchy allusion in the indictment of the medical profession of the country; and even those inclined to believe many of the conclusions, would be glad to have a more thorough and convincing presentation, and of more of the grounds for such conclusions.

There may be, in view of the large sales of the book there must be, people to whom the hero of *The Following of a Star*¹ seems a fully-created character, instead of an embodied abstraction. I had thought, however, that the days had passed when we could thrill over the type of hero whose dark hair falls over a pallid brow, and who talks of his approaching lonely grave in Africa. Presumably all graves are lonely! To call him effeminate would shame the valiant modern woman, yet in all his lonely perfections he is undoubtedly the creation of an over-feminine mind. Feminine taste is apparent, too, in the scenic background, which is worked up with deep sense of the value of rich stuffs, and also in the belittling use, for personal decoration, of the great Christmas symbols, the star, the frankincense, the myrrh.

There is no more pathetic evidence of a crying lack in our time than the enormous and unwarranted popularity of this kind of unhealthy fiction. Our wealth-ridden, progress-ridden, science-ridden world refuses after all to be satisfied with mere physical well-being. It is wistfully eager for expression of faith in things spiritual; yet long dominance of materialistic ideas has apparently made us lose all sense of values. We are in desperate need of novelists and of poets to point out the possibili-

ties of enlarging inner life, but we need virile voices to drown the gushing sentimentality of work like this. The commercial spirituality, the fundamental materialism of the book, are all too apparent, despite its suave religious vocabulary; and its great vogue is another proof of the way in which our spiritual ideals have become hopelessly entangled with our pursuit of wealth. All the joys of the other world, and of this world also, are heaped upon the hero's head, and his suffering self-abnegation only intensifies his enjoyment of extreme wealth in the happiness ever after, for his destination proves to be not that lonely grave, but a luxuriously-cushioned, flower-decorated motor. The book is fundamentally unsound, from the point of view of artistic truth, and will hardly appeal to those who care for honest work in fiction, or for disinterested faith.

As a contrast stands out a book which makes a special plea in behalf of the inner life, Mr. Norman Duncan's *Measure of a Man*,¹ to which the sting of frost and snow, the keen breath of the north winds, give added vitality. It is a rough and ready tale of one valiant man, fighting single-handed the battle of the spirit among men who have sunk below the level of the brute. It is perhaps over-didactic, and it lacks the depth and the tragic sense of ironic values that some of the author's short stories possess, notably that incomparably good tale, *The Wayfarer*, but it is wholesome, and full of masculine energy.

If many of the characters in recent fiction seem over-ideated, too much the embodiment of desire or of protest, too little the result of disinterested observation and study, another class presents itself in which the opposite is true, and we find a maximum of observ-

¹ *The Following of a Star*. By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¹ *The Measure of a Man*. By NORMAN DUNCAN. The Fleming H. Revell Co.

ation of human life with a minimum of desire, or of ability, to interpret it.

To many of the readers of *The Old Wives' Tale*, and of *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*¹ brings a sense of disappointment. There was reason to hope that, from the many interesting elements in Mr. Bennett's singularly uneven work, artistic clearness might emerge; that the author who could so ably render the pathos of age and of illness, the reaction of the imaginative, emotional fancy upon the hard facts of life, would win his way to a triumphant working-out of the truth of informing idea, at one with the truth of observation. The new book marks retrogression rather than progression; the underlying idea is harder to find; the array of facts is less significant. The wearisome repertorial character of the work, and a newspaper quality in the style, are more in evidence than in the earlier books, and the hold upon the actual is weaker.

Hilda, in this minute account of her, is far less real than in *Clayhanger*, where her personality is more briefly and more imaginatively suggested. Moreover, she hardly seems to be the same woman, except in the earlier part of the book, the blurring and the coarsening of the character differentiating her more and more, as the tale goes on, from the Hilda of *Clayhanger*. The opening chapters are full of human interest in the presentation of the ironies in the relation of mother to daughter, — the nearness which yet means distance; and in the chapters following the feminine sense of expectation, of waiting for wonder-happenings, is often vividly drawn; but, partly because of excess of the analytical method, personality is dissipated among successive moments of sensation, and Hilda is never fully created.

¹ *Hilda Lessways*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If the old theory of Locke and of Hobbes had come true, that life and thought are but a series of sense-impressions, of disintegrated states of consciousness, this kind of art would adequately represent humanity; but it is not true, and, from this mass of haphazard, momentary experiences clear lines of character-development fail to emerge. Moreover, there is an almost mechanical iteration of psychological states, as the girl's sense of coming romance clashes with hard realities, and the repeated striking of the one note becomes wearisome. In its unassimilated, uncoördinated detail it is as inconclusive as a shop-window; and, as in most of the work dealing largely with physical sensation, there is no imaginative wholeness of conception. Creation is impossible without selection; the realists who attempt to give the whole of life by telling all the facts make an enormous mistake; the facts are there for all to see, but why write, unless you are able to convert mere fact into artistic truth, observing, thinking, selecting, in a fashion that shall call forth imaginative response from the reader? There are wide fissures and gaps in Mr. Arnold Bennett's attempt to tell everything; and in the light of this latest book it seems but a lumpy and spasmodic realism that he achieves in following the old query of the realist as to how character can be delineated without imaginative conception of character.

One wonders if Mr. Bennett's admiration for the author of *Jennie Gerhardt*¹ is based partly upon a consciousness that here is an author who can be even more non-committal than himself in the presentation of endless happenings. Flashes of interpretation, hints of idealism, creep into Mr. Bennett's work, but in *Jennie Gerhardt*, which

¹ *Jennie Gerhardt*. By THEODORE DREISER. Harper & Bros.

has more steadiness and less significance of detail, the gray monotony is never relieved. In this long tale of the woman who is the victim of bitter poverty and of men's selfishness, there is a certain reality of momentary impression, yet one lays it down with a feeling of wonder that so many facts can mean so little. Is this realistic veracity as close to the truth as it seems? When Jennie makes ready her dinner, first daintily decorating the table, then lighting the candles for it, then going out to put the leg of lamb into the oven to roast, — 'from three to four hours,' say the cook-books, — an amused skepticism is roused in the reader, who wonders if the ultra-realists, like Jennie, are not beginning at the wrong end in spreading the table before us. Here, as in *Hilda Lessways*, the personality slips through that which is said about it, though here one is less baffled by a feeling that there is personality there, if one were only permitted to know it, and the long, closely-detailed narrative leaves one with a feeling of unachieved character presentation.

Some of the notices of the book have spoken of the method as being like that of the Russian novelists, but surely the statement is misleading. In the Russian work there is a deep and tragic sense of fate, an undercurrent of emotion which makes their apparently unmoved recitation of details full of tragic power. One finds it in Tolstoy, in Turgénieff, in Dostoievsky. It comes from a depth of temperament that perhaps has in it something of the Oriental sense of unfathomable meanings. Of the thousand and one facts of daily life the Russian can work out a drama of destiny wherein the very surroundings seem heavily charged with significance. That splendid, listening impersonality of the Russian, the sphinx-sense of mystery, is a race characteristic, and cannot be borrowed.

Each nation must learn to express itself in its own way; the Russian method is inextricably a result of immemorial race-consciousness, and we can copy it no more successfully than we could copy their complexions, or the shape of their faces. That patient suspension of judgment during long brooding no race can imitate; we are more quick in thought, moving more swiftly to conclusions, right or wrong, and our art must represent us, as Russian art represents the Russians. It is impossible for us to get on without betraying our working programme, and where the method is attempted the author is betrayed, as here, by some minor prepossession. After a long and seemingly impersonal study of Jennie Gerhardt and her surroundings, he steps in at the end with the dubious plea in regard to the superiority of the type of woman who yields over-easily to masculine demands, right or wrong. The plea belittles the entire book, both ethically and artistically.

Aside from the personified theses, and the novels wherein the multitudinous facts of life are left to shift for themselves, the character-interpretations in this recent fiction are many and varied. Several of the people in Miss Abbott's book of short stories¹ are mere personifications of moods on the verge of hysteria, and hysterical language is found or invented to match the mood. In the *Song of Renny*,² as in much of Mr. Hewlett's work dealing with the past, we find long lines of battle, murder, and sudden death converging in erotic moments, and through all the picturesqueness of treatment the characters are done with the single intent of intensifying the effect of those moments.

¹ *The Sick-a-Bed Lady*. By ELEANOR HALLIWELL ABBOTT. The Century Co.

² *The Song of Renny*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A gossipy chronicle of life in Washington,¹ from the point of view of a sensible Western lady, gives many an amusing glimpse of social and political affairs at our national capital; while Mr. Meredith Nicholson's *Hoosier Chronicle*² presents a broad and interesting picture of Indiana life. The history of the making and marring of men in politics is strongly conceived and graphically presented, while throughout, a certain high-mindedness on the part of the author makes itself felt refreshingly. More than one interesting character emerges, the most delightful of all being Mrs. Sally Owen, the elderly lady who is wise in regard to many things besides blooded horses. Romance runs through this chronicle of state events, and mystery involving the heroine of the tale lends piquancy and charm.

Two books of light comedy³ present the young American hero in those characteristics which are as much a part of his make-up as is the vestment of stars and stripes in the caricatures of Uncle Sam: quick resourcefulness, humor, unconventionality, absolute disinterestedness, imperturbable strength. Both novels are full of idyllic appeal, of romance, whose charm is strengthened by loveliness of background; in the one case the green meadows of Dapplemere, in the other a moss-grown ancestral castle. The Arcadia of the *Money Moon* has unusual fascination, but is not the chink of quite-so many pounds of gold in that pastoral atmosphere a little vulgar? Both stories are humorous, and well-fitted to beguile the weariest reader in his weariest hour.

¹ *The Woman from Wolverton*. By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS. The Century Co.

² *A Hoosier Chronicle*. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *The Money Moon*. By JEFFERY FARNOL. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Pandora's Box. By JOHN AMES MITCHELL. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The suggestion of idyllic atmosphere brings to mind Mrs. Burnett's latest tale,¹ which comes like a breath of spring from the childhood of the world. It is a story of the healing power of nature, transforming an ill-tempered, selfish little girl into a happy and generous one. Though it is frankly based on an ethical idea, and the forces shaping character are drawn with unmistakable moral intent, yet so potent still is the author's genius that the idea, like the old garden, becomes alive. The amazing naturalness of the three children makes the children in the other books of the season seem self-conscious, and one marvels anew at the secret of the undying freshness of Mrs. Burnett's work.

There are several novels in which character-study is rather especially emphasized, perhaps at the expense of plot. *Christopher*² is a genial and pleasant account of the development of a sensitive, impressionable lad, presented in a leisurely manner that has the charm of an elder day. The study of the earlier years is more interesting than that of later days, partly perhaps because of the picturesqueness of the foreign background, but partly, too, because the child-psychology is more definitely and vividly rendered than is that of youth.

*Adrian Savage*³ is the first book by Lucas Malet that I can recall which connects her thought with that of her father, Charles Kingsley. The theme, like that of the *Saint's Tragedy*, is the glory of matrimony, though the daughter is fighting, not false asceticism but false intellectuality. The abstract plea is cleverly hidden behind the prolonged

¹ *The Secret Garden*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

² *Christopher*. By RICHARD PRYCE. Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *Adrian Savage*. By LUCAS MALET. Harper & Bros.

sketch of a very charming masculine personality, that of Adrian Savage, who combines the best traits of the two peoples from whom he springs, the French and the English. He is chivalric, sympathetic, idealistic, with a fine and exquisite sense of honor, and, throughout the plot devised to glorify his traits, bears himself gallantly. In the dreary story of the starved woman cousin, whose over-intellectualized, under-humanized training makes her a prey to a passion for him which she cannot control, save through death, the ethical meaning is presented with a bald directness lacking in the author's vividly dramatic *Wages of Sin*, and in *Sir Richard Calmady*. The heroine is but a shadow, almost automatically smiling her Mona Lisa smile; she would be far more convincing if some indication were given of the forces drawing her away from Adrian. The attraction of the feminist movement is not explained, and there are no concrete touches in the treatment of her relation to it.

Lucas Malet's work is always interesting, and has always intellectuality and depth. Here, though there is a lack of centralization there is much suggestive character-interpretation, notably that of the mad caricaturist, M. Dax, who occupies a place in the pages totally out of proportion to his importance in the plot; of the piteous Joanna; of the vulgar and unscrupulous Challoner; most of all of Adrian, who is presented in all the reality of a very human complexity, and whose bewilderment in the face of the crises in the tale is full of reality.

*The Joyous Wayfarer*¹ is firm and fine in the texture of its workmanship, especially in character-delineation. The study of a man, born to be an artist, forced to become a lawyer, working his

way into his own, is an old story in English fiction, but it is here told in new fashion, and is the record of a new and very real hero. The silent force of Louis Massingdale, half English, half French, makes itself felt from the first, in his words and in his reticences, in the potent influence of his personality upon others. In reading you remember your Thackeray, and *Trilby*, and *The Beloved Vagabond*, but the slight touches of reminiscence do not detract from the original and forcible treatment of a character of unusual strength and charm. The laxity of moral standard for which the notices of the book apologize is perhaps atoned for by the fact that the hero of the tale resolutely puts the sins of his youth behind him, when his first real experience comes, and the fact that blunders and indiscretions make up part of his sympathy with humankind, which is boundless, sweet, and strong. Picturesque background, picturesque motley personages, and a fine dramatic finale, add to the interest of the book.

Among the more serious pieces of fiction which attempt the working-out of human characteristics into dramatic plot, one finds *The Fruitful Vine*,¹ wherein Mr. Hichens attempts, without achieving, the impossible in the matter of character-delineation. It is an endeavor to study a human dilemma, — in this case a childless marriage, — and to follow the play of human motive and act in seeking relief from unhappiness. In cold-blooded fashion, much detail is heaped up around a central hypothesis; fact is heaped upon fact. There is a lack of relief, a dead solidity, an absence of light of intellect or of imagination, in the book, so that, in spite of its explicitness, it fails of an effect of reality. If — perish the thought! — Mr. Hichens had written

¹ *The Joyous Wayfarer*. By HUMPHREY JORDAN. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¹ *The Fruitful Vine*. By ROBERT HICHENS. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

a book twice as long, if he had written to the end of time, he could never have made the woman of the story real, for the combination of traits which he has attempted to make is monstrous and impossible.

Over-fastidiousness, delicacy, sensitiveness, could never lead to her solution of the problem. There is no genuine character-creation in this over-minute account of Dolores Cannyng, no imaginative grasp of the situation, no artistic fusion of story and background. As the *Fruitful Vine* moves on its unpleasant way to its revolting conclusion, we are aware all the time of sickness, morbidity, a dreary emphasis on physical fact suggesting the resourcelessness of a generation aware, apparently, of only one way to take hold on life.

A bit of relief comes in the picturing of the happy home of the Denzils; but this phase of the story, except in the scenes dealing with the illness and death of the father, is commonplace enough. One wonders why the action should take place in Rome? Not all the beauty, significance, pathos, of Rome, past and present, can glorify the theme, partly because they have nothing to do with it, and the descriptions, sandwiched between the pseudo-scientific expositions of character, are no vital part of the motive power of the book.

Another story, of far less pretension, set against the same background, attains a far higher degree of artistic veracity. In *Her Roman Lover*¹ we find evidence of close and quiet work in character-study, and the presentation of widely-differing types is deftly and significantly done. The fact that the American girl and the Roman youth reveal two races does not mean that individual portraiture is sacrificed for

the sake of the larger investigation. The attractions and repulsions of two contrasting personalities, the deep, if not complete, affection, the inevitable clash, make up a plot which unfolds itself so naturally that you cease to think of it as a plot. Among the many books which deal with the Italian temperament one rarely finds such close observation, and there is much subtlety in the way in which the fine meshes of thought and of feeling are woven and interwoven with the action. The background is delicately and suggestively sketched, but never obtruded; moreover, it is an essential part of the story.

There is always in Mrs. Deland's work genial observation of human nature, with constant outlook for its better side. The gift of humor, added to her gift of sympathy, meant unusual richness of dower for a woman, and it is partly due to the humor, perhaps, that she has been allowed to keep, with her moral earnestness, an artistic sincerity that reckons with the facts.

The new novel¹ is large in scope and deep in purpose—the story of a ruthlessly strong feminine personality which dominates everything about her, and becomes the determining influence in the fate of the chief personages in the book. At moments the Iron Woman suggests an abstraction, and seems compact of all the iron qualities of unflinching womankind of all times and all countries. If her peculiarities of hair, dress, and manner are a trifle overdone, appearing in almost mechanical repetition, yet in the main she seems true to fact, and is by far the most interesting character in the book, effectively set against a background of flaring light and molten metal from her foundry. The slow revelation of passionate maternal love, concealed by

¹ *Her Roman Lover*. By EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹ *The Iron Woman*. By MARGARET DELAND. Harper & Bros.

the hard exterior, gives the character something of universality, and the disasters brought about by the weakness which is part of her greatest strength, are convincingly wrought out in the tale.

The story of the way in which her doting fondness ruins her son and brings about the crisis; of the way in which Helena Ritchie saves the situation, is ethically sound and strong, and is told with much dramatic power. The tale is didactic, yet human, full of the play of personality, but a trifle over-assured in its conclusions. Something of the freshness of observation that characterized the author's earlier work is gone, and, as the book systematically and triumphantly demonstrates its meaning, one is left with a sense that, after all, *Old Chester Tales* marks the summit of Mrs. Deland's achievement. In these, the sunny humor, the invincible faith in human beings, and in the power back of human lives, show at their best. Close observation, records of the habits and the traits of people, are delicately balanced. In *The Iron Woman* the scales tip too emphatically on the side of the lesson to be enforced.

In *Ethan Frome*,¹ Mrs. Wharton has produced a story of great strength, different in manner from much of her work, and of far deeper appeal. Instead of that amused, satirical aloofness, which gives the reader, in much of her fiction, a feeling that the author is a mere spectator, in no way involved in the human predicament, here is a depth of comprehending sympathy, too deep for mere word or comment, wrought into the very fibre of this tale of ill-starred love. The naked reality of human life and pain is presented with an almost startling vividness; the tale, though simply told, is

finely dramatic in its way of following suppressed human passion to the inevitable tragic catastrophe. There is much less of mere analysis, much more of imaginative wholeness of conception than in many of Mrs. Wharton's tales, and there is an exquisite fitness of character to tradition and surroundings. It is one of the most skillful things that Mrs. Wharton has ever done, and her power of selection, her artistic restraint, have never been more in evidence.

Tante,¹ by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is a most unusual book, and is, in the depth and the thoroughness of the character delineation, by far the best among the sixty-odd recent novels upon my shelves. It is original in conception — a study, on a scale, I think, not before attempted, of feminine egotism; and in reading it one feels that at last the long-looked-for companion-piece to Meredith's *Egoist*, feminine to stand beside the masculine, has been found. This has not, however, the universality that makes Meredith's *Egoist* seem to sum up the egotism of all types of men; it is distinctively an investigation of an artist type; yet so much of it suggests the wrong side of the 'eternal feminine,' detected with keenness, presented with illuminating clearness, that many parts may well stand for a study of the egotism of all types of women. Instead of the passive hero, standing upon a pedestal for the admiration of womankind, as in Meredith's brilliant, ironic comedy, we see here the active-beneficent, the sham-motherly in all its phases, the self-seeking that disguises itself as care for others. Throughout, except in the rare moments when the veiled, passionate egotism breaks through, as lightning breaks through a cloud, we listen to a bland, masking vocabulary of

¹ *Ethan Frome*. By EDITH WHARTON. Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ *Tante*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. The Century Co.

sweetness and consideration that hides Tante's selfishness even from her own eyes.

The element of the typical in the character-study nowhere reduces it to mere abstraction, for close study is given to a temperament complex, many-sided, with a result of unusual artistic completeness. The characterization is deft, skillful, and full of concrete touches, and progressive revelation of the central personage goes on even when she is not actually before us, through the effect of the domineering personality on other lives. We are constantly made aware of her pervading presence through the memoranda on the heart and mind of her protégée, Karen Woodruff, so that the way in which this young girl faces the crisis in her life becomes a revelation of the older woman.

The comedy-plot involves discomfiture, exposure of the false and the unreal; Karen, the worshiper, sees her idol's feet of clay, and is thenceforward free to live her own life. As is usual in this type of critical comedy, there is little change or growth in the central character, only progressive revelation, as Tante becomes more and more hopelessly involved in her own characteristics.

The minor personages are delightfully done, with sympathetic humor. Slight but graphic touches bring Franz before us, the impossible young German Jew of the artistic soul and the kindly heart. The delineation of that unpretentious yet potent personality, Mrs. Talcott, the American 'old girl,' with her clearness of vision, her untrumpeted human kindness, shows that the author has not forgotten that which is best in the land of her birth. It would be well if Mrs. Talcott's remarks could be studied as a pattern by the many English writers of fiction — Lucas Malet among them — who

attempt to render American vernacular, and who flounder so wildly among impossible terms, and possible ones in impossible combinations. Karen, the heroine, is full of charm, and both in her ecstasy of adoration for the older woman, and in her anguish of discovery, displays those qualities of loyalty and truth which long companionship with sham had been unable to weaken.

Tante, with its informing idea clearly and artistically presented, puts to shame the tales made up of an aggregation of details, and also brings out a lack in some of the stories first discussed in the article, which present truth of conviction, perhaps, but evade the novelist's sterner lack of reckoning with the actual. One does not feel here that the facts have been warped and twisted in making out a case; they ring true; our own partial observation constantly confirms them. But the author's mind is busy with the high task of interpreting human life, and not merely her hands, in collecting data, perhaps meaningless. The marshaling of idea and of evidence is masterly.

There is a cosmopolitan quality in the work which seems to come from actual acquaintance with the scenes and the types described, and has not the 'made-up' air which we find in many an American tale of European life. If there is in *Tante* something of over-elaboration, especially at the outset; if, sometimes, people and places are over-minutely described, with a loss of the graphic directness of *A Fountain Sealed*, yet, interesting from the first word, the story grows more and more interesting as one reads on, the situation becomes more and more dramatic, and the tragic crisis that flows so inevitably from the characters intensifies in power to the end.

There is, after all, more of sympathy than of satire in the book; one marvels

at the unembittered keenness of the author's mind, for the gentle understanding that accompanies her clearness of vision is not found often in people who 'see through' things. Miss

Sedgwick goes further than the ordinary satirist, and sees through even her own cleverness, into that deep need of humanity — under all foibles, limitations, vanities — for sympathy.

THE YELLOW BOWL

BY LILY A. LONG

WHEN first the Manchu came to power,
A potter made this yellow bowl,
With quiet curve and border scroll,
And here inlaid the imperial flower.
The peace of art was in his soul.
Had not the Manchu come to power?

Upon the flaky yellow base
That now is dull and now is bright,
A flowering branch, a bird alight,
Expressed his thought in formal grace.
Had not disorder taken flight
And left for art a quiet place?

And then, the artist sense alight,
He drew upon the yellow bowl
The symbol of the restless soul, —
A butterfly, in poised flight.
*For though the Manchu was in power,
The soul must wake when strikes the hour.*

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XXVI

A CHAPTER ON FILIAL DUTY

AT the punctual hour of half-past four that afternoon Mother entered the lift at Park Mansions, and was hoisted in a patent elevator to the threshold of the Guilty Pair.

Happily on this occasion her ring was answered not by a damsel, a knife, and a potato, but by an undeniably smart young parlor-maid who was quite trim enough to please the most severely critical.

Was Mrs. Shelmerdine at home?

The S. Y. P., who had charming natural manners, answered smilingly in the affirmative.

As Mother entered the domain of the Guilty Pair, it seemed to her that everything in the little vestibule, and there was hardly anything in it to speak of, was, considering all things, in surprisingly good taste.

'Why, Mater, this is awfully nice of you,' said the manly voice of Mr. Philip.

Salutations of a filial and unaffected character. The young man was really not deep enough to be wary. All was about to be forgiven evidently, else the good old mater would not be calling upon 'em.

Nevertheless, a little surprise was in store for this optimist. Mary, whose amiable custom it was to meet the whole world a little more than half-way, did not exactly throw herself into the arms of Mother. Mother, more-

over, did not exactly cast herself upon the neck of Mary.

They chose to shake hands rather than have recourse to any less formal style of reception.

'So nice of you, Lady Shelmerdine, to find your way up to our little foot in the air.'

It was said very cool and smiling, but if the young Minx had left it unsaid, it would have been just as well, perhaps, since somehow it did n't seem to help things particularly.

'The art furniture is more comfortable than it looks, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the young Madam archly. 'Try this one. Don't you like our yellow wall-paper? Phil-ipp's taste is so wonderful. Will you have some tea?'

Mother would be pleased to have some tea, but it was by no means clear, for all that, that Mrs. Philip was yet in the Family.

The young Madam poured out tea as though she did n't mind very much whether she was in the Family or whether she was n't.

'Have some tea-cake while it's warm, Mater.'

Mother preferred bread and butter, thank you.

Conversation seemed to languish rather until Mother made the important discovery that you got quite a nice view of the park.

'Toppin'!' said Mr. Philip.

'I'm afraid these flats must be dreadfully expensive,' said the Maternal One.

'Not for the position, Mater.'

Mother hoped not, at any rate.

'Have you noticed our Whistler, Lady Shelmerdine?' said Mary the Demure.

Oh, where was the Whistler? Mother was so fond of canaries.

Something very nearly went wrong with the muffin of Daughter-in-law. Happily it stopped at very nearly.

'The little picture opposite, Lady Shelmerdine. But you can't really see it now the sun has got round to the west.'

Mother had to examine the gem, of course, like any other art critic. Glasses did great execution. Which was the Whistler? Ah yes, to be sure, an artist with a name so original was bound to be rated highly. A present from Sir Herbert Forrest, the famous actor-manager. Yes, Mother had seen him as the Woodman in *Twelfth Night*. How interesting to have such a memento from such a famous man. And how *well* you could see the park. And she did hope it was not too expensive. And everything in such good taste, although yellow for a wall-paper was a rather *modern* color. And such delicious tea. And what charming tea-cups. A present from Mr. Vandeleur. How kind — a memento, of course, of his respect and admiration for Philip's father.

'It did n't say so on the card though, Mater,' said Philip, the proudly inadvertent. 'It said on the card, "To Cinderella, from a Humble Admirer who wishes her every happiness."''

So nice of Mr. Vandeleur to be so tactful. Could there be a clearer indication of Mr. Vandeleur's esteem for the great Pro-Consul?

So much for these elegant preliminaries. But Mother's mission was both high and delicate. Enormous tact was needed. Where and how should she open the ball? *Suaviter in modo* this time, at least.

Was it correct that Philip was standing for Parliament?

Oh, yes.

But as a Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, according to the Leading Morning Journal.

Yes, that was correct also.

That seemed to leave matters rather as they were. Philip was pleasantly frank, yet without being particularly communicative. Mrs. Philip, who was dressed in quite good taste, seemed absorbed in the view of the park from the window.

'I am sure, dear Phil-ipp, you will be sorry to know that your father is upset.'

Like a dutiful son Phil-ipp was awfully sorry.

'And Mr. Vandeleur, of course. Your father was the last peer made by his gover'nment. So wounding to a man as sensitive as Mr. Vandeleur!'

Mr. Philip was sincerely sorry that his little adventure was being taken so seriously by people who he would not have supposed would have paid it any attention.

'But, dear Phil-ipp,' said Mother, 'your father holds such a *special* position in public life. He is *so* upset. A real grief to him, with the affairs of the country in their present deplorable state. The Constitution, you know, about to be overthrown. Dear Phil-ipp, have you fully considered the question?'

Dear Phil-ipp had considered the question, that is, as well as he was able to. He did n't pretend that he knew very much about it; but Polly rather thought (the prophetic soul of Mother!) but Polly rather thought that a man of means and leisure ought to go into Parliament and try and make himself useful to the world. Not that personally he felt he would be of any use at all.

'I can only say, dear Phil-ipp,' said

Mother, 'that your father is much upset; Mr. Vandeleur is much upset; the Press is much upset, and we have all talked about you quite anxiously. Don't you realize what an amount of political capital will be made of your standing as a Rag by the enemies of the Empire?'

'I should n't have thought anybody would have cared twopence about it, Mater. It is n't as though I had any ability.'

'It is not *you*, of course, who matters so much. It is your dear father who carries so much weight in the country.'

But Mr. Philip supposed, though not at all disrespectfully, that a chap of twenty-eight was entitled to views of his own.

Mother did n't quite agree with that general proposition. There were some things—for instance, Religion and Politics, to name only two, although there were others she could have mentioned—in which it was only right for a well-born and expensively nurtured Englishman to defer to the more matured wisdom of his ancestors.

Mr. Philip was awfully sorry, but he rather believed in Progress.

Daughter-in-law still looking through the window, although not wholly absorbed in contemplation of the vernal prospect, was dreadfully afraid that her smile might become vocal.

Mother was fearfully good at argument and always had been. Phil-ipp, of course, was the merest child at it, even though he had been selected by the Party of Progress to fight their great cause.

Mother in her inmost heart thought it was the clearest proof of the contemptible level of Rag intellect, that any body of registered voters should have brought themselves to confide in any such candidate. And Mother nearly boiled over when Mr. Philip

made an even more abject confession of his impotence.

'Come and argue with the Mater a bit,' said he to the Person who was still pretending to look out of the window. 'She's much too clever for me.'

Should Mother take off the gloves? No, decidedly more politic not to remove them. Mother's third chin advanced a little, though, in spite of herself. This daughter of the people was likely to know more about the peeling of potatoes than of the conduct of high politics.

At the summons of her lord, however, the young Minx controlled her mobile features as well as in her lay; and in that designing mind was the question, Should she toy a little with this Victorian Mamma? Or should she exercise her arts and blandishments?

'It is so wrong of Phil-ipp,' said Mother, 'and I think *you* ought to exercise the influence that every wife, that is, if she is good and worthy, has with her husband, and dissuade him from this course. You do see, do you not, that it is most injudicious for a man in his position?'

'Well, Lady Shelmerdine,' said Mischief, having decided in favor of the broader way, 'Phil-ipp looks at it like this—don't you, Phil-ipp? The Rags do get on a bit, but the Waggers are generally going backwards.'

Followed an academic discussion of the situation. A most immoral proceeding Mother was bound to believe. Ingratitude could not further go than for the eldest son of the very last peer created by Mr. Vandeleur's government to go over, horse, foot, and artillery to the foe.

'I'm not to blame for that, though, Mater, am I? And it would have been so much pleasanter for everybody, would n't it, if the Guv'nor had never been given that peerage.'

'To what extent should a son suffer

for the indiscretion of his forebears?' inquired Mischief solemnly.

Mother begged pardon; she did n't understand. At this point the Conference seemed to take a turn for the worse.

Did Mrs. Shelmerdine really suppose, said Mother in icy tones, that young men who stood in the position of her husband had no responsibilities to society?

Oh, yes, Mrs. Shelmerdine quite agreed that they had, and that was why personally she was so glad that he had decided to throw in his lot with the Party of Progress.

'Progress,' said Mother; 'what pray is Progress?'

It was certainly a difficult question for the young Madam to answer, but fortunately Phil-ipp was not depending wholly upon dialectics in the coming battle.

'I am sorry to hear it,' said Mother.

Yes, that was rather subtle for Mother.

'I suppose you feel, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the young wife, 'that if he depended entirely on his powers of argument he would have no chance of getting in.'

Yes, that was what Mother meant, exactly.

Well it seemed that Phil-ipp had several other strings to his bow.

Mother had implicit faith, however, in the essential good sense of her countrymen. They were such shrewd people in the midlands; and Mother hoped and believed that they would demand qualities more positive than those guaranteed by the fact that the Rag candidate was the eldest son of a distinguished father.

Mischief agreed; but if the Candidate was able to kick three goals against Aston Villa, which, in the opinion of the local experts, he was quite capable of doing if he went into special

training for the purpose, there was no power on earth which could keep him from the head of the poll.

This, of course, took Mother out of her depth completely. She herself was something of an old parliamentary hand; and she had gained first-hand experience in the days when the Pro-Consul was merely Sir Walter and a light of the House of Commons. But this was beyond her.

Mother had never heard of Aston Villa; and when Daughter-in-Law took pains to explain who Aston Villa was, somehow Mother did n't seem to be very much enlightened. But of one thing she was sure. To fight a parliamentary election upon any such basis was sheer degradation of the British Constitution.

No, somehow the Conference did n't seem to prosper. But to do Mother justice, too, she was quite prepared to eat Humble Pie.

'To be perfectly candid, Phil-ipp,' said Mother, really getting to business at last, 'your father has taken counsel of Mr. Vandeleur, most anxious counsel; and acting upon his suggestion he is fully prepared to offer a warm welcome to you both in Grosvenor Square; and he very much hopes you will allow your name to be withdrawn, and sometime quite soon Mr. Vandeleur himself will find you a constituency, because he is really concerned that a young man of such promise should be lost to the party.'

Thus did Mother struggle right nobly with the unsavory cates.

Phil-ipp and Mary were touched, of course, by the liberal offer, touched very deeply; but they did n't quite see how it would be possible for the former to swallow his principles, even allowing for the fact that the fatted calf is such delectable eating. They were awfully nice about it, though, which is, of course, what you would expect them

to be; but they maintained that, after all, a man who had attained the ripe age of twenty-eight might aspire to a few convictions. Dear Phil-ipp felt so strongly that the future lay with the Party of Progress.

Mother failed undoubtedly in her diplomatic errand. And no doubt the measure of her failure was in her parting words, that dear Phil-ipp would never be forgiven by his father if he persisted in going to the poll.

Mother took an affectionate leave of the Errant Son, but her leave of Daughter-in-Law was very guarded.

XXVII

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR FREE TRADE

Things had to go forward at Blackhampton in spite of the Ukase, and forward they went right merrily. The adoption of Philip was really a fine stroke on the part of the Rags, because the Blackhampton Rovers had a following of about thirty thousand persons weekly, and one and all of these thirty thousand acclaimed it as quite the right policy. The famous inside-right had had in his day — which was not so very far off either — only one superior in that responsible position, and he was Steve Bloomer. If the Rag candidate could only reproduce his form on a certain great occasion he was bound to go straight to the top of the poll.

A general election was expected in the autumn. Philip and Mary spent August at Trouville in order to get ready for the fray. Philip trained on the sands, and Mary composed speeches by the score while she listened to the seductive strains of Monsieur Marly's Marine Orchestra.

And then when this delightful month was over they went to Blackhampton in fighting trim, hired a house on its

outskirts for three months, and set to work in grim earnest.

It was not long before they were the two most popular people in this rather unalluring city. It was democratic to the core; and the fact that the Rag candidate was the son of Mr. Vandeleur's very last creation was made a cardinal point by both his opponents in this three-cornered contest. But as the Candidate said with simple pathos at every meeting, 'Gentlemen, it is not fair to hold me responsible for my father. No man ought to be held responsible for his father. I am doing my level best to live down my father, gentlemen, and in so doing, I look confidently for the support of every follower of the Rovers in this room because they, I know, are good sportsmen.'

Whereupon, the good sportsmen in question invariably roared themselves hoarse.

'And now, gentlemen, I am going to ask my wife, who is a far better speaker than I am, to say a few words. There is no need for me to make you known to one another, because she tells me you are all old friends of hers.' (Loud cheers and cries of 'Sing us a song, Mary.')

Mary, looking like a picture-postcard, would then sit down to the piano, which with great foresight had been provided by the Executive Committee, and proceed to sing that famous ballad from *Iolanthe* about good Queen Bess's glorious days when the House of Lords did nothing in particular and did it very well.

Aston Villa were beaten handsomely on the following Saturday, and although the Candidate only managed to kick one goal he showed so much of his old form that it was clear that another striking blow had been delivered for the cause of Free Trade. In fact, the Opposition had not a look in.

Their meetings were very tame affairs by comparison, even if the standard of speech-making was thought by some people to be higher. But little or no interest was taken in them; while at those of the unfilial young man who was going to take away his father's Veto there was n't even standing-room an hour before the proceedings began. Undoubtedly it was going to be a signal triumph for the People's Cause.

The dissolution of Parliament occurred in the middle of November. A crowded and glorious fortnight followed. Notts Forest was beaten; a draw was made with Sunderland; and on the very eve of the poll, Tottenham Hotspur received a most crushing reverse.

It was all over but the shouting even before the fateful day had dawned. The Flag-Waggers could hardly raise a waggle; the sitting member realized already that he had lost his seat; Blackhampton went solidly for the Rags, and the best Inside-Right in England — never mind Steve Bloomer! — was hoisted with a noble majority to the top of the poll.

Unparalleled scenes were enacted in the Market Square. The horses were taken out of the New Member's carriage, and he and his charming wife were drawn in triumph through the principal streets.

When the news was published that the Rags had gained a seat at Blackhampton, and that the turnover of votes had been tremendous, Grosvenor Square was quite at a loss to understand it.

'It was n't as if the fellow had any brains,' said Father to everybody.

Mother, however, told everybody privately that she always thought that dear Phil-ipp had been underrated by his father.

Perhaps she was inclined to weaken a bit. After all it was better than lead-

ing an idle and useless life. However misplaced the ambition, it was an evidence of that dormant ability, which she, at any rate, always suspected to be there, since her family had never been known to be without it.

Father, however, was adamant. He went his way, and Philip and Mary went theirs. In spite of their wrongdoing the guilty pair contrived to be extremely happy in the little nest in Knightsbridge, whilst Father, alas! grew exceeding miserable.

By the time the guilty pair had been married a little more than a year, Mrs. Philip fulfilled one of the important duties incident to the degree in life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. She presented Philip with twins.

To the credit of Mother, be it said, the Twins proved altogether too much for her. She hauled down her flag completely, but Father still declined to be comforted, and every day made himself more unhappy and miserable. His appetite declined; his clothes no longer fitted him; no longer did he seem to care about public business. Instead of the succession being doubly secure, the Family might have been threatened with extinction.

XXVIII

THE END OF THE TALE

The little nest in Knightsbridge was no longer adequate, and a move was made to a more commodious abode in Pont Street. It was Mary's custom to give the Twins an airing in the park every morning when the weather was fine. Like a wise young mother she personally undertook this important duty, trundling the perambulator herself, and gaining health and happiness thereby, in spite of the emphatic protests of Philip, who seemed to think

that nursemaids had been invented for that purpose.

This was a subject, however, upon which Mary was a little inclined to dogmatism. She had no belief in nursemaids.

Thereupon the proud father, in spite of an involuntary shudder, felt that he himself should be allowed to undertake this onerous duty.

Mary laughed at this. It was not the business of man to push perambulators, and no self-respecting woman would ever endure the spectacle. Besides, said Mary, it would never do for white spats by Grant and Cockburn to condescend to such a menial occupation. The Button Club would certainly expel their wearer if he were guilty of any such solecism. Even as it was, rumor had it that he had been severely reprimanded by the Committee for daring to stand as a Rag for Blackhampton, and, worse, for getting himself elected by a considerable majority. If he were to be seen pushing a 'pram' in the park on a fine June morning, he would be compelled to resign.

The Young-Woman-with-the-Perambulator made a fascinating picture on these fine June mornings along by the railings of the Row; and had it been painted by Rembrandt or Velasquez or some other old and respectable painter, a good deal of money might have been offered for it by cosmopolitan millionaires.

Indeed the Young-Woman-with-the-Perambulator became rather a source of remark for some of the habitués of the thoroughfare. Elderly gentlemen with well-brushed side-whiskers, grandfathers all, remarked upon her to other elderly gentlemen. Sensible girl, they said, doing good to herself and to the nation at large, and setting an example to others. It was far better than leaving 'em to nursemaids and such-like

careless hussies. You know that they are all right when you have charge of them yourself.

It chanced one morning as the procession followed its accustomed course, with Philip near at hand mounted on a quadruped that had turned out better as a hack than as a 'chaser,' a distinguished personage came upon the scene in faultless morning attire. He was none other than Arminius Wingrove.

A man of such wisdom could not do less than stay to admire the Twins. For the life of him, though, he could n't say which side of the family they favored most. Walter Augustus, named after the misguided Grandpapa who had declined to attend the christening, had certainly the eyes of his mother; Philip Archibald had certainly the eyes of his mother, also. The nose of Philip Archibald was undoubtedly that of his father; the nose of Walter Augustus was undoubtedly that of his father, also; while as for the mouth, the mouth of both Walter Augustus and Philip Archibald was undoubtedly that of both parents. Still it must not be thought that Walter Augustus and Philip Archibald had always to endure these imposing names. In domestic circles one was called Bow and the other Wow.

So unfeigned was the admiration of Arminius Wingrove that nothing would content him but that he should turn and accompany the procession as far as the Achilles statue. But before they were able to gain that desirable bourn, which itself commemorates a great moment in the life of the nation, yet one more historic incident was destined to occur. Alas, that its only commemoration is like to be these unworthy pages.

An elderly gentleman in a glossy silk hat, with well-brushed eyebrows and of a mien of generally composed im-

portance, was debouching slowly yet all unknown into this historic episode. He was not looking very happy, for all that he wore his habitual air of distinction. He was a Pro-Consul, and full many of the passers-by saluted him respectfully. But he did not seem in anywise the better for these manifestations of public regard.

If the truth must be told of this elderly gentleman, sorrow and envy were the occupants of his heart this lovely June morning, when even the metropolitan prospect was all that was fair and gracious. He was the most miserable grandfather in London instead of being the proudest and happiest, as he certainly ought to have been.

In his stately progress he passed other grandfathers. They were walking with their sons and daughters, and with the sons and daughters of their sons and daughters, and looking immeasurably the better for the privilege. Surely it was good to be a grandfather on this fine June morning. It seemed a perfectly honorable and rational and proper state of being.

With every yard he walked, the conviction grew firmer in him that this was the case. It was surely the duty of elderly gentlemen with well-brushed eyebrows to rejoice in that degree. There was a man he knew well, a member of Parliament, looking so pink and prosperous, with a small girl holding one hand and a small boy holding the other. Envy and sorrow were not in that heart, it was certain.

Could it be that his recent policy had been vain and weak and short-sighted? The great Pro-Consul had never asked himself such questions before, but it had become very clear to him that he would have to be asking them presently. A grandfather had surely no right to make himself as ridiculous as he had done.

Then it was that the great Pro-Consul came right opposite the Achilles statue, and the episode to which we have already referred got itself made into history.

A certain Mr. Wingrove, a famous dramatist who had been elected recently under the rule *honoris causa* to Grandfather's club, and with whom Grandfather was upon pleasantly familiar terms, came into view. Walking by the side of Mr. Wingrove was a charming-looking girl. She had charge of a most commodious double perambulator, and so proudly was she trundling it that it was quite clear to the great Pro-Consul that this was a case of Twins.

Grandfather in his present somewhat emotional state must needs stop and shake Mr. Wingrove heartily by the hand. And further he was constrained to offer his sincere congratulations. He overflowed with admiration.

'And *what* are their names?' he asked.

'One is called Bow, and the other is called Wow,' said the demure young mother.

It seemed indeed strange to Mr. Wingrove that the great Pro-Consul should not know the names of his own grandchildren, and, moreover, that he should not recognize them and their mother.

Then a light dawned suddenly upon him. Further, it seemed to this acute mind that in the absence of the lawful father, who had turned his horse and who was going now down the Row at a canter, a legitimate opportunity had presented itself for the exercise of the comic spirit.

'I should really like my wife to see them,' said the great Pro-Consul. 'Such splendid fellows; the picture of health.'

'Oh, yes, by all means,' said Mr.

Wingrove, with a rather sly smile at the proud young mother.

No time like the present. If Mrs. W. did n't mind bringing along these infant phenomena as far as Grosvenor Square, which is hardly ten minutes from the Achilles statue as the crow flies, he was sure that Lady S. would be enchanted.

The gracious young matron would be delighted to take them round to Grosvenor Square for the inspection of the wife of this most agreeable elderly gentleman, whose name, by the way, she had not the pleasure of knowing. All the same, the mention of Grosvenor Square and the demeanor of Mr. Wingrove combined to give the young madam a pretty shrewd suspicion.

As for Arminius Wingrove, he was amazed at the resource and the boldness of Providence, which, of course, he was quite entitled to be. And in that, to be sure, he was by no means singular. Many first-rate minds have been similarly occupied.

Grandfather, all unconscious of the wicked trick that Fate had put upon him, prattled along by the side of the four-wheeled chariot; and he was pre-

sently moved to indulge in the proud confidence that they had recently had Twins in the Family.

'Oh, really,' said Mr. Wingrove.

'How interesting,' said the proud young mother, not to be outdone in gravity.

'I must really go and see 'em,' said Grandfather.

'Oh, have n't you seen them yet?' said the fair charioteer.

Not yet. It seemed that a Pro-Consul had so many calls upon his attention.

'Well, if I were their mother, I don't think I should be very pleased with *you*. Have n't you been rather remiss, Mr. —? I have n't the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Lord Shelmerdine,' said Mr. Wingrove, hastening to atone for his remissness.

By this they were waiting to cross Park Lane.

'Shall I tell him your name?' whispered the famous playwright to Mrs. Philip.

'No, of course you must n't,' said that designing young madam, 'unless you want to spoil everything.'

And that is the end of the tale.

(The End.)

THE LAWRENCE STRIKE: A STUDY

BY LORIN F. DELAND

[The city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with a population of 86,000, has been built up in seventy years. During the last twenty years the increase in population has been about forty per cent, — twice as large as the growth of the entire country. The reason for this growth has been the factories, now locking up an investment of about \$80,000,000, with an annual pay roll of \$13,000,000 to 30,000 wage-earners. In the cotton and woolen mills 25,000 of these wage-earners are employed, and it is safe to say that for every operative there has been over \$2,500 of capital invested. The city is now second in the country in output of woolens and worsteds.]

The strike began on January 12. Its cause (explained later) was a reduction in pay of about three-and-one-half per cent by legislative reduction of factory working hours. Organized within two days, the strikers demanded an advance of fifteen per cent, abolition of bonuses, and double pay for overtime. The strike lasted nine weeks, and while they secured only about half their demands, the result was a great victory for the strikers. Within a fortnight the settlement had compelled corresponding advances in nearly all textile mills in New England, affecting 275,000 textile operatives.]

THE writer who reveals the truth about Lawrence will be respected and disliked by all factions. His impartiality and courage will entitle him to respect, but his praise and blame for each one of the parties in interest will certainly not make him popular.

The situation at Lawrence has been very complex, and to judge it correctly one must study it without passion, without prejudice, and, hardest of all, without pity. From first to last there has been much misrepresentation in the daily papers. The public has had to form its opinions from the press reports, and the tendency to 'play up' news for its dramatic rather than its actual value, has made these reports less significant than they have seemed to be. There has been over-emphasis and lack of proportion. Much that has been written was irrelevant to the questions at issue, and only served to arouse emotion, which impaired a just estimate. When people are said to be starving it is hard to be judicial about them. To be sure, nobody was starving in Lawrence at any time, but it was

part of the emotion of the moment to suppose that they were. And so, when logic would not travel fast enough, pity has pushed it from behind. The many forms of suffering and distress have been accredited to the obvious instead of being traced to their true source. The public mind has become bewildered.

At present there probably cannot be a judicial presentation of the case; time is needed to put events in true relation to causes. But it is possible to correct some falsities and relieve some perplexities regarding essential facts. It is not the purpose of this article to outline the events of the strike, or restate what is generally known. It is written rather to try to clear up a confusion resulting from too much statement and too little reflection. It is not heat but light that is needed.

The parties involved in this controversy have been the City of Lawrence (through its officials: Mayor Scanlon, Commissioner Lynch, Marshal Sullivan, and Judge Mahoney); the Citizens' Committee of Lawrence; the

mills; the strikers; the militia of the state; the American Federation of Labor (represented by John Golden as head of the United Textile Workers of America); and the Industrial Workers of the World (represented by Ettor, Haywood, Thompson, Yates, and Trautmann). All relief workers, the Legislative Committee, and the Lawrence police, are comprehended in the above groups.

The trouble started over a question of wages: the withdrawal from the weekly envelope of two hours' pay, because of legislative reduction of the factory working hours of women and children (not men workers) from fifty-six to fifty-four hours a week, and the consequent inability to operate the mills for these two hours. Neither party had made any effort to secure this legislation, and to the employer it was so distasteful that he was drawn into committing an injustice and a tactical blunder, — that of giving no notice to his employees (many of whom were ignorant of both the language and legislation of the state) that the weekly pay would be changed to fit the legislation. No excuse can be given for this omission. It was open to reasonable doubt whether such legislative action, in the absence of any notice from the mill-owners, would necessarily work a revision of wages. It would have cost nothing more than a little courtesy to have made a brief explanation, especially in view of the dull mentality of many of the workers. Instead, the mill-owners permitted their employees to labor one entire week under a misapprehension of the facts, and in ignorance of the reduced wages each worker was to receive. They then presented the reduced pay.

An inflammable temperament on one side, and irritated aloofness on the other, aggravated the first clash, and within a few hours the strike was

spreading rapidly. There was some intimidation, and a little destruction inside the mills, which drove out many who had no intention of striking.

At this time there was no strong labor organization in Lawrence, and no recognized leader or committee with whom the owners could confer. There were a few feeble craft unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. and a small number of unskilled laborers (probably about three hundred) who had recently joined the I. W. W. It is possible that if there had been a responsible organization, the strike would not have occurred. In any case it would have been a different affair, with a consideration of differences before a strike was declared, a conference, and a more orderly course of events.

That no reliable labor organization existed in Lawrence is due solely to the mill-owners. They had systematically discouraged every effort to organize the various crafts. Such organization was attempted by the United Textile Workers of America, but it could not gain ground against the quiet antagonism of the mills. Eight months before the strike, the very large body of unskilled non-organized textile laborers in Lawrence had attracted the attention of the I. W. W. The A. F. of L. had selfishly shown little interest in unskilled labor and the outbreak gave the I. W. W. its chance to secure recruits. Swiftly on the heels of the first trouble came Joseph J. Ettor to organize the workers of eighteen nationalities into a compact 'industrial' body under the banner of the I. W. W. Ettor is one of the five members of the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. (the highest authority in the order), a man crafty in method, quick in action, and with much personal magnetism.

No time was wasted by Ettor in mere organization. His plan of cam-

paign was, first to weld the factions tightly together, then win the victory, and then organize permanently. To unite those conflicting racial antagonisms into a single bond of brotherhood was no small job for any man to do, *yet Ettor did it!* Make a note of the man who could come as a stranger into that polyglot chaos, and transform it. He knew that misery makes strange bed-fellows, and that hearts are welded by suffering endured together. They would not call one another 'brothers,' so he made them brothers in misfortune, and he knew the value of permitting a certain amount of violence at first in order that its repression might fan the flames of resentment and help the 'uniting.' Tactically he outpointed the mill agents.

The working plan for temporary organization was very simple. Each nationality or group sent one, two, or three members to form a Strike Committee. This committee (about fifty persons) met every morning, heard reports, investigated complaints, and gave suggestions. All the strikers were admitted to stand at the back of the hall during these daily meetings, but were excluded from executive sessions. The I. W. W. leaders merely presided and spoke at these and other mass meetings, directed the organization work, and generally counseled what to do and how to do it. The Strike Committee received this advice, and if they approved it either acted on it or passed it on for the strikers' acceptance. The strikers held both group and general meetings, and a 'yes' or 'no' vote at these meetings was the final authority.

The handling of the acute situation during the first six weeks by the mills, the militia, the mayor, the police and the courts, has been severely blamed and warmly praised. Only an expert in such conflicts is competent to pass judgment here. I am not such an ex-

pert. The truth is probably between the two extremes. There is no doubt that the administration of law and order was somewhat arbitrary, yet the situation was critical and a strong arm was needed; the validity of the legal process under which Ettor was arrested was questionable, yet both Ettor and Haywood should have been prevented from inciting to revolution; the authorities who stopped the sending away of the children were again straining the validity of legal process to accomplish their ends, yet the children were obviously being sent away for exploitation, to arouse sympathy, and to incite contributions of money to prolong the strike.

The turning back of the children at the depot offered a fine chance to yellow journalism. As a matter of fact, there was no 'hideous brutality,' no clubbing of women, and no trampling upon children, except in the newspapers. It is always a revolting sight to see force used upon a woman, but if the woman resists violently, the force must be violent too. The scene at the depot was repulsive and nauseating, but no more revolting to witness than any surgical operation.

There was considerable disorder and rioting during the first fortnight, when Ettor was in control; there was a great amount of unseen intimidation during the rest of the time, when Haywood was the dominant force.

It was a very hard problem for the authorities. The militia, under the wise handling of Colonel Sweetser, performed a trying task with restraint; they deserve great credit. Judge Mahoney's bold and firm administration of the police court was the severest check to the weapon of intimidation. Some social workers who investigated Lawrence censured one of the mill agents because upon the approach of a riotous crowd armed with clubs and stones, a

powerful stream of water was thrown from the fire-hose directly into the crowd. It was a cold January morning, and many of the strikers possessed no other clothing than the garments they wore. The measure was drastic. Whether such a measure will stop violence or rather start violence; whether it was merited, and if merited whether wise, are questions which can properly be answered only by those eye-witnesses who have expert knowledge of the temper and control of mobs. That the mob was riotous is clearly shown, and it is not correct to say that the throwing of the water precipitated the window-smashing. It did, however, intensify the bitterness, and is even now remembered with deep resentment.

But the real grievance at Lawrence from first to last was the small sum which went into the pay envelopes, and sooner or later we must come to the question whether the Lawrence mills paid sufficient wages to their operatives, especially to the unskilled class.

The answer to that question depends upon the point of view. There are two points of view. The man who stands for the established order has strong arguments. He leans back upon twenty centuries of a certain relationship between capital and labor, in which capital has inaugurated, conducted, and created the enterprises of the earth, and labor has worked for capital, receiving its accepted wage.

‘And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.’

By the standards of industrial civilization labor has been a commodity which could be bought and sold, and as such it is controlled by immutable economic laws. The market price of labor is governed, when not under the stress of industrial warfare, as all other market prices are governed, by the supply and demand. Everywhere and

always this has been the rule in business dealings. The Lawrence mills are a business enterprise; they are run on a business basis; they must be so run! To run them on any basis of mixed business and philanthropy would be to end the textile industry in Lawrence. Where would the textile workers go then? To the Southern mills where still lower wages are given? Or to Philadelphia, where some of them have already gone, and where they now work fifty-seven hours for less wages than the Lawrence mills pay for fifty-four hours?

This is not meant as an argument in defense of those wretched wages in Lawrence. It is merely a statement that the low-paid, unskilled worker at Lawrence has been paid the wages that the laws of supply and demand have fixed for such labor.

Under the plan we are now considering, capital takes all the risk. Sometimes capital succeeds and gains greatly; sometimes it fails and loses all. Labor neither gains nor fails; it takes no risk.

Let us be fair about this matter. We have blamed the Lawrence mill-owner for the low wage. He is not to blame for it! The whole textile industry is not to blame for it! Who, then, is? The community — you and I and every one of us. We create the supply and demand.

Of course these people are not paid enough to live as American citizens or according to American ideas. But who knows whether they care for American civilization anyway, or would live up to American ideals if they had more pay? It is rather a matter of race and custom. Many of them represent a low scale of Asiatic living, lower even than the pauper labor of Europe; and a far more serious question than their present wage is, ‘How do you propose to weave them into a Massachusetts community?’ They understand no

law, language, or custom except of their own race, and care for no other. Who brought them over here? And who let them in? The United States authorities, after rigid investigation, find no evidence that the Lawrence mill-owners brought them. The truth is that the steamship companies, for their own profit, collected them from every direction and any source. Many of them arrive saturated with ideas of revolutionary socialism and class hatred. Our immigration laws let them freely in, regardless of the fact that they collect in such compact masses as to make it impossible to assimilate them or teach them American principles. We have reached a point where the congestion of tens of thousands of foreigners (with their impossible standards) in our industrial centres is preparing a very dark problem for the future.

We come back to consider the more recent and humanitarian attitude toward labor, as opposed to the old view of labor as a commodity. The humanitarian view is that labor is a partner with capital, and should share in the profits. A certain interest should be allowed for the use of the money, a certain extra profit for the risk of the business to which it is subjected, a certain sum set aside for renewal of the plant, and the remainder of the profits should be divided between capital which supplies the tool, and labor which works the tool. Just what proportion should go to labor varies according to the sympathy of the speaker, from an 'equal share' to a 'generous share.' It is fair to assume that as a necessary part of the plan the profits of every enterprise would have to be put in the 'pillory of publicity' and known by every one.

Whether such a form of enterprise would stimulate the development of business and encourage capital to take the risks of new undertakings, is open

to serious doubt. It is certainly a splendid vision of righteous — if as yet unpractical — dealing; and on the moral point of view we must all agree. In fact, the only exception one need take to the plan is to insist that, as a partnership, it must in justice be accepted by both partners. To force one partner to join the partnership with a pistol pointed at his head, is only another form of despotism.

But the advocates of partnership point to the mills, which are already built and cannot run away, and they suggest that the capitalist owners can be compelled to accept the new partnership. In this they lose sight of one fact: that every large business must be renewed with fresh capital or it soon dies of exhaustion. But it may be claimed that this fresh capital is easily obtainable from the existing profits; and this brings us to the complaint that the Lawrence mills are said to have made very large profits during the beneficent years of the Dingley Tariff (from 1897 till the panic year of 1907), and that these high profits should have been used to pay higher wages to the workers, rather than to build new and larger mills. It is certainly true in theory that the tariff on manufactured textiles is placed there for the protection of the American workman, and the absurdity exists of protection for commerce and free trade for labor. But again it is true that the wages paid to American textile workers under this tariff have steadily averaged from forty-nine to one hundred and eighty per cent higher than those paid to the non-tariff-protected English worker in the same line of work, while the production per worker has been as large in Great Britain as in this country. Yet this takes no account of the greatly increased cost of living in the United States, and to be of any real value, such a comparison should be

made on the purchasing power of the pay envelope, rather than its monetary value. It is in evidence that a few of the English factory-hands who emigrated to Lawrence declared it harder to live under the wages of Lawrence¹ than under the wages of Lancashire. These are the confusing facts which await adjustment.

But in all this controversy it is interesting to note that no one has explained why the Lawrence mills should lead the way in this reform. Why should Lawrence be more high-minded than the business world? Why should the Lawrence mills do what no other employers anywhere are doing, and become semi-benevolent institutions? So long as economic laws govern all our industries to the extent they do to-day, it is asking much of Lawrence to demand that she should go beyond all precedents and inaugurate a new order.

When all is said, economic laws work out a far greater measure of justice than is seen upon the surface. Strike or no strike, it is open to doubt whether any body of workers can long obtain a higher wage than the economic conditions allow. The effort to make men exchange, not in accordance with supply and demand, but on arbitrary lines, would necessitate a new industrial order.

¹ "Wages of Lawrence" necessitates a word about the bonus system. It is a method of cumulative reward to each operative for increased output within one month, provided only one day has been lost from work. Seemingly fair, it really causes hardship. Women work when wholly unable to work because they cannot afford, by losing a second day to lose a month's bonus. Further, the system encourages favoritism. Thus, the loom-fixer's bonus is dependent on his weaver's bonuses, and he naturally favors those weavers who are ahead of their schedule. A weaver who is behind is kept waiting while a loom is arranged for some weaver who is sure of her bonus. This dependence of one worker's bonus upon another's extends through many processes. — THE AUTHOR.

The enthusiast will say that all this is of little account, for wages in the Lawrence mills have now been advanced, and the victory has proved the truth of the long contention. That is not yet determined. By the weapon of a strike these wages have been increased. The mill-owners, before adopting this arbitrary advance, wished to be sure that the economic conditions of the future would sustain those new wages. Regardless of their own judgment, they have been forced to pay them. Whether the future will justify and support this extra expense, no one knows. Future demand is uncertain; Schedule K seems assured of sharp downward revision. The prices of the mill products will now be advanced, and the demand for them is not a fixed quantity, but is directly affected by their cost. If the demand is cut down, either the number of workers or the hours of work must be decreased. That public sentiment is prepared to reduce still further the hours of labor is doubtful.

During the nine weeks of the strike, wages in the Lawrence mills have been constantly discussed in connection with the number of persons in the family group. Just what bearing the number of children had on the father's efficiency as a worker was never stated. It should not be necessary to point out that the number of children is wholly the affair of the father; the fact that he wanted a large family is no reason why the mills should pay him higher wages; and the real sin, if any exists, lies at his door for bringing children into the world when he was unable to support them.

But the newspapers, the strikers, and many relief workers, asked, 'Here is a man with wife and six children, receiving only twelve dollars a week; *do you call that a living wage?*' This was another way of insisting that the

number of dependents should decide the wage-scale. The only possible relation between wages and the size of the family is that the size of the wages should regulate the size of the family. A 'living wage' would seem to refer to a wage on which the worker may support himself. The expression can scarcely be held to include any number of extra persons, from one to twenty, whom the worker may elect to support.

I mention these two instances, not because they are important, but only to show the irrelevancy, the exaggeration, and the dangerous use of sentiment in place of reasoning, which marked so many of the newspaper accounts and helped to poison the public mind against the mill-owners. It is unjust to condemn the I. W. W. for inciting to violence, and not extend some condemnation to a portion of the press. It required no courage to play to the galleries; pity is always appealing. It was a fine pose to stand as the champion of the weak; something was always 'doing' on the strikers' side, and it offered a lot of local color.

There was no special interest in the mill-owners; they were only business men and uninteresting exhibits, but they were in the public eye and must be made interesting somehow. So the president of one of the large corporations was pictured as a robber baron, who did n't know how many automobiles he owned, but who charged the poor people for drinking water. Thousands of persons to-day believe that Mr. Wood is just that kind of a man. I do not know Mr. Wood, I have never seen him, I own no stock in his mills, and I hold no brief to defend him. But for the sake of getting within speaking distance of the truth, let the facts be known. I state them without the gentleman's knowledge or consent but I believe them to be accurate. Summoned before a tribunal, he was

asked how many automobiles he had on a date some weeks earlier. At about the date thus specifically fixed he owned three cars; one had been burned up in a garage fire; an order had been given to replace it, and at a later date it was replaced; the second had been loaned to a relative or friend, and was away at about that date; the third was the car used for himself and his family. Whether on that exact day to which the inquiry referred the burned car had been replaced or not, — whether the loaned car had been returned or not, — he honestly did not know, and he made the only answer that he could truthfully make, '*I do not know.*'

Now for the drinking water. When the water-supply of the City of Lawrence was taken directly from the Merrimac River, it was under serious suspicion, and the people of the city very generally drank bottled spring-water. Then the city put in a large filtration plant, and the purified water, approved by the Board of Health, was freely drunk in every house and is to-day the regular drinking water of the city. It is claimed that in the mills the water-pipes run so close to the steam-pipes that the water becomes heated. These new mills of the American Woolen Company represent the furthest advance in mill-construction, the highest achievement in mill-engineering, and I do not believe that their heavily-jacketed steam-pipes can overheat the water-pipes near them. In the best office-buildings in Boston the faucet water in winter will run slightly warm for the first minute or so. This may happen in the Lawrence mills, but it is merely till fresh water can enter the pipes. However, for this or some other reason, certain of the operatives wanted bottled spring-water, and they clubbed together and ordered it delivered at the mill; it was n't cold enough to please them, so they ordered ice. They had a

perfect right to do all this, and had Mr. Wood attempted to restrain them he would have been justly called harsh names. But the owners had nothing to do with this spring-water: they neither ordered it, paid for it, nor knew anything about it other than as any outsider might know of it. Yet one Boston paper published a cartoon of a poor, ragged, half-starved little girl in one of the rooms of the mill dropping fivecents into a slot in order to get a drink of water.

Much has been written about the wretched housing of the Lawrence operatives, and it is undeniably bad. But it is no worse than can be seen in Boston or New York. I asked one question wherever I went: 'Are the wages, housing, and general welfare of the operatives any worse in Lawrence than in any other textile city in Massachusetts?' I felt sure that the mills would say 'No,' but I thought the labor leaders would say 'Yes.' I asked Mayor Scanlon and he said 'No'; I asked a previous mayor of the city, I asked the Citizens' Committee, and I asked Judge Mahoney; they all said 'No.' Then I went to John Golden. 'No worse,' was his reply. I went to Ettor. 'Bad, but not any worse in Lawrence than elsewhere,' said Ettor. I went to Haywood. 'No worse here than in every Massachusetts textile city,' said he. Finally I went to the mill-owners and they said, '*A little worse*, because the overcrowding in one small section of the city is probably not equaled in any other textile centre.' It is interesting to note this evidence in view of the general impression that Lawrence was 'infamously notorious,' as one paper phrased it.

It was impossible to see the housing conditions fairly, however, unless one combatted the efforts of the labor organizations and relief agencies to show the visitor only the most distress-

ing cases, and give only extreme statistics. In no case were these typical or average conditions, and when I insisted on seeing a dozen relief cases, taken at random, the answer was, 'But such cases would not be interesting! We can find you something a good deal worse if you'll give us a little time.'

The fact is that the living conditions of some of the immigrants from southeastern Europe are their own choice, and they are vile. The men come without their families, for a quick clean-up of all the money they can collect, and a speedy return to their native soil. In some of the New England textile cities they sleep on the floor, from fourteen to seventeen in a room. They waste no money on even the cheapest restaurants, but eat in the same way in which they sleep — on the basis of hoboes and tramps. But they are as non-typical in their way as the published case of four families in five rooms, or one to which I was sent where sixteen persons (mostly boarders) lived in three rooms.

Lawrence is not wholly to blame for her congestion. In large measure overcrowding has come from under-letting. It should be stated that in some of the most congested houses money is being saved each week. Many families who crowd together in one or two rooms receive the same wages as those who live in entirely decent surroundings.

To form a proper estimate of the Lawrence strike some knowledge is necessary of the community in which the conflict occurred. The mills, which have practically built up the city, are owned mainly by a large body of non-residents, who have little knowledge of the place or its problems. Paying no taxes, they have no interest in the municipal government. The resident mill officials are very able men, but they have their important business duties and feel no call to engage in politics. The mills, until two years ago, paid

only a tax on their real estate and machinery (no franchise tax), yet they dumped into Lawrence thousands of operatives who, while paying not a single dollar toward the support of the city, must *at the city's expense* be educated, policed, safeguarded from fire, watched over in the matter of sanitation and health, and generally given all the privileges of city planning and administration. To cater to the wants of 30,000 factory-hands there have come into Lawrence many small store-keepers, clerks, sales-people, and mechanics in all trades, none of them owning much taxable property. There are no wealthy persons living in Lawrence. Naturally the taxes are high; the one cry from the taxpayer is, 'Keep down the taxes'; and his last concern or desire is to do anything for the foreigners who herd like cattle, outrage health and decency, and raise the tax-rate. It is a fact that the curriculum of the Lawrence schools (especially the evening schools) has had to be practically made over to provide for the teaching of English on a most extensive scale as the first step in the education of these non-tax-payers.

Into this puzzle of government few persons cared to enter; so the grafter entered and plundered the city of what little was left. Bankrupt and almost helpless, the State legislature came to the relief of Lawrence and provided it with a new charter, safeguarded against corruption. Loans were raised, and a fresh start was made under a new government of upright men. They had been in office just a fortnight, and were wholly inexperienced in their duties, when the strike came. That it should have almost paralyzed the city government was to be expected. The police force was unable to cope with a mob of from 5,000 to 9,000 highly inflammable men, and the mills would unquestionably have been damaged had not the

Governor called out the troops. But Lawrence, with the help of the militia staggered through its task. The new city officials have learned a great deal. So have the citizens. So, too, have the mill agents. Best of all, public sentiment has been informed and is already working for many improvements.

The strike at Lawrence has forcibly called public attention to an organization as yet little known in the East, — the Industrial Workers of the World. It would be misleading to speak of it as a 'labor organization,' for that expression has come to have a very definite meaning in the last quarter of a century, and the aims and methods of the I. W. W. are wholly contrary to such an interpretation. The I. W. W. is an anarchistic organization, pure and simple. It makes no concealment of its nature or object. Its aim is the overthrow of the existing social order, the taking possession by labor of all the machinery of production and the driving out of the capitalist class. The organization was conceived in the brains of two men as recently as 1904; the project was discussed in that year in Chicago by a small body of chosen spirits. They sent word to all labor organizations inviting a conference. Those who responded came from the West, where the strength of the I. W. W. is still found. Six months later they held their first convention. The backbone of the movement was the Western Federation of Miners, the organization presided over by Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, and made famous by the dynamite work of Harry Orchard.

In 1908 the I. W. W. (then three years old) divided into two factions, and it still remains divided. Both agree on the end to be attained, but the Detroit faction believes this end should be attained in a democracy by the ballot, while the Chicago faction (strongly anarchistic) believes in 'direct action.'

Haywood and Ettor are of this latter group. In seven years, despite division, the I. W. W. has gained great headway, spreading like a pestilence through the north-western lumber camps and the metalliferous mining fields. Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and California are hot-beds of the movement. In the great strike at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, in 1909, they served notice on the State constabulary that for every person it killed a life would be demanded by the strikers, and they kept their word. In one battle ten strikers were killed, and the I. W. W. collected its ghastly toll. This civil war resulted in a victory for the strikers.

In New England (outside of Lawrence) the I. W. W. has some strength in New Bedford and in Providence. They have no power in New York State, but they are very strong at Paterson and West Hoboken, N. J. The famous preamble to the constitution of the I. W. W. has been called a vicious document. It was written by a man named Hagerty, and it can be condensed into one word, 'War.' One day I told Haywood that I should like to talk over that preamble with him, as I had heard it called a terrible document. He merely smiled, and said that he hoped it was terrible. Told once that his organization was 'incendiary,' Haywood replied, 'That's what we have been trying to tell you people. Glad you see the point!' Thus there is no evasion, no subterfuge, and no attempt to conceal the end to be attained or the method of attaining it. The end is social revolution; the method or tactics may be understood by the following extracts from a pamphlet issued by the I. W. W.: —

'As a revolutionary organization the Industrial Workers of the World aims to use any and all tactics that will get

the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of "right" and "wrong" does not concern us.

'No terms made with an employer are final. All peace, so long as the wage-system lasts, is but an armed truce. At any favorable opportunity the struggle is renewed.

'The organization does not allow contracts with the employers. It aims, where strikes are used, to paralyze all branches of the industry involved, when the employers can least afford a cessation of work — during the busy season and when there are rush orders to be filled.

'Failing to force concessions from the employers by the strike, work is resumed and "sabotage" is used to force the employers to concede the demands of the workers.

'During strikes the works are closely picketed and every effort made to keep the employers from getting workers into the shops. All supplies are cut off from strike-bound shops. All shipments are refused or mis-sent, delayed and lost if possible.

'Strike-breakers are also isolated to the full extent of the powers of the organization. Interference by the government is resented by open violation of the government's orders, going to jail *en masse*, causing expense to the tax-payers — which is but another name for the employing class.

'In short, the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant "direct action" tactics to the full extent of our power to make them.'

This is not political socialism. It is not anything political or theoretical. The I. W. W. does not talk, write, or argue. It acts! It cares nothing for

'right' or 'wrong.' It openly defies government by law, and announces that it will use any violence it can commit.

The organization has no president; it has a General Executive Board of five men. Two of these are in the West, two are on the Pacific coast, and one (Ettor) is in the East. When I arrived in Lawrence Ettor was under arrest, but by permission of the authorities I spent half a day with him in jail. He is very different from Haywood, and quite unlike Trautmann, or Yates, or Thompson. He spoke unreservedly, and (after we had cleared up his first insincerity) with frankness. He told me things that I do not feel justified in repeating, yet he asked no pledge of secrecy. On the other hand, Haywood served notice upon me at the start that I could never have any conference with him unless he had some friend in the room, presumably as a witness. Haywood has been credited with not wishing the Lawrence strike to be settled, but with using the situation solely as propaganda for a demonstration of the I. W. W. The assumption is warranted, but nevertheless untrue. I know from inside sources that he was most solicitous to end the situation, — far more so than his appearance and words indicated. The I. W. W. does not believe in long strikes. To use its own words: 'A strike that cannot be won in four to six weeks cannot be won by remaining out longer. The employer can better afford to fight one strike that lasts six months than he can six strikes that take place in that period.'

It is impossible to see the advent of this new force in the labor field without contrasting it with the trade-unionism of the last quarter-century as embodied in the American Federation of Labor. Each organization has its good and bad points. The I. W. W. organizes industrially; safeguards unskilled labor (giv-

ing it an equal voice); and encourages every worker to learn a trade. The A. F. of L. organizes by crafts; does little for unskilled labor; and prevents the learning of some trades. The I. W. W. asks no recognition by employers; refuses to recognize them; signs no agreements; makes no effort to control its members from striking; and considers no peace assured. The A. F. of L. demands recognition by employers; recognizes them; signs agreements with them for long periods; enforces these agreements on the workers; controls its members from unauthorized strikes and precipitate action; and guarantees that settlements shall bring peace. Both organizations at times resort to violence, and both commit the economic folly of restricting output. The great divergence between them can be expressed in one sentence: The A. F. of L. is a *responsible* body. Never forget that! It is selfish, short-sighted, unprogressive, and at times vicious, but it is the best thing that Labor has been able to evolve for collective bargaining.

Sooner or later the labor of our mills, both skilled and unskilled, will have to be organized, but it must be a responsible organization, that shall permit no violence, stop the despotism of the closed shop, insure business stability through trade agreements, exact and observe high standards, and sanction no abuse of power or privilege by either side. The right of Labor to bargain collectively is fundamental, and it has accomplished more for the uplift of the workers than all the philanthropy we have evolved. The capitalist who does not admit the inherent fairness of collective bargaining really affirms that capital may combine into a huge unit, and that there is then no disparity in a bargain made between a large unit and an atom. Such a man is by his attitude hastening the day of social revolution.

Let him read the story of the multiplied strike in England last June and July, and see the handwriting on the wall.

The I. W. W. is merely the syndicalism of Europe, with its triple weapon of the multiplied strike, the sympathetic strike, and the general strike. It stands for war, but war without the Geneva Convention, and with no provision for the rights of non-combatants. It is private warfare, which the laws of civilization for centuries have prohibited. A conflict on a large scale is inevitably coming. Every public man in this country who has his ear close to the ground knows it is coming. Ask President Taft, if you are a Taft man. Ask Colonel Roosevelt, if you follow him. Each will admit that the conflict is certainly coming if some radical step is not taken to check it. A recent Commissioner of Labor in New York State said to me not long ago, 'You may like the labor unions or not, but the time is coming when you will be grateful to them as the only thing that stands between you and anarchy.'

The need of the hour is clearly indicated. It is, as Mr. Brandeis points out, a great opportunity for conservative trade-unionism. The rioting at Lawrence reveals the I. W. W. tactics in normal operation, while the spectacle of a few thousand lawless strikers forcing many thousand peaceable persons out of an employment which they wish to pursue, is a glimpse of I. W. W. despotism. Haywood and Ettor are seemingly outraged at any attempt to curtail the right of free speech, yet they themselves deny to thousands of non-belligerents the right of free labor, which is vastly more important.

It would be unjust to speak thus of the I. W. W. leaders without clearly

explaining that these opinions do not for a moment apply to the Strike Committee at Lawrence. The reader must differentiate between the strikers themselves and an organization which merely used them as pawns in its attack upon the existing order. In the strictest sense the I. W. W. neither ordered the strike nor concluded it. The Strike Committee was composed in large part of men and women who deserved the highest respect for their sincerity, a real regard for their ability, and true admiration for their devotion to a cause.

The Lawrence strike is ended, but we must not let it pass without learning some of its lessons. The fact of eighteen diverse nationalities among the workers in one mill has been, for the first time, shown to be no barrier to a perfect solidarity of brotherhood in a common cause. The bonus system as now practised in textile mills, while fair in theory, has certain vicious features which cannot be countenanced. The way to make anarchism grow in this country is to refuse to allow organization and collective bargaining. Absentee ownership in a factory should not exempt stock-holders from all interest in the lives of their laborers. Finally, the presence in this nation of congested masses of vaguely-understood foreigners who absolutely refuse American standards of living should turn us to a careful consideration of our immigrant laws.

The Lawrence strike has cost the community millions of dollars. It has caused suffering and privation to 50,000 persons, and it will later collect a grim toll through infant mortality. Yet if all this has brought but the single return of awakening public opinion to the dangers ahead, this wretched conflict has been a blessing in disguise.

THE COTTON-MILL OPERATIVES OF NEW ENGLAND

BY W. JETT LAUCK

I

THE earliest employees of the New England cotton mills were secured almost exclusively from the farm and village population immediately adjacent to the early manufacturing centres. These employees consisted in the main of the children of farmers, usually the daughters, who went to work in the mills for the purpose of assisting their families, or to lay aside sums for their own dowries. The young women, as a rule, were attractive, well-educated; and the young men sober, intelligent, and reliable. At the time of the establishment of the mills, — about 1813, — there was a strong prejudice in New England against the so-called factory system because of the conditions which prevailed among cotton-mill operatives in Great Britain. As a consequence, after erecting the cotton mills, the chief endeavor of the promoters of the industry was to establish housing and living facilities under such conditions as would give proper assurance to the parents of New England who might consider sending their sons and daughters to the mills. This policy was successful, and sufficient labor rapidly moved into the new textile-manufacturing centres. In the light of the changed conditions which afterwards became prevalent in the New England textile-manufacturing towns, and the similar situation existing to-day in the South, it will be instructive to consider somewhat in detail this early

class of operatives and the conditions under which they lived. A distinguished French traveler, Chevalier, who visited the United States in 1834, gave his impressions of the cotton-mill operatives in Lowell, which at that time was the most representative cotton-goods-manufacturing centre in New England, in the following words: —

‘The cotton manufacture alone employs six thousand persons in Lowell; of this number nearly five thousand are young women from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, the daughters of farmers from the different New England States, and particularly from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; they are here remote from their families, and under their own control. On seeing them pass through the streets in the morning and evening and at their meal-hours, neatly dressed; on finding their scarfs and shawls, and green silk hoods which they wear as a shelter from the sun and dust (for Lowell is not yet paved), hanging up in the factories amidst the flowers and shrubs which they cultivate, I said to myself, this, then, is not like [the English] Manchester; and when I was informed of the rate of their wages, I understood that it was not at all like Manchester.’

The measures which made possible this intelligent and efficient class of operatives is explained by a late historian of Lowell: —

‘Mr. Lowell,’¹ the author states, ‘had

¹ Francis Cabot Lowell, after whom the city is named.

seen the degraded state of the operatives in England, and his chief endeavor, after the fitting of his mill, was to insure such domestic comforts and restrictions as would warrant the parents of New England in letting their daughters enter his employment. He provided boarding-houses conducted by reputable women, furnished opportunities for religious worship, and established rules which were a safeguard against the evils which assail the young who are beyond parental supervision.

'The corporations were under necessity to provide food and shelter for those they employed. They adopted Mr. Lowell's plan, so effectively instituted at Waltham, and built boarding- and tenement-houses. Over these a rigid supervision was maintained. The food in the former was required to be of a certain standard. The rules governing the conduct of those who lived in the boarding- and tenement-houses were rather strict; but they were wholesome.'

One of the New England girls who worked in the Lowell mills during this period has left an interesting account of the situation which existed during her employment. Her description of the methods by which the mill-girls were secured and the conditions under which they lived and worked, affords a pleasing contrast with the Lowell of the present: —

'Troops of young girls came,' she writes, 'by stages and baggage-wagons, men often being employed to go to other states and to Canada to collect them at so much per head, and deliver them at the factories.'

'A very curious sight these country girls presented to young eyes accustomed to a more modern style of things. When the large covered baggage-wagon arrived in front of a block or corporation, they would descend from it, dressed in various outlandish fashions,

and with their arms brimful of band-boxes containing all their worldly goods. On each of them was sewed a card, on which one could read the old-fashioned New England name of the owner. . . .

'The knowledge of the antecedents of these operatives was the safeguard of their liberties. The majority of them were as well-born as their "over-lookers," if not better, and they were also far better educated. . . .

'Those of the mill-girls who had homes generally worked from eight to ten months in the year; the rest of the time was spent with parents or friends. A few taught school during the summer months. . . .

'The life in the boarding-house was very agreeable. These houses belonged to the corporation, and were usually kept by widows (mothers of mill-girls), who were often the friends and advisers of their boarders. . . .

'Each house was a village or community of itself. There fifty or sixty young women from different parts of New England met and lived together. When not at their work, by natural selection they sat in groups in their chambers, or in a corner of the large dining-room, busy at some agreeable employment; or they wrote letters, read, studied, or sewed, for as a rule they were their own seamstresses and dressmakers.'

During his tour of the United States, Charles Dickens visited Lowell, and has recorded his observations in his 'American Notes.' Concerning the American girl operatives and the impression they made upon him, he had this to say: —

'These girls, as I have said, were all well-dressed; and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposit these things

without injury; and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women; not of degraded brutes of burden. . . .

'The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some, there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all, there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort, as the nature of the occupation could possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only just then verging upon womanhood, it may reasonably be supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance; no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labour of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had the power.

'I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much. Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical.'

The state of affairs and the operative class described by these different travelers and historians continued until about 1840, when the expansion of the cotton-goods-manufacturing industry exceeded the local labor resources, and it became necessary to secure operatives from localities in this country outside of New England, as well as from Canada, Great Britain, and northern Europe.

II

Immigration to the cotton mills of New England from Great Britain and Canada was characteristic of the period 1840-1880. Members of the English, Irish, and Scotch races had come at an early date to the New England cotton-goods-manufacturing centres. Small numbers of skilled English operatives were secured from the British textile-manufacturing towns in the early history of the development of the industry in New England. Considerable numbers of Irish were employed in the unskilled work in connection with the erection of the mills. Members of this race were also employed in certain localities, as in Lowell, in the construction of the locks and canals to furnish the necessary water-power for the mills. Although both of these races gradually continued to come, the heavy immigration of the Irish did not occur until after 1840, and of the English until thirty years later. The Irish were employed in the largest numbers during the forties and fifties, and the English during the seventies. Both races, however, continued to seek work in the cotton mills in gradually diminishing numbers up to the year 1895.

Although the Scotch and Germans were early settlers in the mill-towns, and have always been represented among the cotton-mill operatives, the extent to which these races have been employed in the industry has always been of comparatively small importance. By the year 1895, the immigration from Great Britain and northern Europe to the cotton-goods-manufacturing centres of the North Atlantic States had practically stopped.

As soon as the expansion of the cotton-goods industry in New England made it necessary to go beyond the local labor supply, an attempt was made to secure operatives from Canada

also. Considerable numbers of French-Canadians entered the mills during the fifties, but the heaviest immigration of this race followed immediately upon the close of the Civil War. During the next thirty-five years, they continued to arrive in large numbers. During the past decade, however, small additions to the operating forces have been made by the members of this race.

Since the year 1885, and especially during the past fifteen years, the operatives for the cotton mills have been mainly recruited from the races of southern and eastern Europe and the Orient. There were very few representatives of these races before 1890. During the decade 1890-1900, however, the movement of races from the south and east of Europe set in rapidly. Of the new immigrant operatives, the Greeks, Portuguese and Bravas from the Western Islands, Poles, Russians, and Italians, came in the largest numbers. During the past ten years, the immigration of all the above-mentioned races has continued in undiminished proportions. Other races also have sought work in the mills, the most important in point of numbers being the Lithuanians, Hebrews, Syrians, Bulgarians, and Turks. At the present time immigration from the older sources has ceased or been reduced to unimportant proportions, and the races of recent immigration, so far as numbers are concerned, are rapidly attaining an ascendancy in the mills.

The chief reason for the employment of immigrant operatives, both in the past and at present, has been the impossibility of recruiting, at the rates of pay prevailing in the mills, an adequate labor force from native stock. The manufacturing of cotton goods in New England has had a steady growth for almost one hundred years, a conception of which may be gained from the fact that in the

New England states alone only 46,834 persons were employed in 1840, as compared with 155,981 cotton-mill operatives in 1905. Along with this expansion in cotton manufacture there has gone a corresponding development in other branches of industry, which offered more attractive working conditions and more liberal compensation.

As a consequence, the original class of employees gradually made a change to other occupations and pursuits. As the places vacated by them, together with the new positions created by the growth of the industry, were filled by alien operatives the resultant working conditions were rendered still more unsatisfactory, and the exodus of the American employees was made more rapid. Another reason facilitating the more extensive employment of recent immigrants has been the fact that they could be used as a substitute for women and children, especially for night-work. The willingness of the southern and eastern European to accept low wages has made it possible to place him in many occupations formerly occupied by women and children. Furthermore, as a result of the statutes of the different states prohibiting the employment of women and children at night, men of recent immigration, especially Greeks, in times of unusual activity and demand for cotton goods, have been taken into the mills to do night-work.

From the standpoint of the industry as a whole, it may be said, therefore, that the employment of the immigrant has made possible its remarkable expansion. On the other hand, it is equally true that a similar development of the industry at higher wages and under better conditions might have occurred if the supply of cheap labor from southern and eastern Europe had not been available.

As an outgrowth of the extensive employment of recent immigrants a

number of significant changes in industrial organization and methods should be considered. The human element in the industry, because of the invention of numerous mechanical devices, has become more and more subordinate, and the entire process of manufacture more and more one in which machinery plays the leading part. The whole method of production is becoming automatic, and human labor necessary only in the case of a momentary break in the process. The introduction of the automatic loom may be cited as an illustration of this tendency. The operation of a large number of these automatic looms is more difficult and arduous for a wage-earner, but at the same time more remunerative, than the tending of a small number of the old-fashioned looms. It has resulted in the employment of a much larger proportion of male weavers, usually of recent immigration, who are generally less dependable than the women and girls formerly employed. The same situation is true relative to the spinning departments of the mills, where men are now employed extensively in contrast with the almost exclusive employment of women in the past.

III

The introduction of automatic machinery and improved mechanical devices in the mills is even more significant from the standpoint of the skilled operatives, American, British, and Canadian. The installation of such machinery makes it possible to employ, in occupations which have hitherto been considered skilled, and which required a number of years' experience in the industry, southern and eastern European immigrants of a very short period of residence in this country, who have passed through a comparatively limited apprenticeship. Perhaps the

best example of the tendencies which have been operative in this direction is to be found in the case of mule-spinning. This occupation, which requires skill and experience, was, up to recent years, exclusively controlled by Americans and older immigrant employees. Their strong organization strictly limited the number of apprentices and was very exacting in its demand for higher wages and better working conditions. For many years the mule-spinners' union was able to enforce its demands because it controlled the highly skilled labor necessary to the industry. But the invention of the ring-spinning frame entirely changed the situation. This made it possible for a woman or girl, or inexperienced immigrant, in a few weeks, to become proficient in spinning yarns even of high counts.

The same causes which have weakened the mule-spinners' union have also affected the labor organizations based on other occupations in the industry. The introduction of automatic machinery has largely eliminated the bargaining power of operatives arising from special proficiency. Furthermore, it has been impossible, because of a diversity of languages, lower standards, and a pronounced indifference, to organize the incoming immigrant workmen and to educate them to American standards. The southern and eastern European immigrant usually has no permanent interest in the industry and does not wish to make a present sacrifice for a future gain. His main purpose is to earn as much as he can under existing conditions of employment, to live cheaply, and to save as much as possible, so that he may, after a few years, return home with a competence. Strikes and labor dissensions mean loss of earnings to him, and labor organizations are looked upon with disfavor because they deprive the wage-earner of a part of his earnings through the

payment of dues. It is true that, once he is aroused, the recent immigrant as a trade unionist will resort to extreme and revolutionary measures. When the strike, or other labor difficulty, is over, however, he usually drops his membership and active interest in the union.

The main reason why the Americans, together with considerable proportions of Irish, English, and French-Canadians, have abandoned the mills has been the greater opportunities in other branches of industry. As the cotton-goods centres developed, other industries came into existence or were established in the adjoining territory, and to these employees of the older class were attracted by the higher wages and more favorable working conditions. The natural operation of this tendency was quickened by the conditions which existed within the cotton-goods industry itself. The Americans were skilled employees and urgent in their demands for higher wages. The older immigrants from Great Britain, in considerable proportion, had been skilled operatives abroad, and sought higher wages and better conditions in this country. Where they were not skilled operatives before immigration they became quickly Americanized, and alive to opportunities along other industrial lines.

These classes of employees first attempted to secure better conditions within the cotton mills by organizing the operatives. Their unsuccessful efforts to unionize the industry, however, together with the impossibility of increasing the level of low wages, because of the availability of cheap immigrant labor, and the adoption of mechanical devices which made it possible to employ ignorant, inexperienced immigrants of low standards in larger and larger proportions, gradually led to their discouragement. Many Americans and older immigrants were involuntarily driven out of the industry

as the result of strikes and labor controversies at different periods. Others abandoned the cotton mills voluntarily, and the tendency at present is for the Americans and older immigrants and their children not to seek employment as operatives.

The American girls who were once found in such large numbers in the mills have now almost wholly disappeared, or, in other words, the daughters and grand-daughters of native Americans no longer seek employment or are at work as operatives. The Irish, English, and French girls are also leaving the mills and engaging in other occupations, although this tendency is much stronger among the Irish than the French. Girls of the latter race at the present time compose the majority of the female operatives. On the other hand, the proportion of Polish and Portuguese girls in the mills has been rapidly increasing, and it is probable that they, with the Greek females, will be more extensively employed in the future.

IV

The Americans and the older immigrants who are still engaged in cotton-goods manufacturing, occupy the more skilled mechanical, supervisory, and technical positions which require training and experience. Practically all of the overseers, assistant-overseers, second and third hands, section hands, and foremen are Americans or English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans of the first and second generation. A very small number of recent immigrants will be found as second or section hands, their employment in this capacity being usually due to the fact that numbers of the same race are working in the same sections or divisions and it is necessary to have some one in charge who understands the language. Of the native-born males and females who are oper-

atives the largest proportion are in the spinning and weaving, and a very small percentage in the carding-rooms. On the other hand, the foreign-born employees, and especially those of recent immigration, are in the unskilled occupations, and in the disagreeable work of the picking and carding-rooms, although a considerable proportion are in the skilled and remunerative positions. A large number of Poles, Turks, Portuguese, Syrians, Greeks, and Lithuanians are engaged in spinning, and all, except the Lithuanian women, have a small representation in the weaving department. The races of recent immigration which show the largest numbers of weavers are the Flemish, Lithuanians, Poles, and Portuguese.

With the displacement of the old class of employees, and the substitution of alien operatives from southern and eastern Europe and the Orient, as might be expected, a radical change in working and living conditions has been developed. This change is largely due to the industrial and personal characteristics of the recent immigrant.

The southern and eastern Europeans have been marked by a high degree of illiteracy. Their industrial advancement and efficiency have been further retarded by the lack of ability to read and write and speak English. The recent immigrant has had very little money at the time of his arrival in the United States, and when he reaches his destination he is practically penniless. He must find employment at once, on any terms which are offered. Almost invariably, too, he has been a farmer or farm-laborer in Europe, and without industrial experience it is impossible for him to know what proper conditions of employment are. Furthermore, as has already been pointed out, the alien cotton-mill worker of recent years has no permanent interest in the industry and hopes after a few years of cease-

less work to be able to return to his native land with his savings. In other words, because of their attitude, characteristics, and availability, the southern and eastern European operatives have constituted a passive opposition which has been most effective in checking tendencies toward higher wages and better conditions of employment. With few exceptions every advantage in wages and working conditions has been gained in spite of their presence.

Living conditions too have greatly deteriorated. The old system of boarding houses and tenements under the supervision of the cotton-mill corporations has disappeared. The textile-manufacturing cities and towns now have their immigrant quarters sharply separated from the native-born population. Within these thickly-populated colonies there is further segregation according to race. The households of the southern and eastern European operatives are marked by low standards of living. The preponderance of males, together with low wages and the general desire to live on the basis of minimum cheapness and to save as much as possible, has led to boarding-groups instead of independent family-living arrangements. A normal family life — wife and children dependent entirely upon the husband for support — is unusual. The children of the household enter the mills as soon as they reach the legal working age, or, perhaps, boarders and lodgers are taken into the home, in order to add to the family income.

Owing to the comparatively small number of children among the recent immigrants, they depend mainly upon the payments of boarders or lodgers for family income supplementary to the earnings of the husband. In the case of all races, and especially among the Greeks, single men frequently live together according to what is known

as the 'boarding-boss' system. Under this method of living a man, or a man and his wife, act as head of the household. Each member of the group buys his own food and has it cooked separately or in conjunction with the others. The rent is paid by the so-called 'boarding-boss,' and the lodgers pay him or his wife a fixed sum, usually ranging from \$2.50 to \$3 per month, for room-rent, washing, and cooking. The 'boarding-boss' crowds as many men as possible into his house, in order to increase the profit by decreasing the per capita outlay for rent. In all classes of households all available space is used for sleeping-quarters, and frequently there is no separate room for cooking, eating, and general living purposes. Little attention is paid to housing or health regulations.

Between the inmates of the immigrant households and the native American population there is little

contact beyond working relations in the mills. The immigrant children attend the public and parochial schools, but these institutions are often located in the foreign sections and have few American children on their rolls. Within the colonies, mercantile houses and places of amusement and recreation have been established by immigrants to meet the needs of the foreign-born population. As a consequence, the progress being made by the southern and eastern Europeans toward Americanization is very small. There is little interest in political or civic affairs. The entire situation is one which requires an active interest and effort in behalf of the recent immigrant by the native American population of the New England textile cities and towns. It goes further and raises fundamental questions as to the general measures to be adopted in dealing with the industrial effects of recent immigration.

WE ARE SO YOUNG

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

'COMING as I do from an older civilization I may say that what impressed me most on reaching your hospitable shores, and indeed what most impresses me now on my departure, is your wonderful' — We need not finish the sentence. As much as is written may be stereotyped for the beginning of an interview with almost any distinguished foreigner who visits the United States. He is likely to speak *ex cathedra* from the standpoint of a civilization presumably far older than ours,

and he graciously excuses our shortcomings because we are so young. We, in turn, cheerfully agree that of course we are crude and our manners rudimentary; and that, on the whole, so far as those things that make for the grace of living are concerned, we are indeed poor.

We like to think of ourselves as the splendid, rough, vigorous folk, just in from the hardy life without, and deserving of forgiveness for any lapses into unpleasantness because we have

been doing such big, fine things. The foreigners say so and we say so, too. We admit and rather encourage the idea that foreigners have better manners than we, and then we explain why: because we are so young.

To warrant this generous attitude toward ourselves, we must do our rough work better than the foreigner, — else why should we be excused? The prairies are all ploughed and cultivated, and have been for years; the forests have been cut to such an extent that we need more wooded land rather than less, and the achievement of having 'cleared' a tract of timber in such a manner as to inhibit further growth, and yet invite fire and devastation, has not enough merit in itself to justify social short-comings. To mine coal with no consideration for the lives of miners and no thought of the waste of this precious product, or to make coke in bee-hive ovens and burn up the valuable tar and gases that under modern methods may be saved and put to use is, indeed, doing things in a rough, wholesale way; but it hardly seems fair to count them of such merit as to warrant a general social dispensation. And I think that it will be found that those who go about the work of lumbering, mining, and the like, scientifically, achieving results that call for economic praise, are the very Americans for whom no special apologies need to be made.

Now I respectfully offer the opinion that we are not young at all; that as a nation we are older, politically, than France, Germany, Italy, Norway, or Greece. We have more and larger experience in matters of government than they, and for that reason we should be better informed concerning the ways of collective humanity. Our forbears were on the earth and busy just as long ago as those of the distinguished and undistinguished for-

eigners, and were living in the same countries. In fact, we had the same forbears, if you go back far enough.

The purpose of this writing is not to discuss American manners; its only object is to note the acknowledgment to which this often-heard repining and excusing leads. Admitting, but only for the sake of argument, that the manners of Americans are worse than those of Europeans, the only possible reason for it — unless we are willing to assume the responsibility ourselves — is that our parents and grandparents were vulgar people, and that we have not been well brought up.

The early settlers of America, who begot the diminishing majority of us, did not come here because they were weak or uncivilized; they came because they thought they could make things go by themselves without asking favors of anybody. This makes for self-respect, and self-respect is the essence of good-breeding. Again, the majority of them were farmers; that is to say, they lived on their own estates and were lords of their own domains; an experience that in Europe is supposed to make for the most desirable views of life and habits of demeanor. The impression seems to prevail there that the master of broad acres begets, for some reason, better-mannered children than the peasant or tenant farmer, the small trader, or the laborer. I do not offer this as my opinion; I simply record it.

It is also worth while to note that a century or so ago there were not enough lords of the manor living to beget all of the foreigners who are supposed to have better manners than we. The conclusion must be that the peasants and other humble people who were the ancestors of the great majority of the English, French, Germans, Austrians, and others, must have been potent to endow their progeny with qualities of grace; and that our own

forefathers were sorely lacking in this feature. Moreover, three generations are supposed to be enough to make a gentleman, and a great proportion of us come from people who have been here three generations. If, then, we are ill-mannered and common, our fathers and grandfathers must have been ill-mannered and common people; or else we are a poor and decadent lot that cannot keep up the strain.

Of course, every one is free to answer as he pleases the question whether doing such things as planning and mastering conditions destroys grace of behavior. My own experience among men of such achievements is to the effect that they have imagination, know the needs and wishes of others intuitively, and meet those conditions with ease; in short, they are usually desirable companions, at meat as well as at work. If a man is suddenly transplanted from a condition of modest living to affluence, he is likely to be awkward in his new surroundings at first, but such awkwardness is not of necessity bad manners; moreover, newly-rich people obtain elsewhere as well as here. Germany, England, Austria, Northern Italy, and South America abound with them. And among them are to be found everywhere considerable numbers who never have been taught their duties to others, and who seem congenitally incapable of learning what their obligations are. The only difference is that the people of no other country regard such men as their national type, and nowhere else are they excused. And whether or not there are more of this sort here than elsewhere, they do not constitute the nation. The rest of us are here, and we are the people.

Again, it is not fair to expect the graces of life to develop among the unfortunates whose lives are so hemmed in by manual labor that they have only time to eat and to sleep. The man who

does seventy hours a week in the works or shop is to be excused, and so is his wife. They excuse him in Europe, and we might as well do so, too. In fact, in Europe, they have more such, proportionately, than we. So the only fair way to judge is to leave out, in America as they do in Europe, the comedy-rich and the down-trodden poor.

The opinion might be ventured that we have all sorts of people in this country: some men and women of unsurpassable grace and charm; some rough, honest, genuine people whom we may be proud to have with us; some stupid and shallow, both with and without a knowledge of the etiquette of the day; and some hopeless boors. It might be added that we have not by nature the pleasant, easy manners of the Latins, but that we have in general the merits and faults of a people composed largely of Teutonic and Celtic stock. But this also describes a good part of Europe. No finished product of civilization is to be found there any more than here; for that we must look to the fellaheen of Egypt or to India. The rest of us, Europeans, North and South Americans, are all in the melting-pot.

The other day in discussing the difficulties of an Oriental state that had intrusted certain of its interests to the hands of an American, an eminent British statesman remarked that the American representative was doubtless honest and sincere in his intentions, but that it was hardly to be presumed that he was familiar with diplomatic usage. Being an American, you see, he was not expected to know how to behave. Suppose he had been an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. He might have been criticized, but it would have been on some other ground; for none but Americans suffer the imputation that they are socially inefficient or inferior without lively resentment.

Suppose a distinguished American

were to travel in Germany, and being fêted on his departure, were to say, 'I have been deeply impressed with the splendid vigor and industry of your people. Your young government has but the faults of youth. The vanity of your young army-officers indicates, after all, a certain self-respect that, in the next generation may develop into more worthy men with broader vision. The somewhat archaic table-manners that one meets with in his travels are not faults of the heart; in my own older country we were no further advanced a generation or so ago.' The gentleman would not be popular.

Suppose he were to say to his English hosts that the prismatic marriages contracted by so many of the young men of their nobility are not a misfortune peculiar to England alone; that he meets the same evidences of social decadence, and substantially the same types, among many of our young mil-

lionaires, and rejoices to find their middle-class still rugged and strong. Or if he were to comment on the unhappy depths to which the English language has fallen among the humble people of England, were to intimate that the idioms of the American yeoman, his 'Yes, sir,' and 'Yes, ma'am,' are indicative of court life of Georgian days, and assure them that while, of course, they cannot hope to reach the good-breeding of our people, he nevertheless finds them very entertaining. His parting would be sped, indeed.

And yet we seem to like that sort of thing in this country. We encourage such comment.

It is well, perhaps, that we are humble about our social deficiencies. That there is great room for improvement is evident without entering into comparisons. But it is not fair to blame our grandparents for it. They were not such a bad lot. The fault is ours.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON MOVING

PLEASANT VALLEY was a town, as towns go, with an ugly line of mills along a lovely line of water; with houses — some pleasant, some ugly; and a bulwark of low hills — all pleasant. As a rule, I think that we children were not consciously proud of Pleasant Valley, *per se*. There were, of course, occasions when civic pride stirred our sluggish pulse; as when my brother Tony, in a big geography, found a map on which Pleasant Valley was spelled out; or, as when our fire-company received what appeared to be a silver cake-dish for having the best something-or-other in

the county. But, on the whole, our emotions toward our natal city seemed to find expression in a standing willingness — not to say urgency — to move away from it.

Everybody moved, we said. The Ellardsons had moved seven times since Harold was born, and he was nine months younger than our Tony. Furthermore, Reddy Smollett told Boy that they — the Smolletts — had once lived two thousand miles away; not that we believed that; still, it was indisputable that they had not always lived in Pleasant Valley, since we, with our own eyes, had watched their chattels brought in, and had attended the

setting up of each piece of their scanty furniture, in the little house on the back of Hennie Curlew's father's yard. And, besides these signal examples, was it not known that in Fenwood City (our nearest metropolis) moving vans ran along the street even as water. Apparently, moving was a particular diversion of the city-bred — a privilege enjoyed by the opulent, who, it seemed, traveled from house to house, April and September, on and on, through their lifetimes, ever stimulated and renewed by fresh woods and pastures. *That* was wealth to a purpose!

But our parents were strangely apathetic to our incitements. They offered no good reasons for not moving, and still they did not move; and even reproved Anthony for saying that Pleasant Valley was a 'rotten dead town,' and me for promptly repeating it.

No; here we were, and had been for sixteen years, and no sign of a forward movement. Then arrived the crisis.

Father had a 'call.' Oh, mystery of church-government, — the question of moving clothed in heavenly guise!

It was a call to Philadelphia — the real Philadelphia, mind you, down in the lower right-hand corner of Pennsylvania. Hennie Curlew said that when they were in Philadelphia they lived in a big hotel and could have ice-cream for dinner every day. That settled it for me and Tony. Philadelphia drew us as a magnet — why this unconscionable delay? Well, father was 'considering the call' — a mere form, of course. During this period, father held long consultations with mother, which usually broke off if we children entered the room — except Christiana and Sidney, who grew insufferably responsible. Anthony and I, however, took every occasion to make clear where we stood.

'Hennie Curlew says there's a river there.'

'And a park!'

'And the Liberty Bell! How could a true patriot resist the opportunity to live snug up against the Liberty Bell?'

'And it has a crack in it.'

'And all the children have bicycles in the park.'

'And white marble all over their houses.'

Failing to awaken any marked enthusiasm, we halted; then, —

'I hate this Pleasant Valley,' says Tony. 'It's getting to be the *wickedest* town. You ought to hear the fellows swear up at the engine-house.'

'Yes and *I* heard a man swear,' — my contribution.

'I don't want you to stay about the engine-house, Anthony,' says mother.

'Well, I was just walking past — and there's *more drunken-ness* every day,' continues Tony, with a pious sigh of discouragement over the decay of civic righteousness.

'Once a drunk man waved a cane at me,' I began; but this was an old and long story, and Tony interrupted, —

'And Mrs. Finney sells candy on Sabbath. Stiffey Lutz bought some. He told me would I buy some. I told him no, I was taking my nickel to Sabbath school.'

'You told him you did n't have any,' I corrected; but Tony paid no heed.

'At Philadelphia,' he pursued, 'they let you have your school-books free.'

'And if you bust them, or scribble in 'em, you have to pay for them,' put in I, tactlessly; for I was so beside myself over Hennie Curlew's report of Philadelphia, as a whole, that I no longer could discern wheat from tares among my arguments.

Then father took me up, a flushed and excited little heap, fast growing incoherent in my championship of the strange city of which I knew only its position in Tony's geography.

'And what makes you and Tony so

set upon staying in Pleasant Valley?' father guilelessly inquired.

'Why, I — why we —' I sputtered, sliding off his knee in my zeal to set right this misunderstanding; then, catching his eye, I understood.

'O father!' I chided, with deepest reproach.

And father laughed heartily, as was his wont, sometimes, to hide a trouble in his heart. But we were too thoughtless to know that it gave him pain to refuse even our most childish longings.

And so we lived two weeks, expectant, proud, overbearing among our neighbors, in our new importance, while the 'call' swung in the balance. If Aunt Lucie's Mary and spiteful Johanna Bailey took the best seats in the apple tree, 'Maybe I'm going away to Philadelphia, and never coming back,' I would say.

And Tony, to be ready at any moment, sold his chickens and pigeons, even traded his second reader for two bean-shooters, relying on the munificence of the Philadelphia school-board.

Then, even then, when the meat was in our mouths, were we smitten. And in the following fashion: —

Father, away at a meeting of Presbytery, sent mother a telegram. The 'call' had been formally presented at the Presbytery, and father, it seemed, had formally declined.

When he came home the next day, it was explained, not only to mother, but to us all, how there had been prayer, and father had decided that the 'call' was not the Lord's will. And, though I wept a little, I understood, and we were happy, and father ordered ice-cream for supper that night. But on the street, after supper, it was clear that Tony and I had lost prestige.

'We *could* have gone,' I reiterated for the tenth time.

'Then why didn't you?' coldly inquired Johanna and Hennie Curlew.

BIRD-SONGS IN PICTURES

MAY it not have occurred to many observers of nature that while the cow, the horse, sheep, and even goats, are frequently used by landscape painters as a part of the decorative plan of their pictures, or to add to the pastoral sentiment, the bird, which so enlivens the natural scene and lends to it the charm of color and song does not appear?

I confess that to me much of the delight of an early morning landscape of Corot or Claude Monet is due in no small measure to the music of singing birds. Though not one is to be seen, I am sure they are there.

There is a story told of Corot that he was once painting in a wood, while near him sat another painter whose creed was to record things in nature just as they are. Coming over to the easel of Père Corot, he said, —

'Why, you are not painting this scene at all as it really is. You have left out that large rock yonder and put in a birch tree — there is no such tree to be seen.'

With a confiding smile, Corot replied, 'If you'll not say anything about it, I will tell you why I put in that birch. It was to please the birds.'

Charming as the story is, it is not needed to show the discerning person that the songs of morning birds must have been a large part of the artist's delight in dewy fields and shadowy woods.

Beauty born of murmuring sound had passed into the face of Wordsworth's Lucy, and it may not be a too great stretch of the fancy to believe that the singing of birds has put joy into the heart of many a painter, and has become 'a portion of the loveliness' of his picture.

To be a lover of nature is to be a lover of birds. They are singing through all poetry from Chaucer down. When

the woods are silent 'and no birds sing,' do we not feel that a large measure of our enjoyment has departed? In the pictures of nature which the artist makes for our pleasure there must somewhere be birds. Though we do not see them, their 'unheard melodies' will be heard by those who listen aright.

The cow, which has figured so largely in modern landscapes, has the advantage over the bird of mere bulk. The same may be said of sheep in flocks, which have become somewhat tiresome in the pictures of the Dutch Mauve and Ter Meulen. Reversing the old guide to the behavior of children, the bird must be heard but not seen. The brilliance of the tanager flashing across the green of deep woods, the pale rose of the grosbeak, the bold red and black of the little redbird, all must vanish in the large scale on which objects are made to appear in the picture, while the serene heifer,

'far heard,' remains a visible and tangible contribution to the composition. And yet, who does not believe that the plumage and song of the birds, together with their engaging movements, have brought more joy to the painter?

Still, it is sometimes not an unalloyed joy, as this little story which William Morris Hunt used to relate, will show.

Several young painters, Hunt among them, were hard at work on a warm spring morning in the forest near Barbizon. Under a large beech sat one 'Dicky' Hearn, struggling and perspiring under the difficulties of rendering the scene before him. A bird alighted on a branch above and poured forth a glorious song in 'full-throated ease.' Hearn laid down his palette and brushes, and looking admiringly at the bird, remarked, —

'Oh, it's easy enough for you to *sing*, but I'd have you to know that *painting* is a blamed hard thing to do.'

EDUCATION DRAMATIZED

A Letter to the Editor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —
Sir: —

No one doubts the value of the dramatic in education; but when it usurps the whole field, with the aim of cultivating the dramatic instinct just because a child *has* a dramatic instinct, as is depicted by Miss Johnson in the February *Atlantic*, it seems incumbent on some educator, who stands for balance and sanity in education, instead of tangential faddism, to remonstrate.

In the first place the statement made by the author, 'If nature implanted certain instincts, it is not ours to discriminate which, if any, we shall neglect, and help to stunt or kill,' is rather indiscriminating. It seems to me it is our business to discriminate among the instincts and to decide what ones ought

to be cultivated, what ones should be diverted from their primitive ends into activities which are compatible with civilization, and what ones ought to be let alone. Some instincts which crop out now, and which were advantageous in a way-back age, may not be so in our present civilization. Certainly the instinct of fear is not to be cultivated as *fear*; the instinct to fight with the fists and teeth is one which should at least be modified.

We all know the schools of the past with their emphasis upon formal, passive, abstract impression without much of the concrete and active expression. Then the idea that expression is just as important as impression took hold of our educators, and of course enthusiasts went to the other extreme, and in their endeavor to emphasize the concrete and the physically active expression forgot the value of that apart from the concrete. Perhaps England

has lagged behind and is still in the enthusiastic stage, but in our country to-day the feeling is rife among certain educators that the concrete can be overdone. Our clearest, quickest thinkers think in word-images, not predominantly in sense-perceptions or images of the objects themselves, and if the child is continually compelled to use the concrete, he may never sufficiently emancipate himself from that rather primitive type of thinking.

Evidently the author would teach a dance for the sake of having a device to teach number combinations. If the dance is not worthy of being taught for its own value, then it ought to be discarded. If combinations are needed in order to carry out the dance, then they ought to be taught for that purpose and in that connection. Anyway, combinations cannot be properly taught in the manner suggested by the author, as no amount of ingenuity can make ten individuals out of an individual numbered eight and another numbered two. Or, if the children have learned that eight individuals and two individuals make ten, then the mental symbols, or those on paper, will do truer service in 'fixing' the combination. Plenty of rational application for this combination will be found in the ordinary activities of the children. If a situation must be constantly dragged in merely for this purpose, why, perhaps, the children were not ready for that bit of knowledge.

Nature-study dramatized! If nature-study means anything at all it means actual work with nature itself, and that in the form of inductive and deductive reasoning about nature. Nature-observations and knowledge may be utilized in dramatics, but it does not follow that if nature is to be learned it must be through dramatization.

Again, the events in history and geography that lend themselves to drama-

tization are not always the most important. While a trip across the ocean may in a certain way be dramatized, how can that be done for the effect of climate and soil on the character of vegetation? Dramatization is limited to concrete, specific events. The teacher who stops with it, forgetting the building up of general notions, does only half her work.

Perhaps I exaggerate a little, but it seems to me that Miss Johnson would have the child learn merely through its own trial and error, or trial and success. In no case does the teacher seem to direct, suggest, or modify. What the child does of his own volition seems to be accepted as final. Is not trial-and-error learning alone rather slow and inadequate? Is it not a part of the business of older people unobtrusively to aid in planning, and to give suggestions that will cause more rapid progress to be made?

The effect of such an article as this upon the layman is to give him a wrong impression of our profession. He will feel that we are unbalanced faddists, and he will not respect, as we wish him to, the very vital place which play and dramatization have in education. He will peevishly insist that the good old days of book-learning netted better results. The effect upon the young and untrained teacher is quite as bad. She seizes eagerly on such alluring methods as a panacea for all school-room ills and drudgery. She 'plays out' everything, from Shakespeare to the addition table of twos, forgetting the vital place that the cultivation of so-called abstract imagery and reasoning, apart from the concrete situation, holds.

No, 'Education Dramatized' does not get at the heart of the problem. We are done with 'cure-alls' in education as well as in medicine.

Yours respectfully,

MARY A. GRUPE.